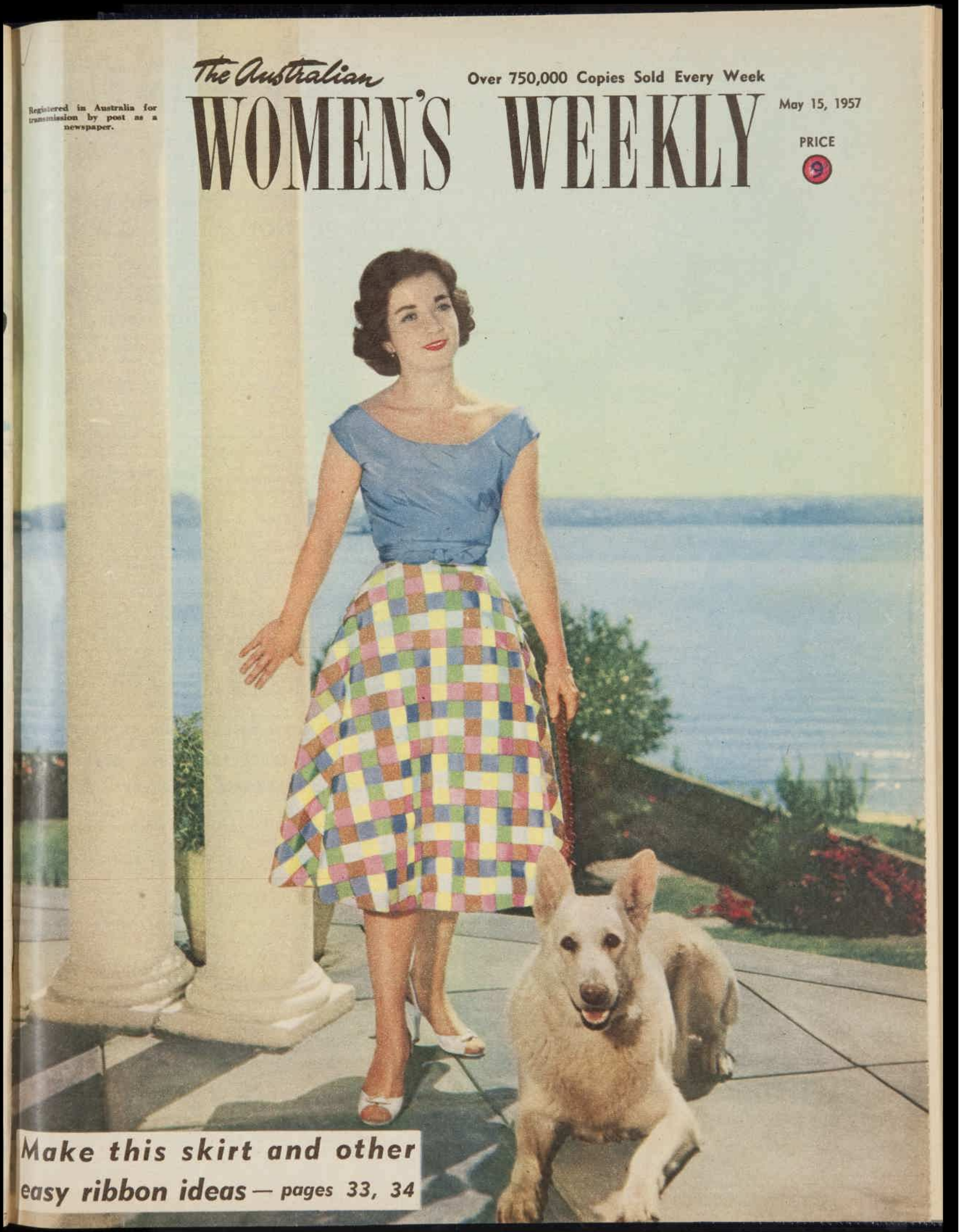
Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

May 15, 1957

PRICE 9



Make this skirt and other easy ribbon ideas — pages 33, 34

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Girls who enjoy Winter need **NIVEA** *skin care*

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 34-36 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

MAY 15, 1957 Vol. 24, No. 1

ADULT DELINQUENCY

DAME ENID LYONS recently blamed "poor influences" in the community for much of Australia's teenage delinquency.

This highly intelligent mother of 11, who was the first woman minister in Federal Parliament, is right, although she didn't go far enough.

You can't put all the blame on the teenager, or the parent, when society generally is riddled with adult delinquency, apart from every form of crime.

Impressionable teenagers are strongly influenced by what goes on around them, and who can blame them if much they see and imitate is anti-social and shoddy.

Behaviour on the roads alone is just one example of how adults, who should know better, break all the rules of car-driving like irresponsible children.

Bad manners in public transport and even on the footpath is another example.

Vandalism, including destruction of public property and defacing of monuments, is an adult practice, as well as a teenage one.

So is the disgusting habit, which councils all over Australia should have jumped on years ago, of using the bush along many highways as public rubbish dumps.

Next time you criticise teenagers for bad manners, or dangerous behaviour, or shoddy exhibitionism, remember that the worst delinquents in the community are still — adults.

Our cover:

● Dawn James, of our staff, models lattice-ribbon skirt which is part of h special feature this week on how to use ribb for high fashion. The picture was taken staff photographer Keith Barlow on the tr race of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Swain's hom at Point Piper, N.S.W. The dog is the German shepherd, Major.

This week:

● Young men wishing to write sonne about bonnets had sense enough to st away this year from New York's annual mi ness known as the Easter Parade on Fif Avenue. The event has become a cra scramble. The Astors, the Vanderbilts, a the rest of the society "400" have long sin given up the custom. In the old days, a first John D. Rockefeller used to pass one day en route from his house to the old Fif Avenue Baptist Church. Color pictures of th year's parade are on pages 8 and 9.

Next week:

● Queen Elizabeth's State visits abro this year have had a strong influence o formal fashions. Her superb dressing for g occasions has resulted in beautiful even dresses, often intricately embroidered, in ev important couture collection. Next week bring you color pictures of gala clothes fr London and Paris couturiers.

● When unexpected guests drop round tea-time on a Sunday evening, i always handy to be able to draw on a w stocked cupboard. Next week Debbie, o teenage chef, tells you how to make appe ing fish-cakes from tinned salmon.

● Home-lovers who insist on flowers add the final touch of decoration w delight in Constance Spry's flower arrang ments next week. They have been specia designed to keep rooms bright and lov in winter months when flowers are scarce.

BOOK REVIEWS by HELEN FRIZELL

Smart women in ancien Egypt shaved their head

Film starlets of today who seek notoriety by shaving their head Yul Brynner style, are following an old fashion set by women smart circles in ancient Egypt.

"A COMPLETELY bald head was considered very distinguished," writes Otto Neubert in his book, "The Valley of the Kings." "But there was an opposite school of thought which decreed that the bald head must be covered with a luxurious wig."

An expert on Egyptian history, Otto Neubert first grew interested in the subject when, in 1922, he was present at the opening of Tutankhamen's Tomb in the Valley of the Kings.

His studies in hieroglyphics (early writing) and in archaeology have produced this story, which tells not only of the rise and fall of dynasties but of human beings.

Girls of the King's Harem, for instance, lived in luxurious palaces beside the Nile. Groomed for glamor, they were manicured, pedicured, and given hairstyles. Make-up experts brightened the girls' faces with green eye-shadow, red lipstick, and yellow skin cream.

The "House of Women," where the girls lived, included maternity quarters, a hospital department, and children's nurseries. Babies born to the King and his harem girls were reared until they were old enough to be adopted by rich families.

But babies born to poor families were often placed in wickerwork boats, to be set adrift on the Nile as Moses was.

Against the luxury of palaces, the pomp of pyramids and temples, was the squalor of the poor and wretched slaves, who were treated as worse than dogs.

For a dog was a sacred animal in Egypt. There were many others — rats, mice, toads, beetles, crocodiles, monkeys, bulls, and cats. Cats had their own special cemeteries. Monkeys' bodies were first gilded, then buried in coffins made of papyrus leaf.

Excavators in Egypt have discovered thousands of embalmed bodies, both anim and human. Religious beli of early Egyptians stated t the soul departs temporarily death but returns later to old body, which, therefo must be preserved.

Lying in their ornate tom Kings were surrounded their treasures, by jew clothes, weapons, and fo King Tutankhamen's tom crammed with treasure, a contained furniture, carria hatboxes, walking-sticks, w jars, and 113 baskets fil with fruit and food.

Author Neubert can o no reason why he remains affected by the "curse" Tutankhamen. Others w passed by the famous insc tion, "The wings of death surely strike him who distu the peace of the dead Ph aoh," died in strange way

"My health remains ex lent," he writes, "and I h nothing but happy memo of the land of the Pharaoh

Published by Robert H (Our copy from Angu Robertson.)

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1000-MILE FLIGHTS TO SEE FONTEYN

● **Dame Margot Fonteyn will receive the biggest fee ever paid a ballet star in Australia for a four weeks' season in Sydney and Melbourne.**

WITH three other principals from the Royal Covent Garden Ballet—Michael Somes, Rowena Jackson, and Bryan Ashbridge—Dame Margot is due in Sydney on May 20.

The salary bill for the four stars is estimated to total more than £4000 a week for two weeks in Sydney and two in Melbourne.

Sir Frank Tait, managing director of J. C. Williamson's, who have organised the season, said: "Dame Margot's brilliant dancing will be a wonderful stimulus for ballet in Australia."

Heavy bookings have supported Sir Frank's prophecy; bookings at £5/5/- a ticket on opening nights and £3/5/- for other performances.

For the Sydney season, beginning on May 25, Brisbane ballet-lovers have made "package bookings"—an airline ticket plus ballet ticket. Some New Zealanders will fly to Sydney to attend all performances.

In Melbourne, where Dame Margot will go after Sydney, the theatre will accept no more bookings.

In the two cities the four will dance excerpts from "Swan Lake" and "Aurora's Wedding."

Exotic, dark-haired Margot Fonteyn, now 37, has been a prima ballerina for 20 years and there is no indication of her retirement.

She joined the School of Ballet at Sadler's Wells as a shy 14-year-old named Peggy Hookham with an ambition to become a member of the corps-de-ballet.

Peggy Hookham became Margot Fonteyn, Dame of the British Empire, and wife of Dr. Roberto Arias, Panamanian Ambassador to London.

AT THE PANAMANIAN EMBASSY in London, Dame Margot poses for photographers before leaving for a presentation party at Buckingham Palace. With a new Dior hat, Dame Margot is wearing the faille wedding dress Dior made for her two years ago. She told the photographers, "I've saved the dress for special occasions."

LEFT: Dame Margot in costume as the ballerina in "Petrouchka," the story of dolls that come to life. Dame Margot danced in "Petrouchka" in her latest season at Covent Garden.

ABOVE: In the classic and traditional "Swan Lake," Dame Margot is partnered by Michael Somes, principal male dancer in the Royal Covent Garden Ballet, who will visit Australia.

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All sorts of ways to beat the cold

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INTERLOCK

NIGHTGOWN: *Peach or Sky in sizes SW to OS, 39/11; XOS, 45/-.*

You'll find that your nighties of Bond's Interlock keep their shape, warmth, and luscious softness through years of wearing and washing. So see Bond's sleepwear (pyjamas, too), at your favourite store in pastel shades.

SLIP: Peach or Ivory in sizes SW-OS, 19/11. VEST: Peach or Ivory in sizes SW to OS, 12/11. PANTIE: Peach or Ivory in Sizes SW to OS, 12/11. Sizes XOS, 14/11.

BOND'S

YOUR SHOES NEED

MELTONIAN

CREAM & SUEDE SHOE DRESSINGS

So good for shoes

Duke selects a bachelor secretary

● The Duke of Edinburgh has this time chosen a confirmed bachelor to be his temporary private secretary.

HE is James Bernard Vivian Orr, 39-year-old Kenya police inspector, son of an Australian doctor, and a school-friend of the Duke.

He will take over this week from Squadron-Leader Henry Chinnery, who has been filling the post since Michael Parker resigned following separation from his wife, Eileen.

"The problem of the lonely wife won't cloud Jimmy's Royal duties," said Jimmy Orr's stepmother, Mrs. Margaret Orr, in her Beaconsfield (Berkshire) cottage.

"Jimmy is a born bachelor and can think of nothing else but his new job."

Said retired Dr. Orr: "He is thrilled but a little anxious: He knows that a good deal of tact is required of him."

Chief-Inspector Jimmy Orr, of the Kenya police, interrupted: "Bachelor is right. I'm not even engaged. But I'm not saying anything about the future."

Large, burly, and looking much more like a policeman than a courtier, Jimmy said he was astonished when he received a letter in the Duke's handwriting asking him to accept the post of private secretary.

"I've seen Prince Philip only three times since he left Gordonstoun, our school in Scotland," he said.

"The last time was at Mombasa in October when the Duke joined the Royal yacht Britannia for his visit to Australia and the Antarctic.

"On all three occasions we were not alone together, and I was not in his company more than an hour.

"Yet he remembers me and has offered me this important job. It is indeed a democratic appointment."

Jimmy Orr has a blunt, direct manner and a genuine toughness acquired in the savage Mau Mau bloodletting.

His last meeting with Prince Philip, when three "old boys" of Gordonstoun were invited aboard the Royal yacht, followed days and nights of patrolling the Aberdare forests, where, only a few days later, dreaded Mau Mau leader Dedan Kimathi was captured.

"It's like a fairy story," said Jimmy Orr. "I started as a trooper in the British South Africa police—no cadetship, no nothing. Just the ordinary rank and file."

That was in 1939. Apart from a four-year break into civil life which began in 1949 he has been a policeman ever since. In 1953 he joined the Kenya police for the Mau Mau emergency.

To Prince Philip, his new secretary used to be something of a hero.

"I was school captain and the Prince was a 'fag'," said Jimmy.

"And the Prince was like any other schoolboy—the captain of the school was the

By
ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

nearest thing to God that he could know."

Jimmy Orr laughed and went on: "I was the boss man then. School captains are exalted personages.

"Now it is the Prince's turn. I hope I wasn't too hard on him at school."

The policeman and the prince who are to make a working team at the Palace played in the same teams at hockey, rugger, and cricket.

They went sailing together and shared the Spartan type of life that has made Gordonstoun famous.

Said Paola Webber, who came with Kurt Hahn, founder of Gordonstoun, from Germany and produced the school plays: "Prince Philip had a small part to Jimmy Orr's Hamlet, and they were both in 'Macbeth'."

Jan Webber, Paola's brother, who was a schoolboy at Gordonstoun, said, "Prince Philip enjoyed every minute of his life at school.

"There were only 27 boys there then, and we all knew one another very well.

"Prince Philip became head boy after Jimmy left. He had modelled himself on Jimmy Orr and was a very good 'guardian,' which is the traditional title for head boy."

Prince Philip was full of ideas and drive, even at school.

During production of the school plays he sent for a local photographer and had rehearsal pictures taken.

The Webbers have copies of the pictures, and they showed me one of Jimmy Orr rehearsing, with Prince Philip standing by.

"Prince Philip and I started in the same term, but I was three years ahead of him," said Chief-Inspector Orr.

"I'd already been at Harrow for a time."

From Gordonstoun, Jimmy Orr went to Sandhurst, and on leaving there joined the British South Africa police.

In 1941, while in Southern Rhodesia, he was seconded to occupied enemy territory administration in Ethiopia and Eritrea, where he remained throughout the war.

At present he spends most of his time at Buckingham Palace "getting the hang of things."

The man who is helping him make the transition from an exciting and at times dangerous life in Africa to a quiet job in a first-floor Palace office is Lieutenant-Commander Michael Parker.

The Duke's seafaring friends has not entirely severed his connections with the position he held for nine years.

JIMMY ORR, the Duke of Edinburgh's new private secretary. He went to school with the Duke in Scotland, and will begin his duties this week.

PROCESSION of school actors at Gordonstoun in which Philip and Jimmy Orr took part. At left is Prince Philip.

HOCKEY TEAM at Gordonstoun. Prince Philip is at left in the front row. Jimmy Orr is fourth from the left in the second row.

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WHILE some of the visiting U.S. fleet were seeing the sights of Sydney, others were on duty showing their ships to thousands of visitors. Here Airman Willie Haynes, of Florence, South Carolina, explains to schoolboys the finer points on the 40,600-ton aircraft-carrier U.S.S. Bennington.

HELP with the dishes for Mrs. W. Fisher, of Drummoyne, from her great-nephew, Corporal Paul Mattson, of Pennsylvania (left), and Private M. Haubrick, of Washington.

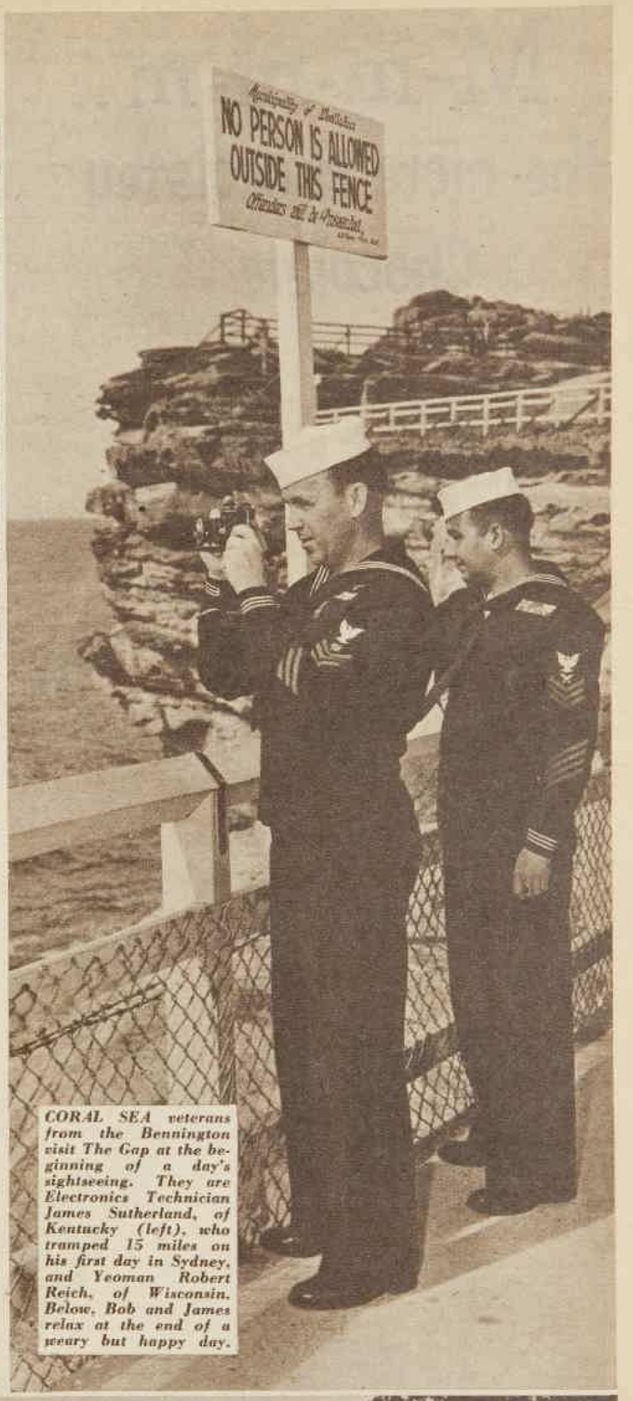
The Quiet Americans

SYDNEY has waved a regretful farewell to 4000 American sailors who came for the Coral Sea celebrations, saw the city, and impressed everyone as the quietest contingent of "gobs" on record.

The greatest number of U.S. naval visitors since World War II, they came ashore quietly as sight-seeing enthusiasts, prepared to walk miles to see Sydney, and anxious to become "buddies" with all the Australians they met.

"If it weren't for all those gob caps you wouldn't believe the American Navy was in port," said the proprietor of a King's Cross coffee-shop. "They're a grand crowd of boys and as well mannered as you'd see."

That was the general feeling towards the men, who headed for the museum and art gallery, the zoo and the beaches with more enthusiasm than for the dance halls and amusement parks.



CORAL SEA veterans from the Bennington visit The Gap at the beginning of a day's sightseeing. They are Electronics Technician James Sutherland, of Kentucky (left), who tramped 15 miles on his first day in Sydney, and Yeoman Robert Reich, of Wisconsin. Below, Bob and James relax at the end of a weary but happy day.

SOUVENIR koalas were in big demand, and King's Cross shopkeeper Mr. J. C. Gillooly shows a selection. The sailors did not spend much money on gifts; they had done most of their buying in Japan and Hongkong. The men welcomed invitations to Sydney homes.

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Just Released!

A NEW & CONVENIENT QUARTER POUND BOX OF ASSORTED MILK CHOCOLATES

For those who would prefer a smaller box of chocolates Nestlé's have brought out "DAIRYLAND." The Dairyland assortment includes a range of fascinating centres coated in rich, creamy Nestlé's milk chocolate. Here's real proof that good things do come in small parcels.

NESTLÉ'S MILK CHOCOLATE ALMONDS . . . crisp, crunchy scorched almonds deep in rich, smooth Nestlé's Milk Chocolate.

NESTLÉ'S SURPRISE ASSORTED CHOCOLATES . . . lovely centres coated in Nestlé's dark chocolate . . . surprising variety . . . M-m-m-m . . . they're delicious.

Always ask for NESTLÉ'S

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Nine children and a job, too

Eight sons, one daughter help mother become working wife

● Nine children, a house to run, and a full-time job as well; all these a 45-year-old Dutch-born mother in Western Australia packs into a happy, busy life.

SHE is Mrs. B. H. Van Kampen, of Bunbury, who gives the credit to her eight sons and one daughter, aged four to 17.

The Van Kampens came to Australia from Alkmaar, North Holland, nearly seven years ago.

In Bunbury, Mr. Van Kampen has a photographic business that opens at 8.45 a.m. and closes only when the day's work is done. His wife serves customers and helps in the darkroom.

As well as being business partners, husband and wife work as a team at home. And this is made possible, they say, by their children's co-operation and goodwill.

I saw these qualities at work when I visited the Van Kampen home at 6.30 one morning, in time for the pre-breakfast rush that is the most hectic period of any family day.

First to awake were Pieter (aged 14) and Michael (8), with "Beauty," the fox terrier, joining in the activity as the alarm went.

Boys came trooping from beds all over the house, on went the kettle for a cup of tea, the file to the bathroom began.

By 6.45 the kettle had boiled on the wood stove, the tea had been made, and John (aged 12) and Michael were ready to take their mother and father a cup.

But there was no time for the parents to linger over

By
WINFRED BISSET,
staff reporter

their tea. Four loaves of bread were waiting to be cut for breakfast and lunches.

Mr. Van Kampen used a rotary knife when he started the job at 7. As he turned the knife, the four loaves, two full lengths of liver sausage, and a pound of cheese fell in slices. Mrs. Van Kampen was already buttering; a pound of butter to a meal.

"It is expensive," said Mr. Van Kampen. He told me the age of each child, but each was wrong. "I cannot remember their ages," he said.

"So many birthdays," sighed Mrs. Van Kampen. "There is always a birthday."

By 7.15 the bathroom was reasonably clear and the baby, Raymond (aged 4), was up. He and Martin (5) splashed themselves with cold water, washing themselves in small-boy style.

Sixteen-year-old Frances, the only girl, stayed in bed until the bathroom tumult subsided. She had a busy day before her — minding Raymond, the only child not at school, shopping, preparing the evening meal, attending commercial classes.

Frances, however, must be washed, dressed, and at the table by 8 o'clock, ready for the morning prayer before the meal.

In the kitchen, preparation of the 11 breakfasts and nine luncheons continued. Father cut and cut. Mother buttered and buttered.

Busy routine

AWAY from the kitchen, the morning routine was in full swing with 17-year-old Tom, the first-born, a little apart from the others. He is an apprentice motor mechanic and, to the envy of his brothers, has care of the family car.

Bertie, aged 10, was "O.C. Shoes" with nine pairs of shoes to be cleaned.

"How can you tell whose shoes are whose?" I asked, thinking it a reasonable question.

"By the size, of course," said 13-year-old Eustace, looking at me as if I'd asked the silliest thing he had heard.

Eustace was the bedmaker. He had joined the others in an early morning pillow fight, so his bed was well turned and he had no chance of just pulling up the clothes.

Mr. Van Kampen often throws up his hands in resignation, but there is plenty of control in the household.

Pieter (14), down on his hands and knees cleaning the bathroom, was the last to reach the breakfast table. He had had to wait until Raymond had finished washing.

For our picture at the table I suggested that Pieter come as he was—in old shorts and shirt. He refused. "No coming to the table until we are completely dressed," he said. "Mum's orders."

The calmest members of the household are mother and father. They have to be. There is bedlam at times with boys "just being boys."

Mrs. Van Kampen has a serene, happy face. She loves children. She said: "We do not regret our large family."

Six opinions

AS she spoke there was a roar from Raymond, who had taken someone's bun and had received swift punishment. Six brothers then gave their opinion of the proceedings.

The argument continued into the bedrooms while the boys packed their school cases, their homework, their lunches.

It continued on to the front verandah while father got the car to drive the younger ones to school and take himself and mother to work.

It continued down the street as the four older boys headed for Xavier College. Suddenly there was an awful peace. The Van Kampen family had begun their day. I looked at my watch. Just 8.30 a.m.!

VAN KAMPEN FAMILY at breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Van Kampen serve food and milk to (from left) Michael, John, Pieter, Raymond, Bertie, Martin, Frances, Eustace, and Tom.

READY FOR SCHOOL. Mrs. Van Kampen has a motherly eye on six of her sons before leaving with her husband for a day's work. Sixteen-year-old Frances and four-year-old Raymond, who is too young for school, farewell the boys.

MORNING TEA. Michael (8) and John (12), above, take their mother and father an early-morning cup of tea.

"O.C. SHOES." Ten-year-old Bertie (right) cleans the family's shoes, an important job in the daily routine.

BATHTIME. Raymond (4) and Martin (5) are busy at the wash-basin. They follow the older boys to the bathroom, which must be wiped dry before breakfast is served. On "Mum's orders," each child must be properly dressed before sitting down to the meal.

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SPRING MADNESS ON FIFTH AVENUE

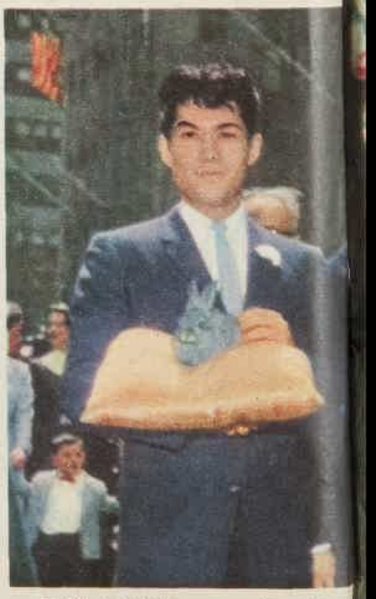
● **The famous event that is New York's Easter Parade began in the 1880s, when crinolined ladies and their debonair escorts strolled leisurely down Fifth Avenue. Today, the parade is a crazy scramble with about a million exhibitionists competing for the limelight.**

ABOVE: TV actress Lily Claire (left) arrived with her slightly awed daughter Jane and a friend.

RIGHT: Excitement was too much for this little Chinese girl, who slept in her mother's arms.

WEST INDIAN WOMAN was among New Yorkers who joined in the fun. She wore a remarkable headdress like the top of a wedding cake. These pictures were taken by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff.

PETS WERE DRESSED for the occasion. This toy Scottie found his jaunty hat and coat rather heavy going. One man took along his pet skunk (deodorised) called B. O. le Pew.



BABY RABBIT on a soft cushion made the crowds gape, but was much more comfortable than anyone else.

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EYE-CATCHING HAT, its wide brim ringed with chicks, caused plenty of comment. In recent years the parades have been getting out of hand and police were told to ban commercial promoters from the Avenue, as well as anybody wearing outlandish dress. Dealing with the advertising stunters presented no problem, but policemen shook their heads at the second rule. "How on earth can we tell when a woman's hat is crazy?" asked a patrolman. "All women's hats look crazy to me."

LEFT: Japanese model was one of the few elegant paraders. But as a barometer of fashion, the parade has little value; it's difficult to see or be seen in the dense crowd.

ABOVE: New Yorkers went to no end of trouble with their headgear. The girl (at left) had on her hat a glass slipper, flowers, and a plaintive notice, "All I need is a groom."

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PEARS **Sunsilk** SHAMPOO

LEAVES HAIR SHINIER, EASIER TO DO, BECAUSE YOU NEED ONLY ONE LATHER

Now you can wash your hair and go straight out! With Sunsilk your hair is shining and beautifully behaved the moment it's dry. The secret is simple. Sunsilk is so luxurious, so gentle, so thorough, that it washes your hair shining clean with just *one* wonderful lather. **Really clean — without overwashing.** With Sunsilk there's no need for a second lather, no risk of overwashing your hair — no risk of washing away the vital natural oils that keep hair silky and easy to do. **Whether your hair is dry or oily,** ONE rich Sunsilk lather cleans perfectly, yet so gently that it leaves your hair gleaming . . . easier to set, lovelier than you have ever known it before.

Try Sunsilk yourself and see how lovely *your* hair can be! Try a Sunsilk bubble for 1/3 Then buy the big bottle (8-10 shampoos) for 5/6 — you'll save 8d. a shampoo! Smaller bottle 3/9. At chemists, grocers, retailers.

Sk.5.WW143.c

TeleVision Parade

By NAN MUSGROVE

A live two-and-a-half-hour telecast from Taronga Park Zo is Channel 9, TCN's Mother's Day treat on Sunday, May 12 The telecast starts at 2 p.m. and goes on till 4.30 p.m. I should be the week's TV highlight.

CHUCK FAULKNER will compere the show, and TCN's mother of the day will be Mrs. Betty Sara. Mrs. Sara will have her quads, now nearly 7, with her, and their brother, Geoffrey. Mrs. Sara has appeared on TV before, but this will be the quads' first TV appearance.

Another famous mother and personality who will be there is Dame Enid Lyons.

Viewers will see a typical Sunday outing to the Zoo. They will watch the seals at feeding time, spend 10 minutes at the monkey pit. The seals, I am assured, will be in fine fettle for their flying-the-hurdle trick, when they leap from one pool to another.

A ride on the elephant is also scheduled, an introduction to many of the Zoo's famous mothers and babies, a tour of the aquarium, and a grand finish with a trip to the Taronga Children's Circus.

But, like all outdoor treats, there's a very important proviso to this big telecast. It will be done, weather permitting. Rain means no show—outdoor or indoor.

TCN executives feel that no studio show could approach this Zoo telecast, and if it rains will simply cancel till further notice. Here's hoping for fine weather.

★ ★ ★

"MAN And The Moon," the first film from the Walt Disney "Land Of Tomorrow" series, will be telecast from Channel 9, TCN at 7.30 on Monday night, May 13, in "Disneyland."

This exciting film, in cartoon animation and live action, shows how interplanetary travel by humans may be accomplished.

It is no fantasy. It was planned by two of the world's most famous space scientists, Willy Ley, rocket expert, and Dr. Werner von Braun, Technical Director of the United States Guided Missile Development in Alabama, U.S.A., and produced under their eyes.

Braun first became interested in moon travel when, at 18, he was entranced by a science-fiction article.

He was a member of one of the first groups of German spaceship enthusiasts who established a rocket-launching field in Berlin. When he received his degree in 1932 he had made 85 rocket-launching tests and his rockets had reached an altitude of one mile in free flight.

At 20 he was appointed by Hitler as head of the German Army's experimental rocket station at Kummersdorf, from which came the V2 rocket that harassed England towards the end of the war.

Today, Braun is 45 and an American citizen in charge of the U.S. Government's project to launch an unmanned satellite to circle the earth.

He forecasts regular moon flights for man within the next 10-20 years, and says "manned space flight is as sure as the rising of the sun."

Braun has been described as "the man who took space travel out of the comic strips and gave it to the world as a practical proposition."

With Willy Ley's help this is exactly what he does in the Disney film. Don't miss it.

CHANNEL 9, prize in the TCN Art Union for the Crippled Children's Association. Tickets at 2/- may be obtained by sending a money order, cheque, or postal note to: Thoroughbred Colt Art Union, c/o TCN, Channel 9, P.O. Box 27, Willoughby.

★ ★ ★

THE experts have had quite a bit to say about my opinion that brunettes televise better than blondes.

J. Walter Thompson (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., one of the world's biggest advertising agencies that specialises in the production of TV commercials, wrote to me smartly. They tell me that in their TV casting office in New York they never consider brunettes from *choice*.

They add that when brunettes are cast, "much fussing with back lighting and shining potions is involved."

They name blondes from sandy through to titian as the best TV subjects, and back up their contention with a list of famous personalities who have dyed their hair to one of these colors especially for TV.

Here are some of the ladies who have taken this step:

Lucille Ball ("I Love Lucy"), Jane Wyman, Pat Carroll, Janet Blair, Eve Arden ("Our Miss Brooks"), Patti Page ("The Patti Page Show"), Elizabeth Mon gomery (film star Robe Montgomery's daughter Maria Riva (daughter of world's most famous gran mother, Marlene Dietri Ann Sothern ("Susie"), a Ida Lupino.

★ ★ ★

THE name of the week a peared on TV the oth night as a long list of fi credits streamed across screen. Ub Iwerks was fir as someone who did som thing on the production of film. Imagine this hum being's business letters: "D Sir or Madam," I'm sure. spell it backwards: Bu Sirre

★ ★ ★

A LETTER landed on my desk th week from TV fan Conlon, of Elizabe Bay. Here are some e tracts:

"It seems that Sy ney's TV stars haven't decided wheth the viewers (you a me) are part of the c or privileged onlook Until they do, TV w be an uncomfortab business.

"Personally, I like role of onlooker. I fi it disconcerting when quizmaster looks straight in the eye a says: '. . . and now, £150/9/9, what is difference between a t ban and a turbine?'

"My first reaction to mumble: 'Who, m

"Then I remem that in the manner TV artists he is lo ing at me and talki to someone else.

"To a person who been taught that it is go manners to look at the per you are addressing it com as a shock to see a TV int viewer smiling winningly i space and talking to the in viewee out of the side of mouth.

"In the old days of fi making they had a name an actor who spoke his li into the camera so that public would not miss a s ond of his smile. The na was 'lens hog.' Australian has raised a crop of them

"My advice to them When you are addressing audience, look at the audien When you are talking someone on the set, look him and no one else.

"Viewers can do with the winning or manly a you throw them every so o as you would throw a b to a dog. The bone is, a all, a hambone."

★ ★ ★

WELCOME to Mr. Ov Ainley, who recen appeared as the guest "Leave It to the Gir He's got a fund of comm sense and a wonderful grip the Australian language deliver it with. I hope stay around, Mr. Ainley

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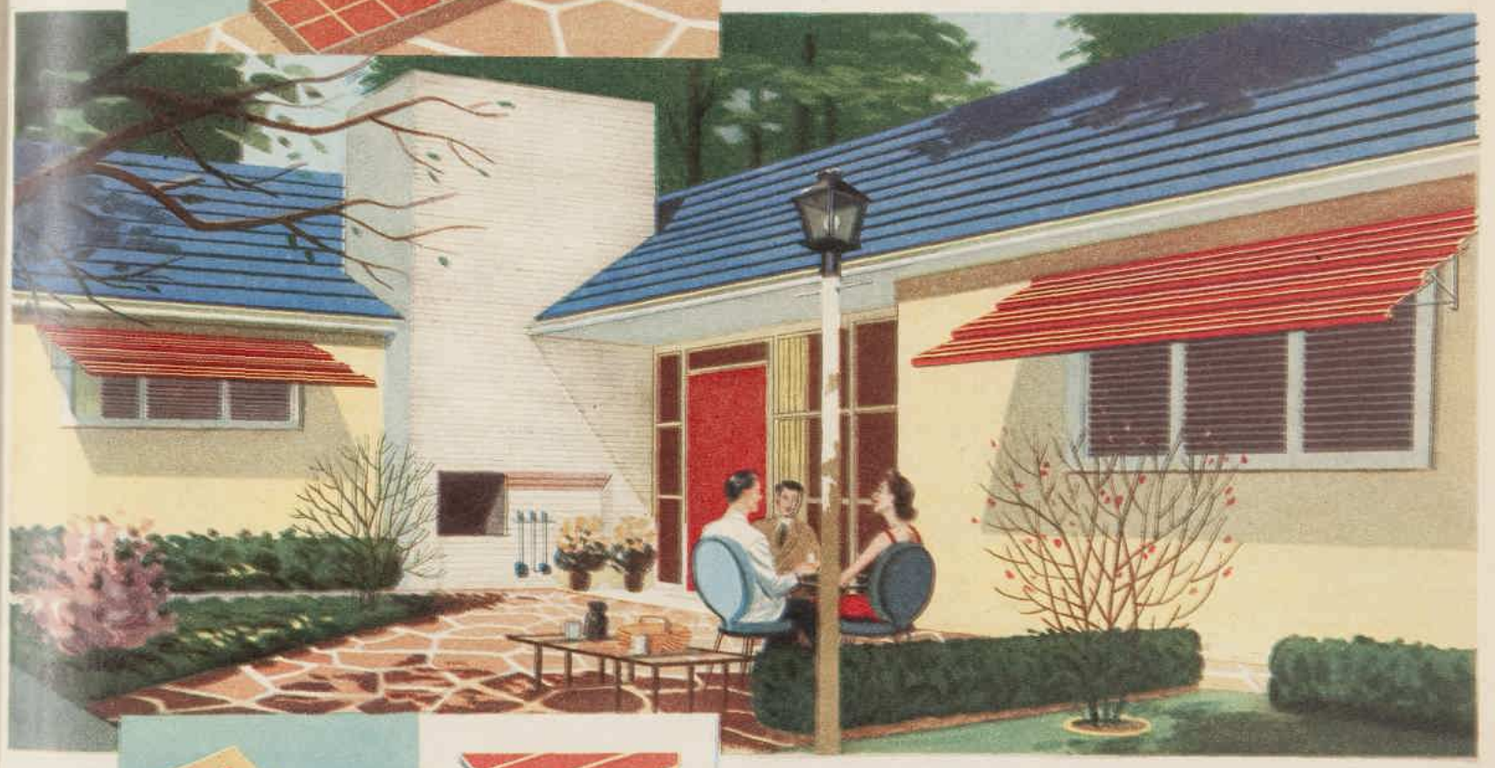
Mello-Lite

Aluminium Awnings

They are VENTILATED to keep your home fresh all year round



(a) You buy the "Middy" as packaged units complete and ready to erect.

(b) Note how interlocking panels allow even distribution of air to circulate over entire width of awning.

With Mello-Lite Aluminium Awnings over your windows, your home stays fresh in the wettest weather. These wonderful awnings are ventilated to let in the air as they keep out the rain—you leave your windows open and prevent rooms from becoming damp and musty. Made from interlocking panels of finest British aluminium, Mello-Lite Awnings are absolutely watertight and will not rattle in the strongest wind. The now famous Mello-Lite "Middy" is available in two and three-panel models.

All panels are alodised, that is, chemically treated so that a "key" is provided for the enamel finish. Only one coat is required for a first-class job. If you leave them unpainted the treated surface is a grey satin finish that is absolutely weather resistant. Mello-Lite Awnings will last the life of your home—wind won't tear them—weather won't rot them.

Mello-Lite Awnings are craftsman built by the makers of famous Mello-Lite Aluminium Venetians.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING CITY AND COUNTRY STORES

PRICES

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6 feet	11 0 0	16 10 0
8 feet	13 19 0	20 19 0
10 feet	16 3 0	23 19 0
12 feet	19 18 0	29 12 0

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Q'LAND: Premier Blinds Pty. Ltd., 84 Bowen Bridge Rd., Bowen Bridge, Brisbane.
STH. AUST.: Flavels (S.A.) Ltd., 21 Rundle Street, Adelaide.
W.A.: Industrial Supplies & Consulting Service, Welshpool Rd., Welshpool, Perth.
TASMANIA: W. J. Batten, 93 Wellington Street, Launceston.

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Address

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The newest combination powder-foundation make-up! Gives your skin a new, younger-looking, flawless look that will delight you. Lasts for hours without retouching. Never cracks or crumbles in the case . . . you can use it to the very end . . . so economical! Four beautiful shades 6/11

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OVERNIGHT!

Double-acting Edinburgh Cough Mixture gives soothing, healing relief from

COUGHS, COLDS

PERFECT NIGHT'S REST: ". . . My husband had had a dreadful cold for three weeks and had tried nearly all medicines. One dose of Edinburgh Cough Mixture gave him a *perfect night's rest.*" Enjoy overnight relief, faster, complete recovery with Edinburgh Cough Mixture. *Chemists only.*

Edinburgh COUGH MIXTURE
containing LANTIGEN anti-cold vaccine

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* ORIGINAL OF TESTIMONIAL ON OUR FILES

PACIFIC VOYAGERS Mr. and Mrs. Len Staples with their sons, Len, jun. (above), and Wayne, on board their yacht Solquest, in which they will cross the Pacific to settle in the United States.

They'll sail Pacific in 15-ton yacht

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN, *staff reporter*

● Life on the ocean wave will become a six months' reality for an Australian family who leave Sydney this month to voyage to America in a 15-ton yacht.

THEY are Mr. Len Staples, his wife, Joyce, and sons, Len, jun., aged 7, and Wayne, 4, who are making the voyage with Pilgrim Father determination to settle in the United States.

The trip is the realisation of a ten-year dream for the Staples', whose address for ten months has been Solquest, Rosman's Jetty, Mosman Wharf, Sydney.

It was there I met Mrs. Staples and saw the 39ft. Solquest, which looks luxurious for a Harbor sail but so small for an ocean crossing.

Tins and tins

THE yacht's size doesn't worry fair-haired, youthful Mrs. Staples, who is "burnt up with excitement" at the thought of the trip and of six months as a seafaring housekeeper.

"There are tins, tins, tins wherever you go on the yacht," she said. "They're in cupboards, under bunks, on top of cupboards, under seats, and in every corner.

"There are big tins, little tins, fat tins containing everything from jams to stews, enough to last for six months," she said. "We will take on fresh food at every port, and there are always fish."

With all the assurance of the chief steward of an ocean liner, she said she was sure she'd be able to keep the menus interesting and varied from the well-appointed galley of the yacht, which has a 160-gallon fresh-water tank.

A Melbourne girl, Mrs. Staples had never set foot in a boat until she married her Tasmanian husband 13 years ago.

"Since then we've always had a boat of some sort," she said. "Ten years ago we decided to migrate to the United States, where my husband will get along better in his sales-promotion career. We put our names down for the immigration quota and four years ago started to plan this trip."

The Staples' sold their home in Sandy Bay, Hobart, to build Solquest, on which they have lived for 16 months.

The voyage spells adventure for the Staples', who have never been overseas.

"Although we are not scared, we all have a healthy respect for the sea, and we have our fingers crossed that the Pacific will live up to its peaceful name," said Mrs. Staples. "We've chosen the best time of the year to go, so we should be lucky.

"Can I swim? Well, yes, a little," she said doubtfully, "but I hope I won't need to."

On the yacht are twin bunks for Mr. and Mrs. Staples, while the dining-table folds into a double bunk for the boys. Beyond the main cabin are two bunks for crew.

"At present we have only one crew member, going as far as Auckland," Mrs. Staples said. "We're hoping to get another, but if we don't, I'll take my turn at the wheel.

WHITE-PAINTED Solquest looks small beside other craft at a Sydney jetty. The yacht, of 15 tons, was built to a special design for its six months' voyage.

"I hope the voyage won't be rough," she said. "We're all reasonably good sailors, but we haven't been on a trip like this before, and the children occasionally have been very sick.

"Still, think how wonderful it will be following the sun," she said. "That's why we named the yacht Solquest. I can't wait for those lazy days aboard when I'll be able to sunbake and catch up on all the reading I haven't had time for in years."

Excited boys

MRS. STAPLES' wardrobe will help her leisure plans. It is made completely of terylene, from frocks to blouses, jeans to shorts.

"It will be wonderful to laugh at the ironing-board," she said. "Much of the clothing of Len and the boys is terylene, too."

"Oh, boy, oh, boy—when do we leave?" is the Staples' son's reaction to the trip.

They will not escape school work. "There will be lessons regularly," said Mrs. Staples in a firm voice. "Of course the best education will be the places they'll see. I only wish they were a little older to appreciate the trip more."

The Staples' have planned their route via Auckland, Tahiti, Hawaii, and "as many small islands as we can find."

Then perhaps Mr. Staples will write a book of their experiences at sea, and they hope to settle down, possibly in Los Angeles.

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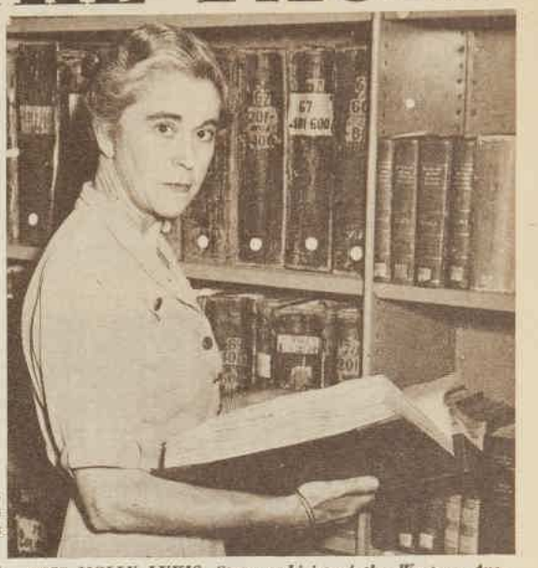
A MAN WITH ALL THE FACTS

ALEC CHISHOLM, editor of the new Australian Encyclopedia, confers with cartographer Josephine Mayo, of the encyclopedia staff.

Birth of new Australian Encyclopedia

By RONALD McKIE, staff reporter



MISS MOLLY LUKIS, State archivist of the Western Australian Library, contributed biographies and checked all Western Australian material in the encyclopedia.

Eight years ago Alexander Hugh Chisholm, journalist, historian, and naturalist, began one of the toughest jobs undertaken in Australia — the planning and editing of the new Australian Encyclopedia.

NOW this new milestone in Australian scholarship, research, and book production is almost completed.

In October the heavily illustrated, 4,200,000-word, 10-volume encyclopedia, with its 7000 subjects, 2600 biographies, 2000 items of geographical information, will be ready for sale to the world.

Any encyclopedia which represents years of detailed organisation and hard, accurate work is an event. The Australian Encyclopedia, in a country only 169 years old and with a population of less than 10,000,000, is a national achievement.

The Australian Encyclopedia, first published in two volumes more than 30 years ago, began as the dream of one man who would have liked to have lived to see the new encyclopedia go down the slips in a few months from the publishing house he founded.

That man was bearded George Robertson, who, with David Angus, established the bookselling - publishing house of Angus and Robertson in 1886 and who, more than any other, put Australian publishing, and with it early Australian literature, on the map.

In gratitude

GEORGE ROBERTSON, an English-born Scot who sold fruit in Auckland to pay his fare across the Tasman, and who reached Sydney in the early 1880s with a wife and 10/1, always felt that Australia had given him such a good break, that publication of an encyclopedia would, in a small way, express his gratitude to the adopted country he loved so deeply.

His dream began in 1909, and two years later he began work on what was to become the Australian Encyclopedia.

But it wasn't until 1920, when G.R., as Robertson was commonly known, engaged Arthur Jose, Oxford-educated schoolmaster, barrister, and journalist, as full-time editor, that collection and writing of material pushed ahead rapidly.

Under Jose, 200 specialists wrote 1,600,000 words for the encyclopedia. G.R. finally published it as a companion to the 1924 edition of Chambers' Encyclopedia. But the months before publication were chaotic.

Halfway through printing, the firm G.R. had engaged went broke and he had to take it over — that, incidentally, was the start of Angus and Robertson's present Halstead Press. Just before the first volume was ready for the press Jose went to England and left a swag of articles unedited.

From then on G.R. did most of the editing. He worked some of the time in the caretaker's room at Angus and Robertson's, surrounded by the caretaker's dripping socks, because nobody disturbed him there, or dropping exhausted after many an all-night session to sleep on desk or floor.

Volume I of the Australian Encyclopedia was published in 1925 and Volume 2 in 1927.

The work, which had cost £30,000 to produce, was highly praised, but its total world sale was poor — only 18,000 sets.

G.R. was bitterly disappointed. He particularly resented the way his "dream" had been almost ignored in England.

But all that was more than 30 years ago. Now G.R.'s dream is about to become reality again in a new format, size, and range, and under the overall direction of the chairman of directors of A. and R's (Mr. A. A. Ritchie) and the publishing director (Mr. G. Ferguson), G.R.'s grandson.

G.R. would also be delighted to know that when Angus and Robertson Ltd. decided in 1949 to bring out a new Australian Encyclopedia the man chosen to plan and direct it was his old friend and contributor to the first Australian Encyclopedia—Alec Chisholm.

Two-up, too

IT was Alec Chisholm, expert on Australia's birds, who was responsible for a history of Australia's national game not being forgotten in the first Australian Encyclopedia.

Around publication time Chisholm noticed that the encyclopedia contained no reference to two-up. He said to G.R.: "You've forgotten Australia's national sport."

"Nonsense," G.R. growled. "The encyclopedia's full of cricket, football, tennis."

"But there's nothing about two-up."

G.R. slapped his forehead. "You're right! Go and do it immediately."

Alec Chisholm planned a new encyclopedia that would be bright though not gaudy, accurate, as comprehensive as possible, and as Australian as possible.

He also had to find the 400 authorities he eventually used — experts on everything from aborigines to uranium, from Captain Cook to public health, experts on hundreds of subjects either missed or ignored, or in their infancy when the first encyclopedia was produced, or subjects that have been born since the mid-1920s.

Subjects like radar, radio, television, rockets, rocket-range, uranium, atomic power, films, the Press, drama, ballet, surfing, slang, housing, secondary industries, nursing, national songs like "Waltzing Matilda," health, polo, women's sports, origin of place names, Girl Guides, car-racing, national projects like the Snowy, and dozens more.

One of the biggest jobs was to organise the writing, for the first time, of a complete history of the Australian aborigines. This novel-length summary is 80,000 words.

To achieve this Alec Chisholm and his small staff had to organise, pool, and edit the knowledge of 14 Australian authorities on this fascinating and complicated subject.

As he says: "I don't know which is worse — to be jammed between ravening hordes of anthropologists or caught in the middle of screaming legions of historians.

"But I do know what it means to have a fine staff who have done the real donkey work of producing this encyclopedia.

"My assistant editor (Mr. B. W. Pratt) and I have had only three men assistants, Alec Bolton, David Moore, and H. P. Mund, and five women assistants, Janet Bennett, Josephine Mayo, Ida Leeson, Grace George, and Rosemary Dunlop."

War history

ANOTHER major problem, which in time became the encyclopedia's biggest section, was to organise a complete history of Australia's part in World War II.

The Commonwealth War Historian (Mr. Gavin Long) and his team in Canberra came to Alec Chisholm's aid with a brilliant 100,000-word summary.

The C.S.I.R.O., with its immense range of scientific research in practically every phase of Australia's rural and industrial life, also weighed in with masses of information on everything from pest control and mining to fishing and rainmaking.

Biographies of both men and women have been one of the most rewarding sides of eight years' research. The 2600 biographies include many never published before, or people with unique but little-known histories.

Chicago - born Horace Dean, for example, dashing American cavalry captain and Army surgeon who killed a man in a duel and came to Australia in 1849.

Dean was three times elected to Australian Parliaments and three times not allowed to take his seat because he was challenged as an alien and, even after he was naturalised, because he did not have the proper residence qualification.

Or Dr. Harriet Clisby, who has the distinction of being the first Australian woman doctor and, in collaboration with Caroline Harper, the first woman to publish a magazine ("Interpreter," in Melbourne) in Australia.

One of the encyclopedia's most interesting sections will be on Australian folklore — subjects of popular bush argument, like who was the Man from Snowy River (there are many claimants), who was Clancy of the Overflow (he may have been Thomas Macnamara, who died at Griffith in 1943), whether France owns that small plot of land at La Perouse, Sydney (she doesn't, though a New South Wales Premier wanted to give it to France).

Work on the encyclopedia has also unearthed many intriguing bits of information about Australia and Australians:

- That Timothy O'Hea, who died of thirst on one of the Leichhardt-search expeditions in Queensland in 1874, was the only man to win a Victoria Cross in peacetime.
- **That the "Daily Telegraph" was the only newspaper to give the correct death roll, 40, for the Greycliffe disaster in Sydney Harbor in 1927.**
- That the latest rich bauxite deposit on Cape York Peninsula is almost on the exact spot, Duyfken Point, which Dutchman William Jansz, in the Duyfken, first white man to see Australia, named in 1606.

Tailpiece: When Alec Chisholm has finished his 4,200,000-word Australian Encyclopedia next October he plans to get down to serious work—a history of Australian birds, which will probably keep him occupied until he is about 80.

18 women aided research, writing

● Eighteen women, each a specialist in a particular field, contributed to the new Australian Encyclopedia.

MISS ELIZABETH POPE, biologist.

THEY are Miss Joyce Allan (Mrs. H. W. Kirkpatrick), shells; Mrs. Catherine Berndt, aborigines; Miss Joyce Fisher, the home front in World War II; Miss Jean Garling, ballet; Miss Mary Tindale, ferns; Miss Elizabeth Pope, marine biology; Miss Molly Lukis, biographies and checking all Western Australian material; Miss L. M. Angel, Miss Patricia Kott, and Mrs. P. M. Thomas, zoology; Miss Dorothy Ross, secondary girls' schools; Miss Beatrice Roberts, nursing; Mrs. Gwen Spencer, art societies; Mrs. Rhoda Sayer, hunting; Miss Thistle Harris, flora; Miss Monica Flower, biographies; Miss Molly Kingston, women lawyers.

The eighteenth, Mrs. Edith Coleman, of Victoria, who wrote about the pollenisation of orchids by insects, was one of 25 contributors who died during the production.

DR. CATHERINE BERNDT, anthropologist.

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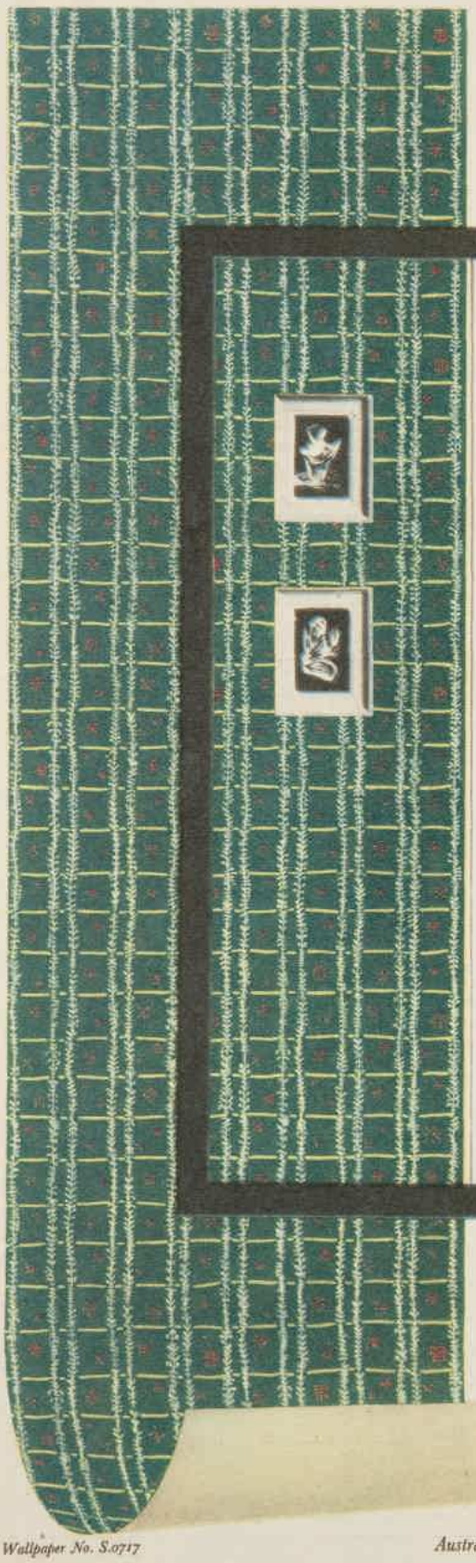

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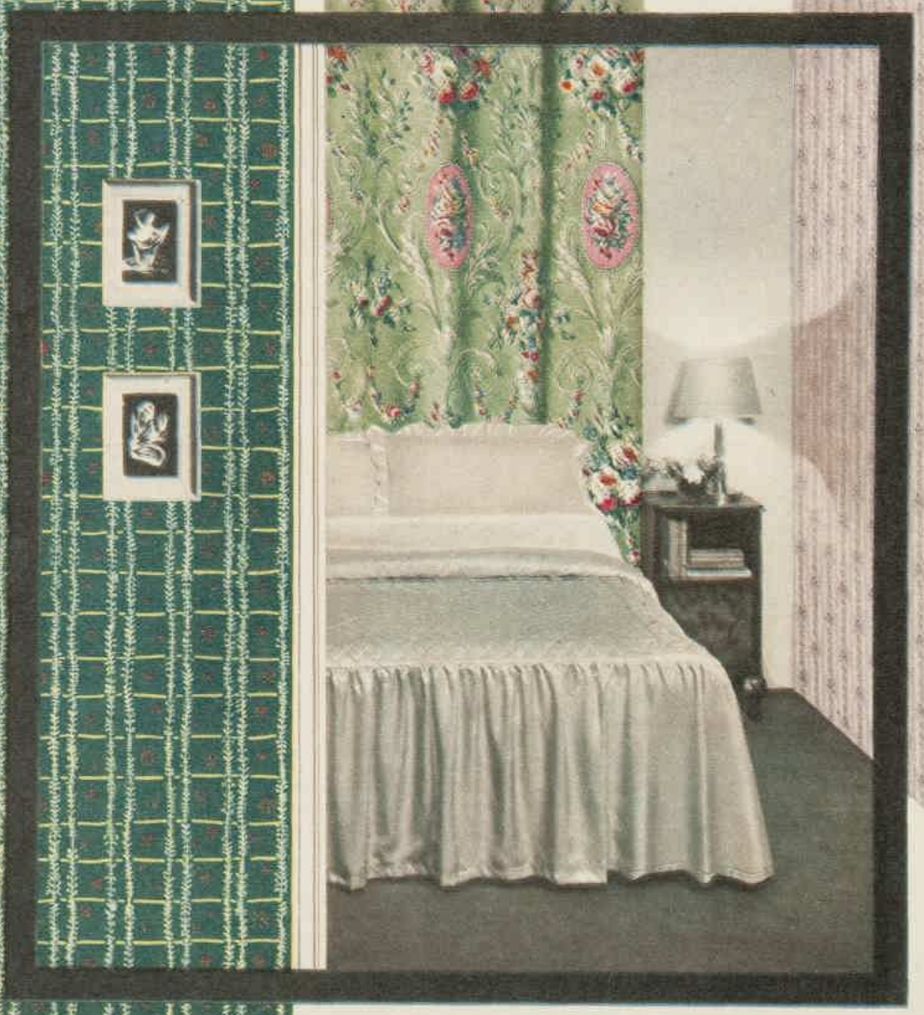

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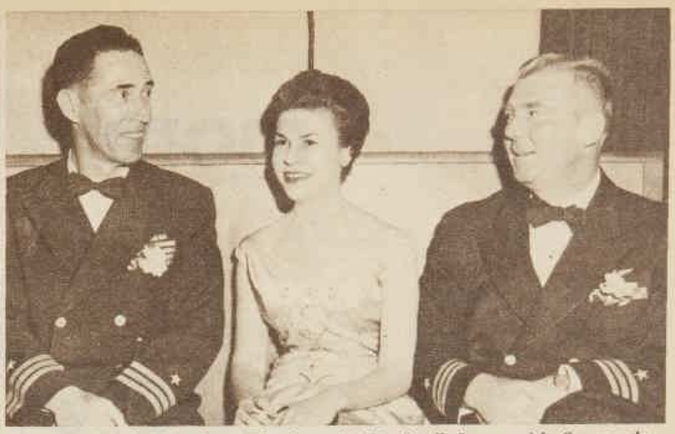
ARRIVING at the Coral Sea Victory Ball are the guest of honor, Admiral Felix Stump, and his wife. Admiral Stump, who is the commander-in-chief of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, is on a two weeks' visit to Australia for the fifteenth anniversary of the Coral Sea victory.



CORAL SEA BALL. Joan Wheeler, of "Kia Ora," Scone, with Commander George Gowen (left), captain of U.S.S. McCain, and Commander Claude Reeves, captain of U.S.S. Stoddard, at the Coral Sea Ball held at the Trocadero.

AT RECEPTION held on board the aircraft-carrier U.S.S. Bennington are (from left) Ensign Michael Sena, Mrs. Joseph Dougherty, and Ensign Rodney McDaniel. The carrier spent a week in Sydney for the Coral Sea celebrations. The party was held in one of the hangars.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE Widdis families of Willow Tree have been in the news lately with cousins Elizabeth and Dorothy Widdis announcing their engagements within a week of each other—and both to country boys. A family dinner-party was held at "Wee Warrah," Willow Tree, home of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Widdis, to celebrate the two engagements.

Elizabeth and Dorothy are both wearing diamond engagement rings. Elizabeth is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Widdis, and Dorothy is the only daughter of Mr. Charles Widdis, jun., of "Boondari," Willow Tree.

Dorothy is engaged to Bob Rankin, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Rankin, of "Tribella," Quirindi.

Elizabeth and her fiance, Jock Robertson, elder son of the Doug Robertsons, of "Turanville," Scone, plan to build a new house on "Turanville," and will live there after their wedding at the end of the year.

INTERSTATE INTEREST. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grimwade leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was formerly Joan Rich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. B. Rich. Fred is the son of Mrs. F. S. Grimwade, of Toorak, Melbourne, and the late Mr. Grimwade.

NEWLYWEDS Mr. and Mrs. Ross Grieve after their wedding at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse. Mrs. Grieve was formerly Nonnie Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, of Woollahra. Ross is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Keith Grieve.

LEAVING St. Mark's, Darling Point, are John Hudson and his bride, who was formerly Jennifer Coghlan, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Coghlan, of Double Bay.

FOLLOWING the sun to Broadbeach, Queensland, are newlyweds Heather and Charles Pilcher. Heather is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hitchens, of Penshurst. The young couple will make their home at "Glengarry," Orange.

• • •

INTERIOR decorator June Carney has announced her engagement to Neill Steglick, of Double Bay, and is wearing a diamond solitaire ring. June is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Carney, of Bellevue Hill, and her fiance is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Steglick, of Melbourne.

• • •

A DATE for your diary . . . Friday, May 10, for the Artful Dodgers' Ball at the Pickwick Club. This dance is organised by the Mosman Liberal Youth Club.

• • •

GUESTS came from the Forbes and Condobolin districts for the party given by the Colin Walds, of "Bellevue," Condobolin, to celebrate the engagement of their daughter Elizabeth to David Morrow, of "Runnymede," Cassilis. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hall, of "Walla Wallah," Forbes, drove over for the party with their sons Robert and Tony. And a few days later, Elizabeth and David were house guests at the Halls for the Forbes Picnic Races . . . Elizabeth is wearing a ruby engagement ring.

FAMILY GROUP. Mrs. Ken McCathie with her son David and daughter Joanna at the party Mr. and Mrs. McCathie gave for 130 young guests at "The Hermitage," Vaucluse.

PLANNING to visit America in August is Robyn Grainger, of Gordon, who has been travelling in England and Europe for some months. In America she will see her brother David, who is doing post-graduate work in dentistry at Chicago University. Robyn will return home in December to make plans for her wedding to Bill Day, of Capetown, South Africa . . . they became engaged in London and will marry in Sydney early in 1958. Robyn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Alan Grainger.

• • •

BRIEFLY . . . Pretty bride Wendy Walsh wore a white organdie dress with balloon sleeves and a wreath of organdie rosebuds on her hair when she married Patrick Teece at St. Patrick's, Church Hill. When they return from their honeymoon cruise to Fiji, Wendy and Patrick will live on his property at Moree.

• • •

MEMORIES of pioneer days in Mudgee were revived for Mrs. Elizabeth Price when she attended the wedding of her granddaughter, Beverley Price, at St. Mary's Church, Mudgee. Beverley, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Price, of "Burra Brae," Pyramul, married David Lawson, of "Wallawaugh," Hargreaves. Her grandmother remembers the days when the peaceful paddocks of the young couple's new homestead were the centre of intense activity in the gold-mining days of the 'eighties.

Anne

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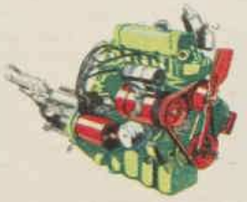
NEW SAFETY FEATURES . . .

The new sprung steering wheel, with its deep-sunk centre, is specially designed to eliminate injury in accidents. Other great features are the wide-vision, one-piece curved windscreen . . . larger rear window . . . new easy-release hand-brake between the seats . . . combined finger-tip trafficator lever and horn button.

There's a powerful difference . . . yet the same 40 m.p.g. economy

Power . . . pep . . . zip . . . call it what you will, there's an exciting difference in the new Minor '1000.' There's real kick in the big new 950 c.c. engine—you get 60 m.p.h. in third, with the engine revelling in the speed! It's a joy to use that new gear change, so slip into top, and, if safety permits, sweep the needle gently up to 80. Plenty of cars do that speed? So they do—but how many do it at the price? And how many cars give you this performance with 40 m.p.g. economy? Reliability, safety and comfort have always been great Minor features, but here now is power to match—*extra* power to give you real speed and acceleration . . . to make the Minor's famous cornering even safer!

Bristling with new features for increased safety and comfort, delightful to drive, easy to park, the Minor, in this great new version, is more than ever "the world's biggest light car buy." See the Minor '1000' at your Nuffield Distributor or Dealer now . . . test drive it and find out for yourself what an exciting difference 23% more power can make!



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THE LONGEST NIGHT

CONVALESCING after an illness, CAROLINE EMMETT goes to an English country town for a solitary holiday, staying at MRS. GILL'S boarding-house. Walking in the wild surrounding countryside she becomes lost, and as a misty night sets in comes on a disused quarry, where in the darkness a woman is being attacked and murdered. As Caroline stumbles away the pursuing murderer holds her for a moment in a revealing torch beam.

Seeking safety in a house, she tells her story to MRS. OLIVER, her son HENRY, schooldaughter LYDIA, and widowed daughter, JULIE MUIR.

Caroline's sense of security is shattered by several happenings, the hostility of the invalidish Julie and the curious behaviour of the Olivers' neighbor, MR. CLIVE.

The editor of the local paper, JAMES CARMICHAEL, who hears the story at the police station, goes on to the quarry, where he finds a woman's shoe.

After searching for her missing dog Dukie, a retired nurse, MISS MAYBERRY, who occupies the upstairs flat, finds Caroline ill, and insists on her going to bed.

A stone is thrown through the window but misses Caroline.

Meanwhile, Carmichael, continuing his investigations, finds that the murdered woman had that afternoon booked in at Mrs. Gill's. NOW READ ON.

The eyes of both Caroline and Carmichael were on Julie as Henry leaned forward to offer her the cigarette she had asked for.

CARMICHAEL found his foot going steadily down on the accelerator, and braked to a jolting stop in front of Mrs. Gill's boarding-house. He reminded his tightening nerves that he was building a good deal on a glossy black shoe, size six, and a look of controlled horror on the face of a girl he had never seen before. Then he walked quickly up the boarding-house steps.

Shrubs swished faintly in the small drive behind him as he took his finger from the bell and the door opened on Mrs. Gill, blunt, roseate, pretty in a rather ripe and widowed way.

She said archly: "Mr. Carmichael! Have you come back for your old room? I've never had a nicer guest."

"Nor I a nicer hostess," said Carmichael amiably, stepping into the dark, spacious hall.

Everything was as he remembered it: the mahogany-railed staircase stalking up into shadow, the depressingly clean smell of furniture polish, as pervasive as if someone's life were dedicated to it alone. He said: "As a matter of fact, I came about a guest of yours."

"Oh?" said Mrs. Gill, and her face went shrewd. "Who would that be?"

"The woman who arrived on the five o'clock train. Bill Cream brought her here in his taxi."

"Oh, Miss White." Mrs. Gill turned away from him to flick dust from the hall table and turned back again. "What do you want to know?"

Was she a little wary under her politeness?

"I'd like to speak to her for a few minutes, if I may," said Carmichael, and went on watching her.

He had a sudden wry picture of an indignant Miss White, demanding to know why she had been disturbed at this hour, and then Mrs. Gill, fidgeting timily inside her pose of indolence, was saying: "I'm afraid you can't, she isn't in just now. Why are you interested in her, Mr. Carmichael, if you don't mind my asking?"

There was no archness in the grape-colored eyes now; Mrs. Gill smelt peril to her boarding-house and was determined to avert it.

Carmichael knew of only one quick way round her; he said casually and a little impatiently that he understood "Miss White" to be a visiting celebrity, travelling incognito to avoid fanfare.

It was transparent, but Mrs. Gill's face lit up greedily.

"Really? A celebrity? You'd never guess it to look at her, or talk to her, but then I suppose . . ."

Eerily, as Mrs. Gill talked, the woman inside Carmichael's head took on flesh and blood in the stiff Victorian hall. A woman in her late forties or early fifties, pink-and-white complexioned and of average height, with prettily greying curls.

Mrs. Gill led him to her register and he looked at "Laura White, Hilton, Lincs.," in a fine curly script. Mrs. Gill looked at it, too, with newly sharpened eyes, and Carmichael surprised a sudden speculative look on her face.

Laura White had arrived at the boarding-house via Bill Cream's taxi at about ten minutes past five. Emerging from her room at five-thirty, she made a telephone call from

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Instalment two of a three-part serial by URSULA CURTISS

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A2-12

Continuing . . . . The Longest Night

from page 17

the public box in a corner of the hall, after which she had gone out, apparently for a walk, because she had turned away from Wicklow's main shopping street rather than towards it.

Carmichael looked at his watch. He said gently: "Aren't you beginning to wonder when she'll be back?"

Mrs. Gill said: "Well, she has her key. Besides, she was back, at about seven-thirty."

. . . .

So that was that. Caroline Emmett's killer was a chimera, and the new shoe one of the unexplainable oddities that life was always producing, because at seven-thirty the girl had long since fled the scene of the supposed crime and was safely harbored at the Olivers' house.

Carmichael felt an angry incredulity; it was only perfunctorily that he said: "You saw Miss White come in?"

"No," said Mrs. Gill defensively. "You know I serve dinner for the permanent boarders at seven——" and the whole thing opened up again, dark and delicate.

It was a Mr. Simms, in the room next to Miss White's on the second floor, who had heard the sounds of activity in her room while he waited for his nightly tray.

Mr. Simms, Carmichael knew from trying experience, was eightyish and half-deaf—had someone else known that and relied upon it?

It fitted the pattern of familiarity laid down by the choice of the quarry as a death-place, the speed with which a dead woman had been shuffled about. And granted you knew that seven o'clock was the implacable dinner-hour at Mrs. Gill's, and that Mr. Simms in his room could hear only dimly, would there be very much risk in using the key from your victim's handbag to enter her room and remove whatever connecting link might be there?

Carmichael glanced at the stiff immaculate hall, the stairs rising steeply into shadow, and thought not.

Useless to ask Mrs. Gill to let him into Laura White's room, sharply certain though he was; instead, Carmichael said insinuatingly: "With your eye for clothes, Mrs. Gill, would you happen to have noticed what kind of shoes she was wearing?"

"Why on earth would you care what——" began Mrs. Gill, and was trapped in spite of herself under Carmichael's flattering eye. "Well, as a matter of fact, they were black calf or kid. I know because when she came down to ask about the telephone she stopped to tie one, the lace had come undone. Who is she really, Mr. Carmichael? I won't breathe it to a soul."

She is, thought Carmichael grimly, the late Laura White.

He left Mrs. Gill's boarding-house and drove back to his office. The building was dark; Morton had apparently gone home, happy over his wedding story at last. He flicked on the lights and went into his own office.

Laura White lived in Hilton. He knew somebody who lived in Hilton and owned a local newspaper. George Griffin? No, he was somewhere in Yorkshire . . . He started through acquaintances made throughout the years and remembered the name at last. He lifted the receiver and was eventually connected with the paper he wanted.

There was a faint busy clatter on the line while he waited, reminding him of how very small his own "Star" was.

A voice said it was sorry, but it thought Mr. Littler had left by now, but it would try to find out if he had left a number at which he could be reached if it was urgent. Was it? It was? Just a moment, please.

After a very few moments the voice was back. No, Mr. Littler hadn't left after all and would be delighted to speak to Mr. Carmichael. Just a moment, please.

Then Littler's voice sent a volley of pleasantries over the wire until Carmichael said: "I want you to do me a favor, if you will. Can you find out if there's anything in your files on a Laura White? Miss, I assume . . . No, no address except that she lives in Hilton. She'd be in her late forties or early fifties, I think. O.K., I'll be here."

He gave his number and hung up. He discovered to his surprise that he had drawn a number of women's shoes, all large and awkward, with trailing laces. New shoelaces had a silky slipperiness; that was why Laura White had bent to tie hers at Mrs. Gill's boarding-house, that was why the shoe on the dead foot had come off. He added sparks round his pencilled efforts to indicate a high gloss. Then, without conscious thought, he reached for the telephone and rang the Olivers' house.

This time, listening to Henry Oliver's angry voice describing the attempt on Caroline Emmett's life, he drew nothing at all because the pencil point went snapping off under the sudden hard pressure of his fingers.

Six or seven wet black acres stretching out behind the Olivers'—and almost as many ways of entrance into the house, through the attached barn, the loft above it. They would certainly have all those doors locked, although Carmichael's memory presented him with a bewildering number of them.

He cleared his mind with an effort. Henry's brusque voice in his ear said: "He's making sure, whoever he is, that Miss Emmett stays here in this house. The car's been put out of action . . . Of course I'm sure—the bonnet wasn't even shut down tight. It won't move except at the other end of a tow-rope as far as I can see."

Braced though he was, Carmichael was jolted at the boldness of that: it was open, mocking, catch-me-if-you-can.

He squinted down at his desk, mapping the curve of the Olivers' drive as it swung round an enormous clump of lilacs and then straightened for the approach to the wide barn door. The car, which was old and rather dilapidated, had been left under the lilacs about fifteen feet in from the road; he remembered the brief wink of metal in his own passing headlights.

"But you've told the police?" he said into the telephone.

"Of course. But Taines came up—said the patrol cars are out on jobs and that it's his case. If you ask me, he doesn't want to believe Miss Emmett's story, and so he's simply not going to believe it, and that's that."

"But the bed—he must have seen that was true."

"Boys, he said," Henry's voice was scornful. "Said there's been a lot of trouble recently with a gang of youths and that if anyone chased Miss Emmett from the quarry this evening, it was one of them. Said they're trying to get their own back because I reported them a couple of weeks ago about trespassing. The devil of it is, I did charge them, so Taines thinks there's no more to it than that."

It sounded only too true. Carmichael could visualise Taines, conscientious, unbelieving, listening to Caroline's story, listening to Henry's irate protests, genuinely sure it was all a lot of hysteria and that it was really those blasted boys from Denby Road . . .

The other phone on Carmichael's desk began to ring frantically.

"Henry, I'll have to go now, but I'll be over to see you in a few minutes. And I'll see if I can get in touch with Superintendent Meadows and tell him the story myself."

Henry calmed down a little. Carmichael grabbed his other telephone and found Alec Littler shouting animatedly into his ear.

Triumphantly, Carmichael picked up a pencil and made notes while Laura White, who had been by turns a shoe and a half-formed image in his mind, and finally a flourishing signature in Mrs. Gill's register, began to take on a further identity of her own . . .

Laura White, fifty-one, of 23 Crescent Place, Hilton, was only in the local paper's files at all because early in January she stepped from a kerb directly in front of a moving bus, suffering severe injuries of the head and chest. At first not expected to live, she had emerged from a three-day coma to stay for five weeks on the critical list at the local hospital.

Carmichael listened with a deepening frown.

Nothing very odd about the accident itself; witnesses—and Laura White herself when she was able to talk—reported that it had been her own fault.

"And they give women the vote," said Alec Littler at this point, marvelling.

"Photo?" said Carmichael without much hope.

"Yes. Leaving the hospital, believe it or not, on the arm of a bus company official. Wait a minute, I remember now, they were having some trouble with the public—and with my newspaper for that matter—over their timetables and they made a pet case out of this story. You know, erring pedestrian, warm-hearted company, sent her flowers and fruit . . . Caption says: 'I'm lucky to be alive,' said Nurse Laura White leaving——"

"Nurse?" interrupted Carmichael.

"That's right. Looks like one of your more cheerful aunts. Curls," reported Alec's distant voice, "and one of those little mouths. Looks about medium height, bed-sidey but not grim. What's this all about?"

"Don't know yet," said Carmichael, instinctively wary. "Thanks, Alec. If there's ever anything the 'Star' can do for your paper, just cup your hands and shout. Wait a minute, when did she get out of the hospital?"

Pause; then, "A week ago today," said Alec Littler.

One week. A short while, thought Carmichael, sitting motionless and staring at the black windows, in which to enjoy a miraculously restored life. Laura White had spent three months in the hospital with no apparent sign of anything to mar her convalescence; she had left it smiling, to return to her solitary quarters at Crescent Place.

But six days later she had come off the train at Wicklow; she had telephoned to someone, and between an hour and two hours after that—Caroline Emmett's timetable was understandably vague—she was dead.

Deposited somewhere in the wet night in a grim parody of a nursery rhyme, with one shoe off and one shoe on.

On the surface, Laura White was an unremarkable woman to have met with such a remarkable fate, a middle-aged nurse, living alone. A little naive, almost ruinously honest—another woman in her place, witnesses notwithstanding, might have done her best to collect a staggering claim from the bus company involved in the nearly fatal accident.

What had brought her to this small country town with such urgency?

Not a holiday, certainly; Wicklow and Mrs. Gill's were hardly goals for that. In any case she had not booked in advance, and she carried, Bill Cream had said, only a single small suitcase, which suggested a hasty departure with no idea of a prolonged stay.

Had she gone to her death by invitation or was the journey her own idea?

Spinning a pencil mechanically between his fingers, Carmichael cursed the fact that it was now past eleven o'clock at night and 23 Crescent Place many miles away. She might have had a visitor during those crucial six days or a wire or trunk call that could be checked.

And yet the final answer was here, because if half lay in Laura White herself, the other and corresponding half lay in her killer.

Did it also lie in the fact that Laura White had been a partaker of secrets, an intimate outsider, a probable witness at deathbeds—a nurse?

The rain had begun again, patteringly. Carmichael switched off his desk light, and in the half-dark Caroline Emmett's face took shape again as though it had a right there, pale, imperative, not quite her own because of shock and delayed, catching-up terror. Not exactly a pretty face, but a cool, cleanly modelled one that made you want to know her better, the eyes a rare vivid

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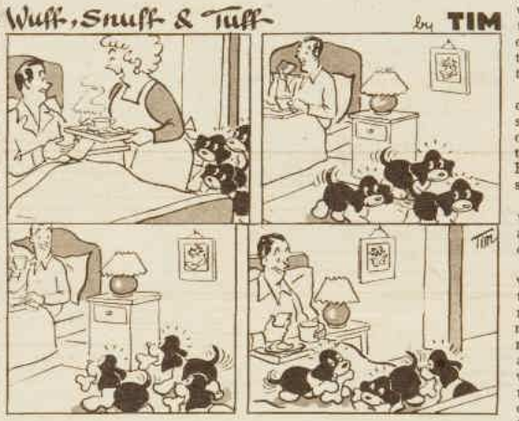
FOR THE CHILDREN



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When we get the car

A complete short story

By JEAN E. TURNLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY BROADHURST

BILL HUNTER, the car salesman, stood on the polished floor by the central pot-plant being courteous to Mrs. Bowman, while Mr. Bowman and Mary went over and looked at the car in the corner. It was a different color.

"We've always promised ourselves," Mrs. Bowman told Bill happily, "that we'd get a little car when the insurance fell due. So, I said to Dad, when the money—"

"Well, you couldn't do better than a Super 40," the salesman said, staunchly trying to maintain his sales-talk patter, although he had instantly realised that this homely, middle-aged couple and their daughter had long since, after much careful deliberation, decided to buy a Super 40, and had only come into the showroom to be further gratified with their decision.

"Well, there's just the three of us, you see! You met my daughter, Mary, didn't you? Yes . . . that's right. Of course, Mary can drive. The firm paid for her to get her licence—they're auditors, you know. Mary goes all around with them. Oh, yes, they think a lot of Mary. Of course, Dad's not as young as he was, but I think, don't you," she looked up at him trustfully, "a good, reliable make—?"

"The Super is a particularly safe car," the salesman squeezed in this point, "and very easy to drive. The gears—"

"Dad's taking lessons," Mrs. Bowman whispered to him, confidentially. "The young man at the garage. But I don't think he's a very good teacher, you know. He gets Dad a bit rattled. He goes so fast himself. I see him sometimes when I'm down the street. But I think, don't you, with your own car—"

Mr. Bowman and Mary came back at this point. "Well, Dad?" Mrs. Bowman twinkled almost roguishly, "what do you think?"

The salesman, dropping back tactfully, well aware that the sagely considering air Mr. Bowman wore on his face was the merest cloak to an already determined buyer, took the opportunity to look again at Mary Bowman and saw that she was in her twenties, that she was intelligent and gentle and good; just the qualities he had always admired in a girl. She felt his eyes on her and looked up and smiled at him, and he saw she had soft, blue eyes as well.

He delivered the car a month later at the bashful request of Mr. Bowman, who had come to pick it up. "I got my licence, you know," he added reassuringly, "with a bit of a struggle, ha, ha! But I'm a bit dicky on this city traffic. Want a bit more practice . . ."

He was alert on the drive out to the suburb where the Bowmans lived, keenly checking every movement Bill made, applauding his smooth getaways and careful braking, duplicating Bill's footwork in mime on the car floor. "Yes," he would say, almost to himself, "Yes, I see . . . that's right . . . just let her out a little and—yes . . . just half left and—of course, it's all practice, isn't it?"

Bill, who privately believed it was all a thing he called "car sense," which 90 per cent. men and 10 per cent. women had, felt obliged to reassure Mr. Bowman. He had taken a liking to the old bloke, he decided, a nice, distinguished-looking old boy. A clever face—like the daughter.

He was extraordinarily pleased to find the daughter at home when they got there. She had called in on her way back to the city from the auditing job she was working on at a nearby factory. She was driving the firm's car—a Super 40.

Mrs. Bowman greeted Bill like an old friend, and insisted he had a cup of tea, so after the lady from next door had been called to the fence to exclaim over the car, and the admiring duly done, he gave Mr. Bowman a spontaneous lesson in putting the car into the garage. Then, because it was rather a tricky drive-in and Mrs. Bowman was buzzing about in the garage itself with a broom, sweeping up little piles of dirt and excitedly moving boxes in and out of the way, and crying out unintelligible little encouragements to Mr. Bowman, Bill showed him how to back it out again. He watched carefully while Mr. Bowman did it alone, running a back wheel over the flower-bed Mrs. Bowman had apparently just planted.

They all agreed, however, that it just needed practice and went inside to have a cup of tea and some of Mrs. Bowman's excellent gingerbread. Mrs. Bowman told Bill how she was looking forward to doing the Saturday shopping in the car, and had always dreamed of the day when she and Dad would go down to the shopping centre and get everything they needed for the week. She would go to the market now and it would make everything so much cheaper.

Mary Bowman drove Bill back into town and gently apologised for her parents. "It's like a dream come true to them, you know. Everyone takes cars for granted now, but they've talked about the day we'd have the car ever since I was a little girl. Though really I didn't think Dad would ever get around to buying one. Somehow I don't see him driving a car. Do you think he'll be all right?"

Bill sensed her loving anxiety and said cautiously, "Well, your father's learning a bit late in life . . . they don't pick it up as readily as a youngster . . . still, they make good, careful drivers in the end. Oh, yes. He'll be right after a bit of practice. He'll probably be better off on his own, too."

"That's what I think!" said Mary, comforted.

That weekend, the Bowmans drove around everywhere in their new car, chauffeured by Mary. "You'd better break her in for a bit, dear," Mr. Bowman had said.

The following weekend Mary took Mrs. Bowman shopping and drove her parents and the lady next door to church, and in the afternoon she backed the car out ready for her father to take her mother for a drive, while she herself caught the train into town because she was going to a concert with Bill Hunter, with whom she had discovered a mutual liking for classical music.

Mr. Bowman discovered after lunch that he had an unpleasant feeling in his stomach, and Mrs. Bowman said it was probably indigestion and he ought to have a nice lie-down—she didn't care about the drive, it was windy, anyway! But he insisted he was all right, and after only a little bit of back-firing drove Mrs. Bowman up the side streets. He didn't go around by the lake, where she had wanted to go, because he didn't get ready to take the right-hand turn quickly enough and missed the actual street. Mrs. Bowman said it didn't matter, and they drove back around the tip instead.

They got the car into the garage without any mishap, and Mr. Bowman was quite jolly when they got back by the fire, and talked a lot about cars, including bits about gaskets and things like that, to Mrs. Bowman.

When Mary returned and asked how he had got on he said, "Quite well, dear! Quite well!" and Mrs. Bowman said cosily, "Dad was splendid!"

The next Saturday morning he masterfully swung upon the doors of the garage and backed the car out, rather too quickly, and the back left tyre ran over down into the steep drain beside the fence, carrying off part of a climbing rose.

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As Mr. and Mrs. Bowman gazed admiringly at the car the salesman, Bill Hunter, kept his eyes just as admiringly on their daughter, Mary.

Fortunately there were men working in the road outside and they came in and with a lot of good-natured, but rather irritating, jokes put the car back on the path again, and Mr. Bowman was able to drive it away, rather red at the back of the neck, as he could feel the roadmen looking at him.

When they arrived at the shopping centre they had to drive three times around the market square before they could get a parking place some distance from the entrance, which made it rather a bore carrying all the heavy vegetables they needed for a week.

Then Mrs. Bowman wanted to pay the gas bill, so they drove up to the gas company's office, but there was no parking at the kerb, so Mr. Bowman let Mrs. Bowman out and said he would drive around a bit and come back to pick her up in ten minutes.

When he came around again in front of the building some twelve minutes later there was no sign of her. He drove up to the Gardens and back again twice. The fourth time, as he slowed down, he just happened to hear a faint "Woohoo!" and there she was on the other side!

Coming down again he pulled up too far beyond her and she had missed him. Screwing around to look through the back window, he could see her standing on the kerb, blinking up the street with her short-sighted eyes, and for a moment almost hated her! He had to back the car up to her, making an awful grinding sound in the process.

"What did you do that for?" he said testily, as she finally saw him and came bustling around the wrong side to get in. She got into the back seat and hung over him, breathing down his neck. "Well! You went right past me, Dad, when I was talking to Mrs. Phipps on the steps, so I just ran over to the other side to catch you coming back, but a tram got in front and you didn't see me!"

They had the car three months and Mr. Bowman had taken Mrs. Bowman several Sunday drives and run her and the lady next door down to the pictures twice (having first worked out on a piece of paper just where he would turn in front of the theatre). Mary always backed the car out before she left on the train to go into the city, and Mr. Bowman had become almost accustomed to the sick feeling in his stomach, although his appetite had fallen off. This worried Mrs. Bowman, who diagnosed him as having "nerves of the stomach" and made him drink a lot of milk. Then Mary announced her engagement to Bill Hunter.

Her parents were delighted. Mary was twenty-eight, had had lots of boy-friends but no proposals, and they had almost given up hope that she would marry, and Mrs. Bowman sometimes shed furtive tears over the dear little grandchildren she feared she would never see. Mary had always been the best of daughters; at school and at work she had made them so proud of her, she was loving and devoted to them, but they had wanted the best in life for her, and they knew that was married love. They heartily approved of Bill, who they realised was no tycoon, but a good, dependable fellow.

Mary now used the car a great deal to go flat-hunting, especially on a Saturday morning, but Mrs. Bowman said that didn't matter a bit; she could easily get the nice little bus down to the shops two or three times a week. There was plenty of time for Dad to take her shopping . . . after the wedding.

"We'll have to give them something lovely for a wedding present," Mrs. Bowman said to Mr. Bowman as the plans went ahead and the great day approached. She clasped her hands ecstatically, reviving all her rosy-cheeked, golden-haired visions. "Something for the home!"

"We're not so flush since buying the car," Mr. Bowman said, a trifle lugubriously. "The wedding's going to cost something—we must give Mary a decent one."

"Have you any ideas?" said Mrs. Bowman guilelessly.

"Oh—what about one of those whatsernames—knives and forks and that?"

"A canteen of cutlery? Oh, no! I'd like to give them something more intimate. You know what I'd like to give them, Dad?" She peeped at him joyously over her knitting. "A sewing-machine!"

Mr. Bowman frowned. "I can't see that a sewing-machine is any more intimate than a canteen of cutlery!"

"Oh, yes it is! You know what I mean . . . it's sentimental! Think of Mary doing all her sewing on it all her married life! I always think it's lovely for a girl to have her own machine when she gets married, do all her own things, and——"

"But Mary doesn't sew!"

"Oh, she can learn! It'll be something to keep her occupied when she's first married. And later on, when the little ones begin to come along——" Mrs. Bowman paused in happy contemplation, "think what a saving it will be!"

"I'd rather something for them both," Mr. Bowman said restlessly. "What about a radiogram?"

"Bill's got his own radiogram," Mrs. Bowman said patly.

"Anyway, Mary's going to go on with her job, isn't she? There's no need for something to occupy her when she's first married."

"Oh, that's only for the time being!" Mrs. Bowman waved off this thought. "That won't last long!"

"And they haven't got a house, only that bit of a flat. Where are they going to put a sewing-machine?"

"It could be a portable—." Mrs. Bowman suddenly looked up over her knitting again and saw her husband's face. "Oh, Dad! Well, what would you like to give them?"

"Oh, I don't know offhand—!" Mr. Bowman felt rather ashamed of himself. "I'd just like to give her something she'd really . . ." He only knew he wanted something to make Mary's eyes light up, like when she was a little girl and they had got just the right doll for her birthday. "Oh, I suppose, a machine—you women probably know more about these things . . ."

"We'll think it over," Mrs. Bowman said comfortingly.

Mary's wedding present from her mother and father was a beautiful portable electric sewing-machine. Mary said, "Well!" when it was unwrapped before her, and gave a little laugh. "I see I'll have to sew at last! You've always been at me!"

She hugged her mother then and said, "Thank you, darling, it's lovely! Thanks, Dad!" and Mr. Bowman thought she looked sentimental after all and supposed it was all right. Bill said, "By Jove, eh? Well . . . my word! Thanks very much!"

It was a lovely wedding. Everyone said how happy Mary and Bill looked, and it was the last thing Mr. Bowman thought as he and Mrs. Bowman stood on the tarmac waving them off on their honeymoon before he remembered that he had to drive the car back home. Mary had driven it to the airport.

The route from the aerodrome was like a frantic ants' nest—cars going every way. Mrs. Bowman talked all the way home, smiling through happy tears. Mr. Bowman could have screamed as he tried to satisfy her sentimental mood and remember all the traffic regulations, hand signals, gear changes . . .

He shot out of a side street too fast as a result of his irritation with Mrs. Bowman saying mildly, "Are we going the right way, dear?" and nearly collided with a huge truck, the truck swerving smartly and thus saving the day. The driver, in an athletic singlet, leant out of the window and abused Mr. Bowman in most unnerving language.

Mr. Bowman scraped the garage doorway going in, and when he hung up his hat on the hallstand he was not surprised to find the band quite damp. He wiped his forehead furtively and thought: Thank heaven, that's over!

And then he had a terrible thought. It wasn't "over"! Some time soon he would have to do it again. He would have to pick up the key, whistling casually, unlock the garage, and back the car out, trying to see out behind it, manoeuvre its tail around the

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The sweetest way to say "To Mother with love"

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Look at the wonderful assortment of chocolate centres she'll enjoy in every box of Old Gold. Fresh fruit flavours like Strawberry Cup, Passionfruit, Cherry, Pineapple Fondant, Raspberry Marshmallow and Cherry Ripe. Smooth creams and candies — Peppermint, Vanilla and Mandarin Creams, Diamond and Cream Caramels, Crunch Foam, Marzipan Finger, Nougat Dessert. As well there are — Scorched Almonds, Nut Chocolate and Nutty Butterscotch.
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Excitement always ran high when it came . . . a short short story

PARCEL FROM NEW YORK

By OLGA A. ROSMANITH

TWO bright, pretty daughters still in high school and a pretty wife with too much to do at home to have time to earn outside money made up Jody Williams' family.

They were his comfort, his pride, and also his heartache. He never could earn enough money to do what he figured was the right thing by them.

None of them ever complained. In some mysterious way the girls kept up with the girls at school and all three were always beautifully turned out. Marge was teaching the girls to make their own clothes. They had even set a fashion the year she made evening frocks with little jackets out of fifty-cent-a-yard gingham.

They had good suits, too, and Marge had a fur coat. This was because at infrequent intervals her rich old Aunt Louise in New York sent a package of cast-offs. Sometimes they were very difficult to make over and always they were unsuitable, but they were expensive clothes of quality materials and Marge made them do somehow. She would even take a suit apart and entirely recut it from a pattern.

Every time a package arrived the tension of too little money would be relaxed and Jody would feel comfortable, even happy. So when he found the notice in the post office mail-box that a package waited at the Railway Express he came home jubilant as if he had a present for them.

They were all jubilant and the girls were alight with anticipation until the huge parcel was collected, unpacked on the living-room floor, and its contents spread out.

Young Louise shook out an old mustard-colored taffeta gown cut and frayed at every fold and howled with despair. "Oh, Mother, look! She's been emptying the trunks in the attic!"

Joan dived into the box and reached for the things at the bottom, hoping to find the good things their aunt usually sent, the ones that were modern and wearable. She came up with a black wool jacket riddled with moth holes and trimmed on the shoulders with epaulets of fringe.

Marge put it on and laughed and laughed, but Jody saw her face in the mirror. He saw her put up the back of her hand and wipe the tears from her eyes. He knew her too well to believe this grief was for herself. She was heartsick because the girls were disappointed.

"Marge——" he began.

"Don't worry," she said quickly. "I don't know what good these are to anyone, but I'll get rid of them somehow. Now, girls, look at the time. You've got a meeting and you're going to be late."

She started picking up the mouldy, moth-eaten garments after they had gone. Jody helped her fold them and get them back into the box. "I can't understand Aunt Louise. She knows these things are of no use to us."

Jody had a sudden terrible feeling that the old woman had done this deliberately to goad him into some action. He was working as a tool-maker in the same type of engineering plant in which he had once been a minor executive. Then his lungs had begun to bother him and the doctor had told him to get work in Arizona or California.

His health had been long since restored, but never his status. It was not his fault. The jobs were all filled. Nobody wanted an outsider to come in as an executive.

Sickened by the odor of camphor from the crumbling garments, he thought of Aunt Louise with the liveliest emotion he had felt for some time—active hate.

She had been three times an heiress. Her grandfather, then her father, and, quite recently, her rich husband. All had left her the fruits of their enterprise and personal toil, but she had never worked for money.

"I guess you shouldn't have to care what she sends, anyway." He lit his pipe to combat the offensive odor. "You should have a husband who can do more than merely give food and shelter."

Marge sat back on her heels on the floor looking up at him. "You said it, Jody." Her eyes were tender. "You're worth far more than you get. Why don't you ask for something?"

"I'm in a trap," he said desperately. "I'm good at what I do. There are hundreds just as good to take my place if I don't want it. What difference does it make if I can do something better and there are no buyers for that?"

He added miserably: "That, too, is no rarity. A dozen for every job that's vacant even in the brackets where the work gets difficult."

"You have one thing that's very rare."

"Go on!" said Jody. "You interest me."

"You can smile that way if you like. But it's true. You know your work from A to Z and, in addition, you have a genius for handling labor and getting along with others."

Jody laughed outright. "Genius! My poor wife. That's nothing. I like people, that's all — and I try to understand them."

She closed the lid on the ghastly clothes in the box and Jody lifted it out on to the back porch to wait her decision as to what to do with them.

"They should be burned," he said mournfully.

"Ask and ye shall receive," replied Marge irrelevantly. "Now let's go to a movie and forget the whole thing."

But Jody was too disturbed to forget—or even to know what the pictures were about. That dreadful old woman had been longing to say what she thought of him for years and now she had found the way to do it—a way far more cutting than any words would have been. A way that inhibited retort or argument.

He stayed up after Marge had gone to bed and with his clear, precise, executive mind he drafted an advertisement and wrote a cheque to go with it. He dropped it in the box of the "Eagle Creek Courier" next morning.

Marge's remark about "ask and ye shall receive" proved to be so correct it was agonising to think of all the years he might have been climbing and saving. Twenty employers replied to the advertisement from a man who offered an exceptional ability to get along with others in addition to technical perfection in his field.

Narrowed down, he had six good jobs to choose from. It proved so simple and natural that even Marge, too, thought they might wake up and find they had been dreaming.

Perhaps, however, his ability to buy a present for Marge's Aunt Louise gave him one of his greatest satisfactions. He hoped she would see its comment on her recent gift to the family with its disappointing unsuitability. It was a very expensive bottle of French perfume.

Aunt Louise thanked him with congratulations on his sudden restoration to his right place in the world, adding the unexpected remark that she always knew he had it in him, otherwise she wouldn't have been so happy about Marge, her favorite niece, being married to him.

"I've always been accustomed to powerful, self-made men," she wrote, "and I'm glad we still have them in our family."

It was her P.S. which Jody Williams cut out and slipped at the bottom of the clock-face by his bed because he had a strange superstition it was a luck bringer. It went thus:

"P.S. I have just discovered through our janitor's request to keep the case of things I sent down on the dumb waiter for burning that I must have sent worthless trash out of the attic to Marge instead of the lovely things I had set aside for her. I will make up for this by sending her a new fur coat. For now that you are able to buy it yourself it can do no possible harm to her."

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"Don't worry, I'll get rid of them somehow," Marge said as she and Jody watched the girls rummage through the box of useless things.

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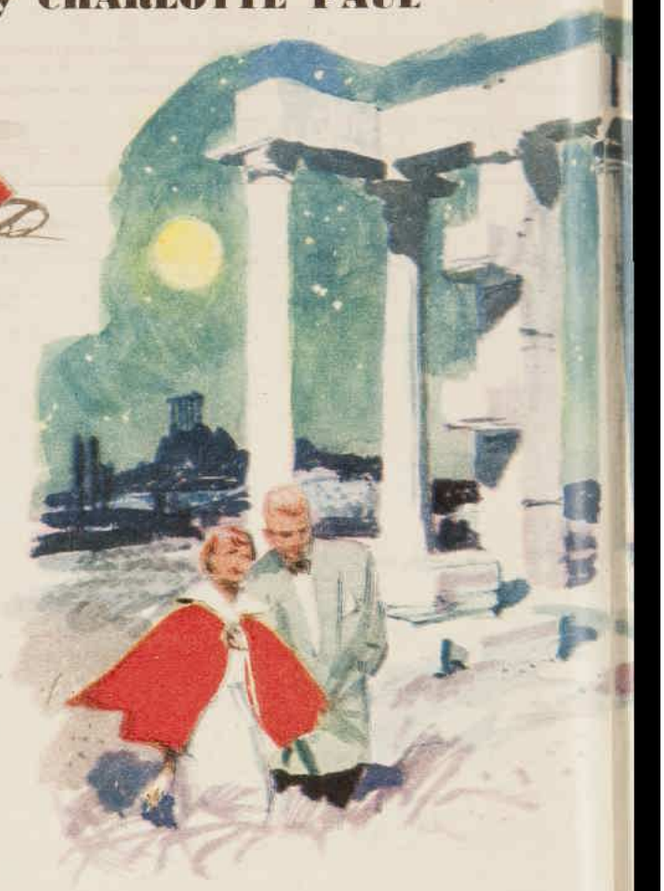
The Perfect Gentleman

A gay romantic story By CHARLOTTE PAUL



When Kate met Constantine in Athens, everything was wonderful, but in her own hometown he seemed a different man.

EVERYTHING was lovely right up to the moment Kate got the cablegram from Greece. The weatherman was conferring some beautiful autumn days on Columbus; the Ohio State football team looked good during practice; autumn dances were about to begin at the country club. Kate was in love, so she was in a good mood to love life, even if it rained and the team lost to Michigan. She even liked her job.

She was a ballroom-dancing teacher in a school devoted to the Upper Classes. Not much of a career job for a college graduate with a B.A. in history. But then, being in love, Kate didn't want a career; she wanted to get married.

One fact clouded Kate's lovely and loving world—the man she wanted to marry was eight thousand miles away, more or less. Or he had seemed to be, until two minutes before, when the popeyed Western Union boy dropped the telegram into Kate's lap while she was sunning herself on the front porch of the Mowry family home.

Embarking today, the message said, and that's all it said, except the signature: Constantine.

Perhaps it was getting a cablegram that gave Kate the sensation that her blood had turned around and was running back the wrong way. Twenty-one-year-old girls who live with their parents in nice colonial houses in Columbus, Ohio, don't get cablegrams every day. Kate had managed to spend a full three months in Europe (a little too full, her father commented later) without receiving more than one cablegram. That had been delivered to her in Athens, Greece, and said, with her father's usual grace: "You are to be on the ship when she sails for home, and you'd better be single when you get there. Dad." She and Constantine read it together in that little restaurant in the garden, their favorite, where the violinist kept his distance and the air was heavy with jasmine.

The first but not the last thing that had come between Kate and Constantine had been a high marble counter in a bank.

Kate had graduated from Ohio State in May, and just in case sixteen years in school hadn't been sufficiently educational her parents had capped it by presenting her with what they called an "educational trip" to Europe.

Despite her looks, which were created primarily by brown eyes, auburn hair, and an uptilted nose, a combination suggesting almost anything but reliability, Kate was what Mr. Mowry called a "reliable girl."

And so he granted her the trip to Europe, and even allowed her to plan a side-trip to Greece, which meant leaving the organised tour and spending three weeks on her own before she rejoined her party in Naples to sail for home.

Kate had specialised in history, mostly ancient. Much as she admired the Golden Age of Pericles and everything that was Greek 2000 years ago, she had never wasted a thought on who, or what, might be in Greece today. So when she got to Athens and a hotel in Constitution Square, she assumed all blondes were tourists and everyone with a dark skin was a Greek. And then she went to the bank and talked to Constantine, and she began to wonder.

"I'd like to cash some cheques," she said to the back of someone, who from that angle displayed a very American-looking pair of shoulders. The back of the head was blond. He turned and Kate noted that the front of it was, too. Also that he had beautiful melting eyes.

"English or American?" Her mind sang out, forgetting after one look that as far as cashing a couple of cheques was concerned it didn't matter if hers were from Upper Cambodia.

He smiled. White teeth, in a face as tanned as a professional tennis player's. He bowed. Actually it was the faintest inclination of the head, plus an air of dignity Kate had never associated with men as young or as good-looking as he. "May I see your passport?" he asked. "Just routine, you understand . . ."

Kate fumbled in her handbag. He spoke with an accent. The descendant of some old English family perhaps brought up in Greece . . . She found the passport, which was quite a feat since she had forgotten what she was looking for. "This?"

"Thank you."

There, he bowed again. She might have been knighting him. She had never known such formality, except in elderly friends of her father, and then it was a product of stiff joints and poor hearing.

"We would like to be of service to you throughout your stay in Athens." He said it as if he'd give a choice of weapons to anyone who made the same offer. The young men of Columbus were all that was fine and upstanding. "A good sport," "keen sense of humor," "wonderful guy" were terms applied to serious heart interests, but it had never occurred to Kate, until she met Constantine, to describe a man who made your heart thump wildly as a "gentleman."

But thump it did, while she leaned against the marble counter and tried to think of reasons to stay and talk. Inspiration struck. "I've been asked to look up Dr. Wilson McDivitt," she said, remembering the letter in her suitcase from their family doctor in Columbus. "Our doctor in Ohio used to know him. He's at the American Hospital here, I believe. Could you tell me where . . ."

"Certainly, Miss Mowry." He used her name as smoothly as if he had learned it through a formal introduction instead of by a sidelong glance at her passport. And he took a long time explaining how to get to the American Hospital and Kate took a long time listening, and in the end he came from behind the counter and escorted her to the street so that he could hire a cab for her and personally give instructions to the driver.

But then Kate was feeling the effects of being treated like a queen. She swept into the cab, smiling graciously.

"Here is my card . . ." He waved his hand, and the cab-driver stepped on the gas. Kate's urge to look back was so strong it took all her new queenliness to overcome it. She looked down at the card. "Constantine Alexander Dimitropolis."

He was a Greek! Not a Sophocles or Plato in a soft (marble) hymation. Not an ancient soldier laying down his life at Thermopylae. And not a Greek in Columbus or New York or Chicago. A real live Greek, a Greek Greek!—with all-American shoulders.

Dr. McDivitt naturally asked Kate to come to dinner that evening in his home in Kiphisia. Not quite as natural, perhaps, was the fact that Constantine Alexander Dimitropolis was there, too. Mrs. McDivitt murmured something about "Connie tells me you've already met," while Constantine bowed.

"Please forgive me," he said, his eyes smiling. "I've known the McDivitts ever since they came to Athens. When I telephoned this afternoon I knew they wouldn't refuse to let me come."

Now Kate had been an A student. She could draw a map of Periclean Athens freehand. She knew all about the Acropolis and the plains of Marathon, and the wine-dark waters of the Aegean. But from the moment she began seeing these things with Constantine she knew what studying ancient history really meant.

The Acropolis of the history books had lacked the dimensions, so to speak, of the Acropolis under a full moon, with Constantine holding her arm to keep her from stumbling on the ancient paving and Constantine to spread his jacket on the steps of the Parthenon so that she could rest without soiling her dress, while they looked out over the twinkling night lights of the city far below.

Kate's first discovery, made that day in the bank, was that real Greeks don't look like the American idea of Greeks. (If they do, she noticed in time, they're probably Turks.) Her second discovery was that it's wonderful to be treated like a queen, for in no time at all you feel like one.

Constantine smiled often. He laughed occasionally. But much more characteristic was the thoughtful look in his blue eyes as he leaned towards her ever so little, and talked, and listened. The boys in Columbus all had a wonderful sense of humor, but suddenly Kate found that far more exciting is a sense of seriousness. Especially since Constantine spent three weeks proving that here was one thing he took more seriously than anything else, and that was love . . .

He spoke with flowers. Armloads of roses every other day, great fistfuls of jasmine in between, gar-

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denias thrown in for good measure whenever a flower vendor came within range of his aronial nod. The night of the dinner at McDivitts' he had escorted Kate to her hotel. Just before they reached it he ordered the chauffeur to stop, leaped out of the car, disappeared around the corner, and returned instantly holding one of the most unusual bouquets Kate had ever seen.

It was made of jasmine flowers, each fragant white blossom impaled on a long, dry pine needle. It was an act of love. Kate knew it, and all she could manage was a choked-up, "My, we don't have these in Columbus," before she dropped her face into the flowers and waited for the world to come around a second time before she tried to step out of the taxi.

Kate woke up that first morning in Athens feeling smug and breathless at the same time—symptoms she had shown very slightly on a number of previous occasions. She opened the blinds. Instantly there was a gentle knock on the door.

It was a smiling little maid, holding a breakfast tray. She slid past Kate, deposited the tray on the table, and slid out again. On the tray, besides a Continental breakfast, were three long-stemmed red roses and a note from Constantine:

"I have arranged that Anna bring your breakfast to your room every morning; just tell the hotel clerk what time you wish it. I regret more than I can say that I must waste so much of the day in my office rather than spend it with you, but there is a taxi and chauffeur waiting at the hotel entrance, and I have given the driver full instructions as to where to take you today. Please do not be frightened; he is thoroughly trustworthy. He will return you to your hotel after tea-time so that you will have time to rest and prepare for the evening. I will call for you at eight o'clock. With respect and devotion,

Constantine Alexander Dimitropolis."

In Columbus breakfast in bed is viewed as undemocratic, if not downright dissolute. That part about "do not be frightened" of the taxi-driver was unsettling, too. Coming from the second generation of emancipated American women, Kate assumed it was up to her to protect her own virtue.

But she climbed into bed, sipped hot tea and munched on flaky croissants, and felt quite soft and fluttery inside—a most unusual feeling for an unfranchised American female and former captain of the varsity volleyball team.

The fluttery feeling got worse in the presence of Constantine, and developed into a distinctly uneven pulse beat while they were dinner-dancing that night in a pavilion overhanging the Aegean Sea. Except for three people, they might have been all alone. First, a ragged little boy. With only a glance towards him, Constantine filled his hands with the bread they had not eaten during dinner. Second, an old woman, carrying a tray of gardenias. Constantine selected six of the biggest, threw money on the tray, and dismissed her with a nod. And last a man, and a young one, who spoke familiarly to Constantine but kept surveying Kate.

At this interruption Constantine rose stiffly, placed himself between the man and Kate, and spoke rapidly in Greek. The man retreated, and Constantine sat down.

"Who was that?" Curiosity was a stronger habit than queenliness.

Constantine frowned. "He is a friend of mine. He comes from an excellent family. He has had a fine education. But his reputation is not good. I do not consider him a suitable person for you to meet. Please accept my apology for his intrusion."

In Columbus girls don't consider it an intrusion when a young man from an "excellent family" with a "fine education" asks to be introduced, especially if he is lucky enough to have a bad reputation as well. But Kate heard herself murmuring, "Yes, of course," and shyly cast down her eyes. Constantine's hand touched her arm. "Another dance?" They danced, and Kate forgot all about the unsuitable man.

Until a few days later. Four dinner dates, a half carload of roses and jasmine had gone by. Kate had been let out at a sidewalk cafe of Constantine's choosing, by the chauffeur he had selected, and was enjoying a dish of lime ice. The chauffeur was leaning against his car, just far enough away to be respectful but close enough to give the impression that at her first cry for help he would dash in, sabre slashing to left and right.

Into this beautiful world walked the dark young man of the dance pavilion. "Good afternoon, Miss Mowry," he said as breezily as an Ohio sophomore. "I just happened to notice you as I was going by." And he sat down at her table, grinned affably, and with a quick flip opened his cigarette-case and extended it.

Kate glanced uneasily towards the chauffeur. "No, thank you." Her status being pretty new, she had accepted, but not quite absorbed, the reasons why she should not speak to this young man. "I, uh . . ." she said lucidly.

But the stranger was faster than she. "My name is John Anastassion," he said casually, "and yours is Miss Katherine Mowry, from Columbus, Ohio. Constantine speaks of you so often, and so highly." This reference to Constantine sounded like a proper introduction —at least it did to Kate.

John Anastassion would have been considered a smoothie in Columbus, which just goes to show that Ohio and Greece aren't very different, after all. He kept Kate so busy answering questions that she didn't notice the abrupt departure of the

To page 66

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TALCUM POWDER

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M48

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WE hear much about the building of large luxury hotels, but why doesn't some bright person open hostels at beach and hill resorts and make them available to families at rates they can afford? Current hotel tariffs are far beyond the family budget. These hostels could serve nourishing yet simple meals—suitable for parents and children—at separate sittings and provide children's playrooms. What a boon this would be to us mothers who are unable to afford a proper holiday and have to go camping, caravaning, or flatting. This just entails more work than the normal home routine and it's time we had a break.

£1/1/- to "Wishful Thinking" (name supplied), Trigg Island, W.A.

THE way nine out of ten people carry their umbrellas under their arms so that the ferrule sticks out should be against the law! Recently I narrowly avoided receiving a nasty jab in the eye when I was boarding a tram behind one of these menaces. And it's mainly women who are to blame. Men usually hang their umbrellas by the crook on their arm, but women seem to prefer to use them as weapons.

10/6 to Grace Newell, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

HOW sure can a mother be that her daughter will marry? When I asked a mother what her daughter would do when she left school, she told me she wanted to be a teacher specialising in a certain subject. "But," she informed me, "she'll probably get married before she finishes the training and it seems a waste to spend all the money." How foolish is this attitude and how unfortunate this daughter will be if she doesn't have the training and in later life is left to battle on her own in a dead-end job.

10/6 to "N.A." (name supplied), Malvern, Vic.

WHY are some doctors so independent? Recently when I was ill my husband rang a nearby doctor and asked him to visit me. He refused and insisted that I go to his surgery that evening. With difficulty I did this, and he prescribed some tablets and sent me home to bed. Next day my mother called and was horrified to learn that the doctor would not be coming to see how I was progressing. She called another doctor, who came immediately and who now has a new patient. This indifferent attitude of some medicos doesn't look very healthy to me.

10/6 to L.A.F. (name supplied), Bedford Park, W.A.

HAVING just gashed my fingers once again on the jagged edge of a newly opened tin, I am prompted to ask whether any other housewives find that, like me, they're always injuring themselves this way. I think a new method of sealing tins is long overdue, and in this plastic age I'm at a loss to understand why manufacturers do not patent a plastic seal to do the job just as well and far less dangerously than the old-fashioned tin seals.

10/6 to Mrs. K. D. Shaw, 14 Smith Ave., Redcliffe, W.A.

Low in the class

I DISAGREE with Mrs. E. Perks (24/4/'57) when she says praise should be given a child who comes fifteenth in class. My younger brother was always low in his class until my mother, who could see he hadn't been paying full attention at school, told him he could and must do better. Now he is sitting second, likes school much more, and finds it isn't nearly as hard to learn. Children who come fifteenth in class should not be condemned, but to praise them a lot is silly because it doesn't encourage them to improve. They say to themselves: "Well, Mum said it was good, so why should I care?"

10/6 to Miss Jan Butterworth, 14th St., Home Hill, Qld.

The best age

I HEARTILY endorse the sentiments expressed by Mrs. Coleman (24/4/'57) who wrote that every age has its advantages. Personally, I shudder at the recollection of myself in my teens when I suffered agonies through shyness and acne! I really think the 30s are a woman's best years, but then others say "life begins at 40." So who can tell? One of the nicest women I know is well in her 70s.

10/6 to Mrs. C. G. Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

Family affairs

RECENTLY I had an operation on my foot which left me slightly lame and, having a rather large family, something had to be done to keep the household running smoothly. We called a family conference, at which Dad was elected chairman and myself secretary. It was then decided to allot jobs to various members of the family according to capabilities. For example, the nine-year-old was given the dusting to do, the 12-year-old the dishes and the silver, and the 16-year-old to help with the meals. As secretary I noted each member's roster and pinned a schedule on each person's bedroom door as a duty reminder.

I am now fully recovered, but we have decided to continue with this idea, and we have a conference each month to discuss the current roster. No one is overworked and it creates a co-operative atmosphere.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Goss, 14 Danae St., Dover Gardens, S.A.

● ***Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.***

Ross Campbell writes...

BIG BEDS

AN ENGLISH doctor says double beds should be six feet wide.

He believes two people need that much room for comfort.

What a typical bit of unhelpful doctor's advice.

It's like telling a woman with four children that she needs a long sea voyage.

At our place if we had a bed six feet wide it would take up nearly the whole master bedroom.

There would be no room left for the xylophone or the bicycle.

I knew some people who had a bed six feet wide. They called it the Great Bed of Ware*

The job of making it was like putting up a circus tent.

But I suppose this doctor has never made a bed in his life.

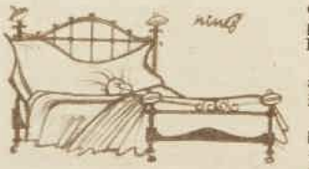
The big-bed crowd always use the argument that it gives you room to get away from cold feet.

It's true that men with warm feet often marry women with cold feet and vice versa.

In the rapture of young love they don't bother to find the temperature of the future life-partner's feet.

But it's quite possible to get along in an ordinary bed, provided warm-feet stands no nonsense.

At the first attempt by cold-feet to use the other as a foot-warmer, warm-feet should give a kick.



Cold-feet will soon learn to toe the line.

The best tip I can give people buying a double bed is: don't get one like ours.

It has drawers under it, but it has sagged and has to be propped up with bricks and the drawers won't open.

One of them has a good pair of pyjamas of mine in it that I'll never see again.

Between the drawers and the floor is a space big enough to kick things under but not big enough to get them out.

Every year or so we turn the whole thing on its side—it weighs about a ton—to see what's underneath.

Last time there were some Penguin books, handkerchiefs, coins, dominoes, cards, building blocks, pencils, and the missing back-door key.

The carpet beetles had eaten another square foot of carpet under it.

My dream bed would have a trick blackout curtain for "Jack Sprat" reading and a built-in mosquito spray.

But it wouldn't be six feet wide.

I couldn't stand children asking: "Can't I get in your bed? There's tons of room."

Even in a six-foot bed, to my mind, three's a crowd.

* *Great Bed of Ware was made in the 15th century. It was big enough to accommodate 12 people. At one time it was at an inn in Ware. Is believed to exist still somewhere in the district.*

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ATTRACTED by the smell of this fungus (Aseroe rubra) insects alight on it and spread the spores. A gelatinous fungus, it grows under the soil, forms soft, whitish bodies often called eggs. These, when mature, expand and break, and portion of the growth pushes up into the air as pictured here.

ROUGHLY HEXAGONAL in shape, this fungus is named Hexagona tenuis. It is found from temperate to tropical areas of Australia. The pictures on this page were taken by Mr. Norman Chaffer, of Roseville, New South Wales.

These are Australian:

FUNGI

● Fungi — primitive, quick-growing plants which reproduce by spores, not seeds — are diverse and often strange in appearance. Mushrooms are fungi. So are rusts, moulds, and yeast.

WORLD-WIDE in distribution, this fungus (Polystictus versicolor) is a parasitic growth often seen on many kinds of trees.

ABOVE: Polystictus xanthopus grows on tree trunks attached by stem and a sucker-like base. It is found from N.S.W. north to New Guinea.

LEFT: Honey fungus (Armillaria mellea), a parasitic fungus on the roots and base of trees, which it often kills. Is also called shoe-string fungus.

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Such beautiful clocks that last so long!

A clock has its secrets. The joy of choosing a Westclox is that you know its hidden works are as carefully, skilfully made as its pretty face. Small wonder Westclox are trusted clocks all over the globe. Below are three typical Westclox . . . three of three hundred million

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WESTCLOX

W4/SPR57

BUTCH

MOTHER

"Isn't there some sort of institution you could send them all to?"

It seems to me

THE tendency to exaggerate about one's native land grows stronger as one travels farther away from it.

This was especially noticeable in wartime, when Diggers in foreign lands boasted of their kangaroo farms at home.

Indeed, even in Sydney I find myself unable to resist a little boasting about such things as the numerical strength of Central Queensland cockroaches; am inclined to pooh-pooh the risks of moth and silverfish to clothes in New South Wales as compared with the north; and am positively scornful about southern mosquitoes.

However, there are limits. Or I thought there were, until I read an interview with a fellow-Queenslander, a young man who has made a success in Paris. The material was in manuscript, but should it ever reach print in Australia I fear that the more picturesque bits will be eliminated.

"His parents' farm, near Brisbane," states the writer, "was, at certain times of the year, overrun with snakes. He remembers waking up sometimes and finding his bed covered in snakes."

I remember hearing that my grandfather—or it may have been someone else's grandfather—once woke in a camp in the middle of the night to see a snake crawling across the blankets, and lay perfectly still until it wriggled off. For all I know, this happened to all Queensland grandfathers.

And I once heard a bushman describe a certain patch of the west as "nothing but melon 'oles and hadders."

But a bed covered in snakes is strictly for overseas consumption and one should take the greatest care that the story doesn't reach home.

★ ★ ★

TO confess to the remnants of a passion for Clark Gable is shockingly dating nowadays.

But I still have a lingering affection for old Clarkie, and it was with sorrow that I saw last week a picture of him co-operating in a cheesecake pose with Miss Mamie Van Doren.

Mr. Gable and Miss Van Doren are co-starring in a film called "Teacher's Pet." The publicity shot shows Miss Van D. with her arm round Mr. G. and displaying a length of shapely leg. Mr. G., heavily retouched, is gazing at the lady with a soupy smile.

It is all rather sad. I decided on no account to see "Teacher's Pet," but to keep an eye out for the next revival of "Gone With the Wind," which, thank goodness, preserves Clark forever in his prime.

★ ★ ★

A ROCKET-SHIP expert says that bachelors should be the first space travellers, to avoid worry for families.

The problem of extra men for parties will be more acute than ever.

WHEN Shakespeare was writing plays people liked their money's worth.

But on the opening night of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's "Hamlet" in Sydney, some of the patrons—especially the smokers—found that the two-hour stretch to the only interval seemed rather a long time.

(Those who like to mix their culture with a quick drink before ten o'clock closing were positively grumpy.)

However, as the production runs two hours 50 minutes, intervals are a luxury.

In Olivier's screen "Hamlet," cutting included the elimination of those two dull characters Rosencrantz and Gildenstern, who were hardly missed. The Elizabethan Theatre cuts are less drastic, though the gravediggers' scene suffered a bit.

Personally I'd always be glad to see "Hamlet" fold up as soon as possible after that. All the best scenes are over.

And since nothing can avert a touch of the ludicrous in the final carnage, it's a pity that Shakespeare didn't finish the duel between Laertes and Hamlet as a free-for-all, disposing of all four—Laertes, King, Queen, and Hamlet in one go.

The arrival of Fortinbras always strikes me as a bore. I never did care for the politics in "Hamlet." The human interest is quite enough.

★ ★ ★

TALKING of cuts, there's a minor one of interest in this production of "Hamlet."

It's that statement by Marcellus in the Ghost scene: "Something is rotten in the State of Denmark."

Over the years this line has been tossed about so frivolously that it must rate as one of the most difficult to deliver with a solemn face.

Off stage Marcellus doubtless quotes his fellow-soldier Francisco, "For this relief, much thanks."

★ ★ ★

SUMMER in New South Wales overstayed its time by several weeks. It was the warmest April for 35 years.

Summer, with winter waiting in the wings,
Stays for her encore, to the limelight clings.
Basks in the plaudits. Then to her dismay
The audience begins to steal away.
Creatures of habit, men and birds and trees,
Though sometimes with the seasons hard to please
Expect the same old programme that they know,
Are puzzled at the changes in the show.
Then winter, with a prima donna's rage,
Pushes her rival firmly off the stage.

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A 'toy' on wheels

AUSTRALIAN TRAVEL-WRITER Barbara Toy, beside her Land-Rover, photographs the Sydney that has grown since she left Australia for London 22 years ago.

A bet made in a London pub in 1950 has sent a petite, you might say pint-sized, Sydney-born actress across 118,000 miles of desert, mountains, hills, and plains—and even behind the scenes in a king's harem—to best-seller success.

By
A STAFF REPORTER

SHE is Barbara Toy, now home in Australia for the first time since 1935. With her is her Land-Rover, Pollyanna, her only "companion" on these endurance trips.

Miss Toy bought Pollyanna second-hand in London immediately after some friends had bet her she couldn't go to Bagdad, as she intended, because of tight travel and currency restrictions.

She accepted and won the bet by driving to Bagdad. It was the start of a travel-writing career, because along the way she collected material for her first best-seller, "A Fool on Wheels," which has been followed by a trip and book every second year.

The best of all the trips is the one which has brought her from England to Australia—and to a reunion in Melbourne with her mother, the widow of well-known Australian journalist Bert Toy, who lives with another daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alwyn Wells, at Orange, N.S.W.

"There couldn't have been a better way of coming home after such a long absence," said Barbara Toy. "Pollyanna and I enjoyed every mile of our drive."

The only protection she carried was a cosh, given to her by an Algerian policeman, but she's not at all nervous about travelling alone.

Miss Toy's greatest travel costs are petrol and shipping freight for Pollyanna when the continents run out.

Accommodation is a minor expense.

"There's no need to live in city hotels when you have the car," she said. "You can always stay at villages. Or you can sleep in the desert. Desert sands are very soft."

The badge-covered Pollyanna, who knows a mighty percentage of the countries of Eurasia, has let the team down on only odd occasions, like the time she broke down in the desert.

"There was nothing for miles and something was wrong with her petrol tank," said Barbara.

"Imagine my horror when she suddenly burst into flame! I rushed for the fire-extinguisher and couldn't make it work. Then some Arabs flung sand over her and she went like a bird after that.

"All she'd been doing was letting off steam. And it did her the world of good, as it does most women."

On the road Miss Toy wears slack suits. Apart from two of these she takes only two uncrushable and washable pleated suits, one white and one in a darker color, a long black crepe evening dress she's had for seven years, a ballerina skirt in a tiger-skin pattern, and a day and a night blouse.

But through Thailand and Malaya she wore her fluffiest clothes as: "Pollyanna looks a bit military, my hair looks a bit short, and terrorists don't like soldiers."

"Must" accessories are a travelling iron, with a range of different plugs; two corks, one large and one small, for country washbasins, where the plug is frequently missing; and a collapsible basin, which often has saved her having to wash in public places like the locals of both sexes.

An important piece of cargo is a dictaphone, into which Miss Toy daily pours an account of her experiences, provided, of course, that her stopping place has electricity and, more particularly, alternate current.

On her recent trip out from England she has been "speaking" the copy for her new and fourth book, which will be sorted out when she returns to London with Pollyanna after she has explored Australia again.

One of the highlights of her transcontinental adventures was in 1955, when she drove to Saudi Arabia. There she had an audience with King Saud and visited his harem.

Miss Toy described the king's harem-girls as "young, beautiful, and seemingly very happy together.

"Their clothes are very colorful, with billowing organdie skirts and sequined breast-plates. Because they're not allowed to show their hair, they cover their heads with black scarves and other coverings, which end in a train."

Barbara Toy left her job with the Roycroft Library, Sydney, 22 years ago.

In London, needing a job, she tried acting, but without much success.

"Only one newspaper noticed me, and the criticism read: 'Barbara Toy looked as though she was enjoying herself,'" said Miss Toy. "So I forsook the footlights and began writing plays."

This was more successful, and reached a high-water mark when she collaborated with Norman Lee for "Lifeline," a London wartime play which ran for several months before going to America. Then came her most lucrative work—dramatising James Hilton's "Random Harvest," now an evergreen with stock repertory companies.

From 1939 until bombs closed the Richmond Theatre, Miss Toy was the stage director. Then she worked with the Welwyn Film Studios and with another theatrical company before taking over the management of a Repertory Theatre in Worthing. She resigned to begin her travels in 1950, but has remained on the board of management.

a dirty cuff's no joke!

"I could have cried . . . two hours in the laundry with a load of washing and John's shirt still only half clean!"

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• *New U.S. Ambassador*

Sebalds are not the 'party kind'

Story and pictures by ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

● The party round comes last in the busy lives of Mr. William Joseph Sebald, new United States Ambassador to Australia, and his attractive half-Japanese wife, Edith.

"WE'LL do what we're supposed to in the way of entertaining, but we will not try to impress anyone," said Ambassador Sebald.

The Sebalds have booked passages on the Mariposa, due in Sydney on June 3. In Canberra, Mr. Sebald, if he has time, will attend parties, but he'd rather boil a billy in the bush than go to a dinner.

However, Edith Sebald, a bright conversationalist, who writes, paints, and is a blue-ribbon cook, will liven the Canberra social scene.

The couple, who are childless, are a study in contrasts.

Handsome, grey-haired "Bill" Sebald, 56, the first American career diplomat appointed Ambassador to Australia, doesn't seem to care about the frills attached to the job.

He is a no-nonsense worker with neither the desire nor the private means to make a social splash.

Even his annual salary of 25,000 dollars and his allowances won't qualify him as a lavish party-giver.

This is very different from preceding U.S. ambassadors, appointed as a reward for services and money—mostly money—given their political party in America.

Good sign

THE change is a good sign for Australia.

"The list of ambassadorial appointments announced in February," Mr. Sebald told me, "removes political appointees from the whole of the Far East, including Australia. This shows an increasing awareness in Washington of the importance of the area."

Edith Sebald, on the other hand, is charmingly undiplomatic.

On the White Australia policy, for example, she asked me, "Why can't Australia admit Asiatics on a quota system, like the United States?" a question her husband would never ask.

From 1952 to 1954 Mr. Sebald was Ambassador to Burma, and since 1954 has held the key post of deputy-assistant secretary for the Far East.

After an arduous, 11-hour day at his desk, he said, he often had to rush home to entertain or run out again to a dinner party.

He looks for relief from the social side in Canberra, he told me when I visited his unpretentious six-room home on a busy Washington boulevard.

"I'm sorry I haven't got a showplace like that of Amos Peaslee (former U.S. Ambassador to Australia) for you to photograph," he said, with a gesture toward a neglected garden and curio-cluttered lounge.

"Anyway, half our goods are already on the way to Australia," he said.

The half that remained was impressive. In the room were Japanese screens, colorful silk prints, Buddhas of every shape and size, and a magnificent ivory "treasure ship" carrying seven jolly gods of good luck.

Baltimore-born, Annapolis-educated "Bill" Sebald met Edith de Becker when he was a young language officer assigned by the Navy to Tokio in 1925.

Long hikes

EDITH'S mother was a Japanese baroness and physician; her father a British barrister. After overcoming opposition from both her family and the Navy, they were married at the de Becker home in Kobe in 1927.

The romantic flavor of the East-meets-West marriage was somewhat tempered by the cosmopolitan character of the bride. Edith had first gone abroad as a six-year-old to schools in Britain and the United States.

"I've always spoken Japanese and English," Mrs. Sebald told me, "and, confidentially, my English is better than my Japanese."

When they entertain the Sebalds prefer small parties so that they can get to know and talk to their guests. That was their custom at the Embassy in Rangoon, Mrs. Sebald said, and the diplomatic colony was delighted.

In Burma they "roughed it" on long hikes into the mountains.

"We hope to see a lot of Australia the same way," Mrs. Sebald said.

I told them Canberra was a city of gardens.

"We're not interested in gardening," Mr. Sebald said. "In summer here we just seal the back door and turn on the air-conditioners."

With any number of official cars at their disposal in Canberra the Sebalds are shipping out their own.

"I don't think it's right to use an official car for shopping and gadding about," Mrs. Sebald explained sweetly.

ABOVE: Mr. W. J. Sebald, United States Ambassador to Australia, and his wife, Edith, read news of the SEATO conference in the middle of packing for their new overseas post. Since 1954 Mr. Sebald has been deputy-assistant secretary for the Far East.

BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. Sebald enjoy afternoon tea in the lounge of their six-room home on a busy Washington boulevard. Japanese screens, which the Sebalds have collected for years, give color to almost every room in the comfortable brick house.

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HARROGATE HOUSEWIVES Mrs. Harriet Battersby (left) and Mrs. Marjorie Pickard, Mayoress of Harrogate, congratulate French chefs at the Hotel Meurice in Paris on the successful baking of Yorkshire pudding. The two had 11 chefs to help them.

NEITHER of the housewives can speak French, not one of the chefs speaks English, but they communicate with sign language. Here Mrs. Battersby shows a chef how to roast potatoes.

English roast beef conquers Paris palates

● The roast beef of England — cooked Yorkshire style by two Harrogate housewives — has delighted the hard-to-please palates of half the gastronomes of Paris.

THE housewives are Mrs. Harriet Battersby and Mrs. Marjorie Pickard, Mayoress of Harrogate, who flew, complete with pots and pans, to cook a typical English meal at the Hotel Meurice in Paris.

Their adventure began as a publicity idea by the British Travel and Holidays Association, the Milk Marketing Board, and the Scotch Whisky Association.

To prove to the French that it is possible to lunch superbly in England, the three organisations invited Mrs. Battersby to the Hotel Meurice to cook and carve a Yorkshire ham.

Suddenly they expanded the idea. Mrs. Battersby was given 24 hours to decide whether she would cook a complete meal. No Yorkshirewoman refuses a challenge and Mrs. Battersby asked her friend Mrs. Pickard to help.

To 100 famous guests they served a luncheon that was hailed as a triumph.

Although neither woman had previously cooked for anyone beyond their families, they persuaded the food-fastidious hundred that even in Paris you can't have a better meal than potted shrimps and smoked trout; roast sirloin of beef and Yorkshire pudding with roast King Edward potatoes, runner beans, and Red Devon swedes; apple pie and Devonshire cream; and seven English cheeses served with Cornish butter.

To the French, the Yorkshire pudding was the highlight of the meal. How, they asked, was such crisp melting perfection achieved?

Mrs. Battersby answered:

Take 2oz. of flour to one egg, add a pinch of salt, a small cup of water, a small cup of milk. Beat well and let stand for three hours. Then bake in clarified fat in a hot oven for a quarter of an hour. Serve as a separate course; not with the roast beef—they'd never stand for such goings on in Harrogate.

AGAINST the ornate background of the Hotel Meurice the guests, most of them French, succumb to good plain English cooking.

LUNCHEON guest Nancy Mitford is greeted by Sir Gladwyn Jebb (right), British Ambassador to Paris. Novelist Nancy introduced the expression U (Upper Class) and non-U to describe manners and behaviour.

VARIED REACTION of the 100 guests who sat down to a typically English luncheon menu. The Comtesse de Toulouse-Lautrec interrupts her meal to talk, her neighbor digests, but the guest on his right just tucks in.

The pleasant way to quick relief from coughs, colds, sore throats!

ALLEN'S BUTTER MENTHOLS

The butter soothes the throat while the menthol clears the head.

8d. Everywhere

UGLY HAIR GONE in 3 minutes

It's easy — this new way! No need to use a razor which makes the hair grow faster and coarser. Just smooth on dainty Veet cream. Leave for 3 minutes. Wash off and every trace of hair is washed away with it leaving your skin velvety smooth. No soreness —no stubble. And Veet keeps *legs* satin-smooth too. Veet keeps your skin hair free longer. Success guaranteed or money refunded. You can get Veet at all Chemists and wherever toilet preparations are sold. Large Economy (double size) 5/2. Medium Size 3/3 NT85

Insist on VENCATACHELLUM THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

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½ THE WORK FOR LOVELIER, MORE NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS

RICHARD HUDNUT

NEW QUICK Home Permanent with

the amazing, non-cloudy, crystal-pure Wave Lotion!

THIS wonderful Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion penetrates so completely and quickly, that much more hair can be wound on each curler. As a result, you can give yourself a lovely, natural-looking perm in the latest fashionable soft styles, with only 20 curlers—half the winding time, half the arm work. And remember, there is only 10 minutes waving time with Richard Hudnut New Quick.

2 NEW STYLE WAVES WITH ONLY 20 CURLERS OR ONE ALL-OVER PERM IN EACH BOX. Richard Hudnut New Quick Wave Lotion is so pure and efficient that, unlike ordinary, cloudy wave lotions, the unused half can be recapped and saved for another wave. If you want a soft, 20-curler wave you get two waves from the one box. If you desire an all-over perm, using more than 20 curlers, use all the wave lotion.

A MORE NATURAL-LOOKING, STRONGER, LONGER-LASTING WAVE, WHICHEVER STYLE YOU PREFER. Whether you desire one of the latest 20-curler modern-style waves or an "all-over" perm, you will find this amazing new Richard Hudnut development will give you the most natural-looking, strongest, full-bodied, longest-lasting wave you've ever known. No more weak surface waves . . . they're deep down and won't wash out. No more dry, frizzy waves because Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion is *lanolised*. And Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent leaves no unpleasant "after-permanent" odour.

Choose the Richard Hudnut Home Perm made specially for your type of hair.

The Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent is made in two types—proved, tested formulations developed to wave any and every type of hair.

RED BOX. For EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in Normal Hair.

GREEN BOX. For HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR and for tighter, firmer curls in Normal Hair.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE . . . **13/-**

. . . and for those end curls and between-perm pickups—

RICHARD HUDNUT

Quickette
END CURL HOME PERM

Keep your hair always perfectly styled in between perms with this smaller-size Richard Hudnut Home Perm. Two pickups in each package. **9/-**

NPSO 143

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● A mixed mailbag arrived on my desk this week, with, for once, social problems causing more worry than the problems of the heart.

FIRST letter I opened was from a young girl who wants to change her christian name.

Here is her letter:

"I HAVE a different baptismal name to what I'm known by. Nobody knows me by my baptismal name at all, because I was called Susanne a few months after my birth. There is always a lot of confusion over my name because I have to send in my tax under my baptismal name and always write 'known as Susanne,' but get my cheques back addressed to Beverly. My bank account is under the name of Susanne. When I have to present my birth certificate I get all sorts of documents under the name of Beverly.

"I don't think it really matters, but I would prefer to have everything under the one name because it might matter if I want to get a Government job one day.

"When I was going for my Intermediate Certificate I asked my mother to change my name for me, but she didn't. Now I would like to know can I change it myself? I am nearly 19. I would prefer not to tell Mum that I was doing so because she wants me to have a ghastly second name I don't want. I also could never get her to do it because she thinks it is really unnecessary, but I'm sick of explaining all the time.

"I would also like to know could I kick up a fuss about getting a belting with the coat-hanger 'when I need it.' Generally if my sister, who is 10, and I have a fight we both get a beating and I don't think I should."

Susanne, Sydney.

I have made inquiries from the Registrar-General's Department and it seems to be quite a job to change your christian name. Officials at the Department point out that there is nothing in law to say you must use your baptismal name. In fact, the law says a person's legal name is the name which they acquire "by repute and usage."

If a person is known exclusively by a christian name (not her baptismal name) for some reasonable time so that all people know her by that name, it becomes the person's legal name whether it is her baptismal name or not.

First step for you to take is to get your income-tax return in the name of Susanne, for the use of Beverly on the form would deny that you were commonly known as Susanne. I am told that the Taxation Department would do this without hesitation if asked.

You'll have to wait until you are 21 to take the next step. Apply to the Registrar-General to change your christian name and back up the application with documentary evidence that you are known by usage as Susanne. "Documentary evidence" would be your taxation receipts and your bank book and anything else of a similar nature in the name of Susanne.

About this business of the "beltings." There is only one way to stop that—by behaving so that you don't "need it." I cannot imagine a girl of 19 quarrelling seriously with her 10-year-old sister. Do you correct her? If you do, and have not your mother's consent to this, I can imagine the little girl flaunting your authority and making you angry, but never angry enough to have a serious fight.

You should use your head with your little sister, and make yourself into the kind of character she likes. If you can't get on with a 10-year-old you're not going to get on very well with older girls and boys.

Why don't you talk this matter over with your mother some time when the atmosphere is happy? You could tell her you are dissatisfied with your relationships with other people, and ask could she give you some help? People (including me) love giving advice, and like people who ask for it.

"I AM very fond of a boy whom I've seen very often at the local swimming-pool. Though I've tried countless ways of trying to catch his eye, each time I've tried I've failed. I'm considered pretty and have a nice figure. All the other boys, bar him, have on many occasions tried to be in my company. Please could you tell me a way in which I might attract him or get to meet him?"

"Lonely One," N.S.W.

You don't seem very lonely to me. Life seems one long round of boys wanting to be in your company. Perhaps the one who doesn't want to catch your eye wants to be different, and not just one of the boys.

There's no special way to attract him. You've got to realise that some people like you and some people don't. Obviously he is one of those who don't.

A word from Debbie . . .

HERE are a couple of simple recipes that would be the basis for a round-the-fire munch with the gang.

Corn drops are delicious. Crush 1 cup drained whole-kernel corn with a fork, add 1 beaten egg, 3 level tablespoons flour, pinch salt and pepper, and ½ level teaspoon of baking powder. Mix well, drop a dessertspoon at a time into one-inch-deep fuming fat. When brown underneath, turn to brown other side. Drain on brown paper and serve hot.

These cakes are yummy. Cream 3oz. margarine with ¾ cup of brown sugar. Add 1 egg, mix well. Add 1½ cups self-raising flour sifted with a pinch of salt, nutmeg, cinnamon, and ground cloves gradually and mix in with ½ cup of milk. Don't put the dry ingredients in at one go—add a little at a time and mix with a little of the milk. Next mix in ½ cup of raisins and ½ cup of cornflakes. Spoon into greased patty-tins and bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

DISC DIGEST

THANKS to microgroove the gramophone companies are now able to explore what was formerly an almost untouched realm, the spoken word. Nowadays, in the comfort of home, one can "attend" a Shakespearian play on disc, listen to the poems of some of the finest writers, or sit back and let Somerset Maugham read his own short stories.

The newest addition to this fascinating repertoire is an "18th Century Comedy Album" on 330CX.1384, which is sure to be prized by those who are looking for out-of-the-way entertainment.

This 12-inch disc presents scenes from "The Way of the World" (Congreve), "The Beaux' Stratagem" (Farquhar), and "The Rivals" (Sheridan), concluding with the epilogue from Sheridan's better-known "The School for Scandal." The star in all these extracts is Dame Edith Evans, who has the brilliant support of such names as Sir John Gielgud, Anthony Quayle, Miles Malleson, Ralph Truman, and other artists.

ANOTHER type of theatre may be sampled on P.8102, the Paris stage in the closing years of last century. This is "La Vie Parisienne," a selection of some of the sparkling music from Offenbach's operettas. You'll like these luscious melodies from "La Belle Helene," "Bluebeard," "La Vie Parisienne," and "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein." A few tunes are familiar, while the majority are refreshingly "new." They're played by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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MAKE THESE WITH RIBBON

Ribbon has a fashion potential: some of its variations are illustrated here. Overleaf are how-to-make instructions

ZIG-ZAG RIBBON gives a dashing air to slacks (above). Requires from 3-4yds. ⅝in. corded ribbon, according to leg-length. To attach to slacks, use the side-seam as a guide. Pin ribbon to inside of waistband, then take it to the outside and diagonally to the left for 1½in. Turn ribbon to make a sharp angle, and pin securely. Then take ribbon 1½in. to the right, make an angle, and pin. Repeat from left to right down length of slacks, with the side seam directly in centre of zig-zag. Turn under 1in. at hem. Sew down sides of ribbon.

TUCKED SKIRT (right) is made from corded ribbon. Beginning at the waist, the ribbon descends in widening layers to the hem, giving a generous flare. The skirt materials cost about £4/10/-. Details and how-to-make instructions are overleaf.

PARTY HAT of velvet ribbon and a rose (left) is pretty for cocktail wear or for a wedding. It costs about 10/- to make. The hat shown here curls from the rose over the head in a forward movement to the hairline at eye-level. A curve straight across the head or curling slightly to the back is more flattering to some facial contours. See how to make overleaf.

COLLAR AND CUFF set (right) of corded ribbon is latticed in colors to match and contrast with a wool jersey dress; the set can accent a simple cardigan to equal advantage. Cost of making the set is about 15/-. Material requirements and instructions are overleaf.

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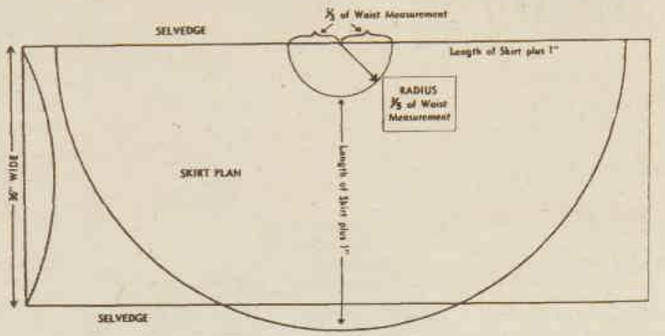
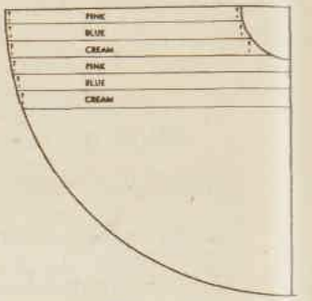
Continued from previous page

WAYS WITH RIBBON

By DAWN JAMES

Here are how-to-make instructions for the latticed ribbon skirt on the cover and for the tucked skirt, party hat, and collar-and-cuff set shown in color on the previous page.





LATTICED SKIRT (left) shown in color on our cover and pattern diagram (above). Check the pattern for fit before cutting fabric; waist should be 1in. too big to allow for back seam. Hem edge at centre front of skirt will overlap selvedge; cut additional piece as shown, and join two skirt pieces together.

FIRST LAYER of ribbon continues to hem. Next layer lattices through it at right-angles. Weave the ribbon very carefully.

COLLAR-CUFF SET

Materials required: 1-3rd yd. organdie; 1-3rd yd. taffeta; 8yds. each of two contrasting ½in. corded ribbons (5yds. for collar, 3yds. for cuffs); 3 hooks and eyes.

Cut a paper pattern from the graphs for the collar and cuffs. Try them on before cutting the fabric; if they are too small, extend at the sides of the cuffs and the back edges of collar.

The organdie is the base for the latticed ribbon. Cut one collar and two cuffs from both the organdie and the taffeta.

Put one of the ribbon colors crossways on the organdie collar (same method as for latticed skirt) and pin the ribbon edges securely at each end. Each row of the ribbon should fit closely to its neighbor.

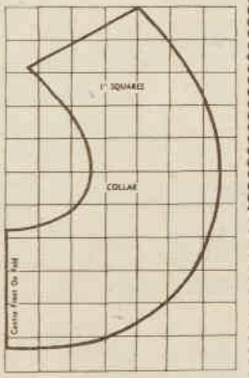
Lattice the second color—under, over, under, over, alternately—through the first color, pinning at each end.

Machine round entire collar, ¼in. from edge, removing the pins as you go.

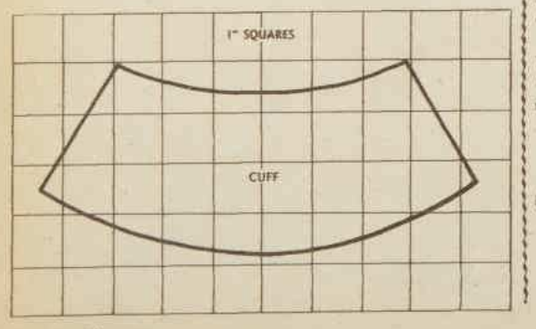
Sew taffeta lining to collar ¼in. from edge, putting the right side of the collar inside. Leave a 6in. gap at the centre of the inside curve.

Turn collar inside out through the gap, then turn under its edges and oversew by hand. Tack round outside edge of collar and press. Remove tacking. Sew a hook and eye at neckline where collar meets.

Use the same method to make the cuffs.



GRAPHS for collar (right) and cuffs (below), drafted on 1in. squares. Allow ½in. for seams except at centre front of collar.



LATTICED SKIRT

Materials required: 2¼-2½yds. each of featherweight interlining and taffeta (depending on the skirt length); 14-16yds. each of pink, blue, cream, green, brown, and yellow 1½in. corded ribbon; six-inch slide-fastener; 2 hooks and eyes.

Cut a paper pattern for a half-circle skirt as in diagram. The pattern allows ½in. for all seams and the hem.

Cut out the skirt from the taffeta and the interlining, both exactly the same size.

You will probably have to add an extra piece at the bottom hemline. Make sure this piece is cut on the straight of the fabric (see diagram).

Try the skirt on (the seam goes at the back) and check that the hem is level.

The stiffening is the base for the ribbon. Put it on a large, flat surface—the floor is ideal—and put the ribbon in alternating layers of pink, blue, cream crossways (see diagram) on the stiffening. Pin the ribbons securely at each end.

Take alternating layers of green, brown, and yellow ribbon and thread them—under, over, under, over, like a lattice—through the first three colors. Pin the ribbons at each end.

Do the lattice-work very carefully and closely. No stitching is needed where the ribbons meet in the skirt; the latticing will keep them in place.

Machine right round the skirt ¼in. from the edge, taking out the pins as you go.

Join up the back seam to within 6in. of waist. Join back seam of lining to within 6in. of waist. Put right side of ribbon skirt and right side of lining together, tack, and then machine round hem ¼in. from edge.

Turn skirt inside out, tack round hemline to keep it flat, and press. Take out tacking stitches.

At placket, turn under edge of taffeta and edge of ribbon skirt to make a neat seam, and put in slide-fastener.

Make a waistband of one of the ribbons in the skirt. Halve the band so that the edges of the ribbon are on each side of the skirt-edge at waist.

Tack and then machine the band on to the skirt. Join it above the slide-fastener with the hooks and eyes.

EVENING HAT

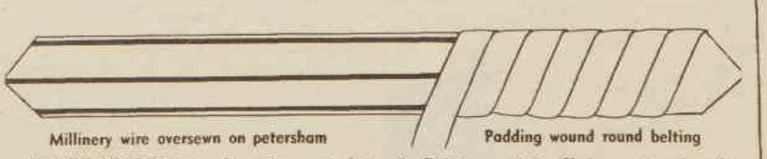
Materials required: ½yd. 1¼in. petersham belting; 1½yds. millinery wire; ¼yd. organza; 1yd. 1½in. velvet ribbon; flat artificial rose.

Cut the ends of belting into a V-shape (see diagram). Cut the wire into three equal lengths and oversew one down each side and one down the centre of the belting.

Trim ends of wire—it will be too long at the sides—and make sure the ends are covered with stitching to stop them poking out. Tear organza into 2in. strips and wind round belting to give a soft outline (see diagram).

Cut velvet ribbon into two 18in. lengths, set one on each side of the padded belting and carefully oversew edges. Turn in ends to match V-shape and oversew.

Twist into shape (as in color picture) and sew rose by its outer petals to the curve.



THREE STAGES in making the party hat. 1: Belting cut into V-shape at ends. 2: Wire sewn on in three places. 3: Organza padding wound round to soften outline.

TUCKED SKIRT

Materials required: For 23in. waist, 27in. length: 45yds. 1¼in. corded ribbon; 6in. slide-fastener; 2 hooks and eyes.

For each extra inch at waistline, add 1½yds. ribbon. For each extra width of ribbon needed to add more length to skirt, add 5yds.

The skirt is made by machining layers of the ribbon together, beginning at the waistline.

The tucks make each width of ribbon a few inches wider than the previous one and give the skirt its flare.

The ribbon will be in 18yd. lengths. Do not cut it at first. Take one end and (leaving 1in. at the beginning for seam) pin a ¼in. tuck every 2in. till the ribbon is long enough to fit snugly round the waist. Leave an extra ½in. for seam. Machine ¼in. from top to keep tucks in place.

The bottom edge of the first ribbon layer will cover the top of the second by about ¼in. and must be stretched so that it is flat (that is, the tucking is only at top of ribbon. See picture.)

Pin the second layer on to the first and make the ¼in. tucks exactly halfway between those on the first layer. Machine layers together.

The tucks match in alternate layers: the first, third, fifth, etc., and the second, fourth, sixth, etc., giving the skirt a honeycomb effect.

It will be necessary to join the ribbon at least once. Make the join under one of the tucks, where it will be less noticeable.

When the skirt is the length required sew up the seam (which goes at the back) to within 6in. of waist. Neaten seam at hem edge so that no rough edges show.

Sew in the slide-fastener. Then use one width of ribbon for waistband and make as in latticed skirt.

CLOSE-UP of tucked skirt shows tucking detail in alternate ribbon layers.

HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bedclothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.
No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm.
To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.
Get MENTHOIDS from your chemist or store for 15/- or 5/- and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save five shillings by buying the 15/- ECONOMY SIZE flask of MENTHOIDS.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

M11

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Colour Range:—
Winter Cherry
Avocado
Wild Rice
Harvest Moon
Pacific Blue
Jockey Green
Chocolate

Another winner for winter!

First in the woollen fashion field again this winter, Hanro wins the 1957 ladies' cardigan Wool Bureau Award with this '892' casual cardigan for the outdoor girl. Deliciously warm, incredibly long wearing, magnificently washable, "Permasized" and Mothproofed for life with Mitin, this is the perfect garment for your leisure hours. See the full range of Hanro knitwear at good stores everywhere.

Hanro

QUALITY KNITWEAR

THE QUALITY IS A PROUD TRADITION

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When an argument gets hectic, should you

☐ *Tape record it* ☐ *Break it up* ☐ *Take the loser's side*

One man's politics (or football team or record collection) can often be another man's poison ivy! So before either arguer blows his stack, take over. Shatter the chatter — tactfully. Maybe with music, or a funny story; anything you and the other girls can think of to change the subject quickly and save the party from unpleasantness. You can save yourself many an anxious moment at calendar time as well. For when you choose Kotex* sanitary napkins you're getting protection without fail. You're sure of the softness, safety, complete absorbency you need — to maintain your poise, your peace of mind.

To snare a sportsman, should you speak

☐ *First* ☐ *His language* ☐ *With an accent*

So you don't know a dribble from a drop kick, hey? Better start discovering the sports page if you want the hero to know what a bright conversationalist you are. Learn his language — football, cricket, swimming, tennis. See what an ice-breaker it can be.

And don't be a date breaker at "that" time. Kotex comfort and Kotex flat pressed ends see you through any situation, in even your slinkiest outfit.

What advice can safeguard your complexion?

☐ *Shakespeare's* ☐ *Annie Laurie's* ☐ *Mother Machree's*

Powder puff, lipsticks, washcloths, towels —keep them very personally yours. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be", wrote Will. And you'd best heed him if you'd dodge complexion woes. Likewise, why risk "accident" woes on certain days? Kotex can be worn either side — and either side gives the complete absorbency you need, due to that "safety centre" right in the middle. Kotex holds it's shape can't chafe, is made to **stay** soft.

Kotex is available in a plain-paper packet with the feminine pink and grey wrapper.

Should you be thinking about introducing your daughter to Kotex—time ticks by you know—our two helpful booklets "You're a Young Lady Now"—(8-12) and "Very Personally Yours" (for older girls) are available from Kimberly Clark of Australia, Suite 105, 40 Miller St., North Sydney.

*Registered Trade Mark

KK354/7

WIDE INTEREST IN OUR £500 FICTION CONTEST

● The short story contest announced by The Australian Women's Weekly last week, with prizes amounting to £500, has aroused tremendous interest among professional and amateur writers throughout Australia.

THE contest, which closes on August 5, 1957, is being held in conjunction with the short story section of the famous International Correspondence Schools to celebrate their 60th birthday in Australia.

Readers also will have a chance to play a part in this outstanding contest by voting which of the six stories chosen by the judges they consider the best.

These six short stories, for each of which a prize of £50 will be awarded, will be published week by week after the contest has been judged.

Cash prizes amounting to £85 will be given to readers for the best fifty-word comments on their choice.

The story which receives the greatest number of votes wins an additional prize of £100.

Full details of this "contest within a contest" will be given before the first prize-winning story is published.

● *Special prize for amateurs*

OF special interest to all amateur writers is the big prize of £100 for the best short story by an author who has never had any of his or her work published.

This prize could be in addition to any other prize won in our contest.

The Editor, Fiction Editor, and Fiction Department staff of The Australian Women's Weekly, who will be the judges, expect a huge number of entries. Already many inquiries about the contest have reached the office.

Interest in the art of writing is rapidly growing in Australia.

In recent years the Fiction Department of The Australian Women's Weekly has received an increasing number of short stories and novels written by Australians and newcomers to the country.

Almost every issue of The Australian Women's Weekly includes a short story by an Australian author.

The general manager of the I.C.S. in Australasia, Mr. W. R. Gresham, said it was gratifying to see that so many local authors had their stories published in The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Our students studying the short-story-writing course are thrilled about the contest, particularly about this special prize of £100 which will go to an aspiring writer who has never had any work published," he said.

PRIZES and CONDITIONS

£50 each will be awarded for the six best short stories.

£100 will be awarded for the best story by an author who has never had any of his writings published.

£100 will be awarded to the story voted best by our readers.

£85 in cash prizes will be given for the three best fifty-word comments entitled "Why I Voted For This Story" sent in by readers after the publication of the six best stories.

Entries will close on August 5, 1957. Stories should be between 3000 and 5000 words and must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for the return of manuscripts. Each story should bear the author's name and address on each page. Stories must be original and not previously published.

Entries sent in by competitors who have never had any of their writings published should be marked "Unpublished."

MSS. should be addressed "Short Story Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

All prize-winning stories will become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to buy six stories, other than the prize-winners, at £25 each, and any others at the usual rates of payment.

The judges will be The Editor, the Fiction Editor, and Fiction Department staff of The Australian Women's Weekly.

No correspondence will be entered into concerning the awards.

The contest is open to residents of Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea, and all Australian territories.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter.

Beauty in brief: How to use eye make-up

By CAROLYN EARLE

Sleep — and plenty of it — is the first essential for eye beauty. But careful grooming can add lots of glamor.

EYE make-up begins with eye-shadow. Choose a shade to emphasise the color of your eyes. Use the tiniest amount.

Put mascara on the top lashes only. On the lower lashes it makes eyes look much smaller.

It is better to leave your eyebrows as nature made them, but if you use eyebrow pencil, have two—one black and one brown.

Fill in the general outline with the brown pencil, then add a few black strokes. The effect is more natural

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Our paper 'on tape' for blind

● As The Australian Women's Weekly goes on tape in Sydney it becomes the first weekly paper in Australia, and probably the second in the world, to be recorded as a Talking Book for the blind.

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN, staff reporter

THIS means that before long hundreds of blind people throughout Australia will become regular "listening" subscribers to a paper that to them has been part of another world—except for those lucky enough to have someone read it to them.

The key to this service is a slim, five-inch spool containing 2000 feet of tape.

And this tape, which represents eight hours' playing on a special slow-speed recorder, is recording The Australian Women's Weekly complete from fiction to fashion, from cookery to horoscopes, as well as descriptions of advertisements.

Father of this brain-child is Mr. Kenneth Bruce, blind president and organiser of the Blind Book Society.

When Mr. Bruce approached The Australian Women's Weekly with his idea we were pleased to co-operate, and donated the first set of tapes.

For some years Mr. Bruce has been worried by the plight of thousands of blind people who are lonely outcasts of the literary world.

"Many people become blind late in life and cannot master Braille," he said. "Thus, unless they receive imported Talking Book discs, they are deprived of the joy and comfort of literature.

"Even these discs have been unsatisfactory," said Mr. Bruce. "They do not cater for Australian literature, and they are so bulky they cannot be distributed easily to out-of-town blind."

He said: "One copy of The Australian Women's Weekly would take both sides of 16 discs playing at 24 r.p.m. to record. The same copy would need only one light five-inch spool of tape, making distribution simple even to the outback.

"Also, where discs would cost £5 a copy we can do the same job on tape for 30/-."

With the help of Mr. C. Kelvin, a Sydney tape-recorder designer, a special slow-speed recorder adapted to the needs of Talking Books has been perfected.

BLIND BOOK SOCIETY PRESIDENT, Mr. Kenneth Bruce (left), holds the five-inch spool of tape on which a complete copy of The Australian Women's Weekly is being recorded for the blind. Watching him is Mr. C. Kelvin, who designed the recorder.

MRS. LOUISE RATCLIFF, of Sydney, reads a page of The Australian Women's Weekly for recording on tape. Her voice soon will be familiar to many blind people.

The equipment was used first to record Dr. Colin Roderick's novel "The Lady and the Lawyer," read by radio personality John Pearce, the society's chief voluntary reader.

When completed, the first recording of The Australian Women's Weekly will be posted to more than 150 blind people in New South Wales.

The recordings will become a regular weekly service, and it is hoped to increase distribution to other States.

"I've always felt that blind women missed a lot by not being able to keep in touch with the women's world through a weekly paper," said Mr. Bruce.

"I don't believe there is another paper to compare with The Australian Women's Weekly, and I know many blind men will listen to the recordings, too."

Mr. Bruce said he thought the idea of describing advertisements on tape was new. "Advertisements today are so good they should be included," he said.

The only other paper he knew to be recorded for the blind was the American "Reader's Digest," which was done on disc and distributed in Australia by the Royal Blind Society of New South Wales.

Mr. Bruce plans to expand the scope of Talking Book tapes to include more general literature, students' text books, children's books, and articles on such social subjects as marriage guidance. If all this is successful, the recordings will be extended to sound-tracks of local theatrical productions.

The Blind Book Society now has two great needs — money to build a library of tapes and provide play-back sets for blind "readers," and volunteers to read The Australian Women's Weekly and the novels waiting to be recorded.

"There's one way everyone can help," said Mr. Bruce. "If you have enjoyed a book, you can donate it for recording for the blind for £2/2/-. Your name will be credited at the beginning of the tape, and you'll know you are bringing happiness to hundreds."

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Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by M. J. McMAHON

NEW teenage star James MacArthur, son of well-loved film and Broadway actress Helen Hayes, in this scene from his first starring film, "The Young Stranger," shows that he is the type the high-school girls like. James is 18, blue-eyed, and a Harvard student.

NO SIDE about either Helen or her son James as he whizzes her round the lot on his motor-scooter. Famous Hayes films were "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "The White Sister."

Actress' son is screen sensation

From LEE CARROLL, in Hollywood

A blue-eyed, 18-year-old boy with chubby cheeks could become the newest teenage rave. He is James MacArthur, son of the American theatre's first lady, Helen Hayes, and the late Charles MacArthur, the noted playwright.

UNIFORMLY enthusiastic Press reviews given here to his first starring film, "The Young Stranger," could make this boy, who wasn't too sure that he wanted to be an actor anyway, the juvenile sensation of the year.

The story of "The Young Stranger" concerns a 17-year-old boy, who, with his pal, gets into an argument with a hot-tempered theatre manager, hits him in self-defence, and is charged with assault.

He is later released in the custody of his busy film-executive father, who is furious at what he regards is a piece of hooliganism, and refuses to believe the boy's story.

Arts course

IN the end, everybody, including his schoolmates, is down on the boy. Through misunderstanding, even his parents regard him as a young stranger.

Young MacArthur last year enrolled for a two-year liberal arts course at Harvard University with the intention of going on to do economics.

He had planned to concentrate hard on athletics, as well as study, while there.

Alert, fast on his feet, James had played for three years in his school's top football team, was captain of the basketball team, and played second in the baseball team.

He said at the time, "I may change my mind about what will be my majoring subject. But one thing I'm sure of—I'll finish school."

Now, regarded as one of the most up-and-coming youngsters in Hollywood, James is having to reconsider future plans.

His mother wants him to go back to Harvard and graduate, then, if he likes, make acting his career.

The 18-year-old star now thinks he should quit swanky Harvard and stay on in Hollywood.

He has a quiet but alert sense of humor, a certain youthful poise, and is quick to deflect any praise or compliments.

When Kim Hunter, who co-stars with James and James Daly in "The Young Stranger," remarked at the ease with which he'd just played a scene with her, James thanked her politely, flashed a sudden boyish smile and said: "Yeah—that's one thing about me—I'm loaded with savoir whatever-it-is."

James has an acting career that spans a decade, but he is quick to remind you that "it's been anything but a full-time job."

He made his stage debut when he was eight as a small Welsh boy in "The Corn Is Green" in summer stock.

"I never did know what most of my lines meant," he said. "I just ran around like they told me, saying Welsh words. I doubt if it was talent. I guess they gave me the part so they could keep an eye on me and keep me out of mischief."

From the age of 10 to 13 he was virtually unemployed so far as the theatre was concerned, but he made up for the three-year lay-off when, at 13, he returned to the footlights to play young John in a production of "Life With Father."

"That was a busy season," he said. "I was also chief of the parking lot, assistant to the electrician, and, finally, electrician. I was in charge of lighting two shows that summer."

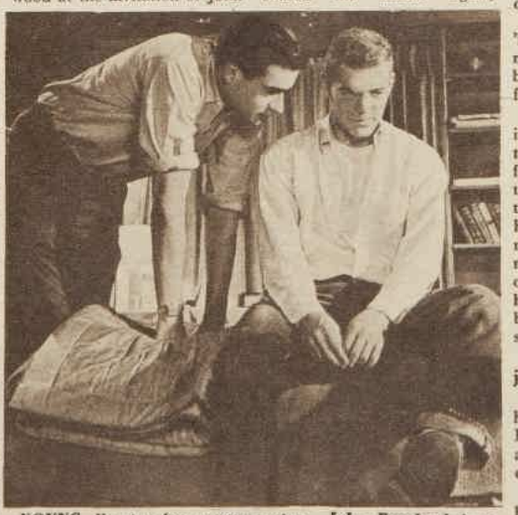
James first came to Hollywood at the invitation of John Frankenheimer, a fast-rising young man who was planning a telecast of Robert Dozier's story "Deal A Blow."

"He called me in New York and said they'd pay my expenses if I'd come to Hollywood and try out for the lead. Mother O.K.'d it and I came. Who wouldn't — a trip like that for free?

"John certainly was patient with me," James said.

"We'd go over the script, he'd ask me why I felt the character I played said and did what he did. Then we'd talk about the teenager I was to play like he was somebody we both knew, a third party."

The results were excellent—so good that R.K.O. purchased the screen rights, signed James, Director Frankenheimer, Robert Dozier, and Stuart Millar to produce the movie as "The Young Stranger."



YOUNG director for a young star. John Frankenheimer and James held many talks on the character of the troubled teenage boy James plays in "The Young Stranger."

And so good were the first "rushes" that before the week was out R.K.O. signed young MacArthur to a five-year contract and has already been approached by two other companies for loan-outs of the newcomer.

A quiet, boyish fellow, James takes all this in his stride. When not acting or learning his lines he chugs around the lot on a motor-scooter, usually with a studio messenger or someone else on the rear seat.

He likes music, from rock-'n-roll to Rachmaninoff, reads news magazines and biographies, but little fiction, follows sports avidly.

When a visitor gushingly inquired, "How does it feel to be a movie star, have a four-figure salary, and play the title role in your first picture?" James grinned and told her, "I'm paying as I go. With my first week's cheque I paid my rent in advance. My next one goes to my agent to pay him in full. After that I'll buy some shirts and try to start saving.

"But it's the best summer job I ever had."

James' success and the way he takes it have made Helen Hayes just about the proudest and happiest mother who has ever been in Hollywood.

She herself has resumed her acting career.

Following the death of Charles MacArthur last year, old friends persuaded Helen Hayes to reconsider her decision and play the role of the Grand Duchess in "Anastasia," with Ingrid Bergman and Yul Brynner.

Previously she had turned down the offer.

Though she has always disliked film-making and preferred the stage, her friends were right.

Helen Hayes

HELEN HAYES came up with a brilliant performance, and the hard work and new interest helped her to master her grief over the death of her husband after a long and happy marriage. It was the second tragedy for the actress.

The death of their only daughter, Mary, from polio when she was 18 and at the beginning of a promising theatrical career left Helen broken-hearted.

Ever since she has been unstinting in throwing her time, money, and not inconsiderable influence into the fight to save other youngsters from the disease that took her daughter from her.

Meanwhile, she has left her son free to make his choice of a career. But Helen wouldn't be at all sorry if she felt James had a worthwhile acting future ahead of him.

However, she needs to feel assured it will be a serious, first-rate career before she agrees to James discontinuing his Harvard studies.

She need have no qualms, though, about the young man's ability to keep his head.

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THE FABULOUS FOLIES BERGERE

A glittering spectacle that is bound to draw the crowds is "Folies Bergere," a French musical with English subtitling. Filmed in wide-screen color against real backgrounds of Paris, "Folies" is almost as good as a front-row reserved seat for a show famous for its gorgeous show-girls, lavish trappings, and arrays of talent in the fields of song, dance, and specialty acts. The picture also goes backstage to tell a warm and tender story of a G.I. in Paris and a lovely Folies dancer who find their way to the happiest of endings. Sparkling actress-ballerina Jeanmaire and talented Eddie Constantine co-star.

RIGHT. Spectacular dance costume of black feathers, mesh stockings, and unusual headdress is worn by Jeanmaire. Her real-life husband, Roland Petit, and Mary Jo Weldon did the choreography.

ABOVE. Eddie Constantine, star of "Folies Bergere," is just a little like Hollywood's Dana Andrews in appearance. He's tops in show business on the Continent and lives in Paris.

RIGHT. Jeanmaire and her dancing partner in a production number from "Folies Bergere" that is set on a snow-covered rooftop in Paris.

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CABARET SCENE. Watched by well-dressed Parisians, woebegone Pierrot and mischievous Harlequin (Jeanmaire and partner) perform a lively contemporary version of classic ballet.

A BRIDGE on the Seine and the lights of Paris provide a romantic background for Jeanmaire (Claudie of the new film) and Eddie Constantine, her G.I. admirer, in this scene from the musical.

Film Fan-Fare

ROPES and canvas and a multi-colored costume for Jeanmaire, standing with a basket balanced on her head between acts. "Folies Bergere" is to be released in Australia by Robert Kapferer.

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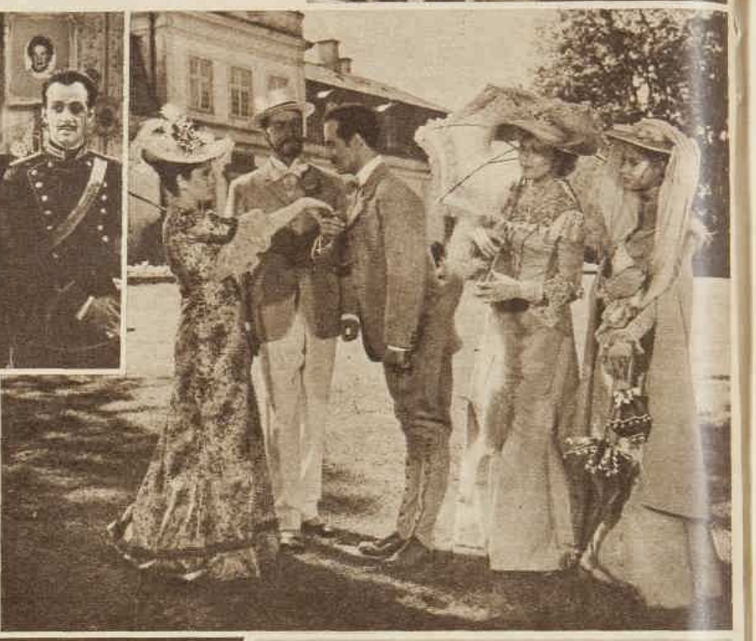
1 ABOVE. Relationship of Egerman (Bjornstrand, left) and his wife, Anne (Ulla Jacobson), interests his son, Henrik.

2 RIGHT. A pretty maid, Petra (Harriet Anderson), is interested in Henrik, who like Anne remains to be awakened.

3 ABOVE. Resuming affair with Desiree (Eva Dahlbeck), Egerman is surprised by a jealous Count Malcolm.



4 RIGHT. Elaborate intrigue set afoot by the Count's wife, also jealous, comes to head at a weekend party.

5 FOLLOWING a splendid, formal dinner, with all the drama's principals under the one roof, the atmosphere becomes electric. The Count (Jarl Kulle) this time finds Egerman with his beautiful wife, Charlotte, portrayed by Margit Carlquist.

SOPHISTICATED COMEDY

★ Last year's prize-winning comedy at the Cannes Festival, the Swedish-made "Smiles of a Summer Night," is a sophisticated mixture of fantasy, sex, and camera artistry, something in the manner of "La Ronde."

A philanderer in the grand manner is the central figure of this elegant piece of film-making, in which the element of fantasy is supplied by a bed that of its own accord moves from one room to another.

Dialogue is Swedish, with English sub-titles.

6 PASSIONATE encounter takes place in a summer-house between the two young people, Anne and Henrik, for whom the long night has a special smile. Strolling in the grounds, the self-centred, philandering Egerman comes upon them.

7 MATTERS are settled between the Count and Egerman over old brandy and a game of Russian roulette. As a result of the summer night's activities one marriage is broken, one marriage mended, and three new marriages are to be made.

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JEAN SIMMONS

● As soon as British-born Hollywood film star Jean Simmons had finished filming "This Could Be the Night," her latest film for Metro, she packed her bags, collected her infant daughter, and headed for the State of New Mexico.

It is on this rich rangeland that the enchanting Jean, who seems to look prettier every day judging by the photograph on this page, and her husband, actor Stewart Granger, are setting up a new ranch-style homestead.

Along at the ranch with Jean, her husband, and Tracy, their bonny eight-month-old offspring, are Granger's two children by his former marriage — Jamie and Lindsay Jean.

Stewart Granger, a hearty, outdoor sort of man, picked the name for the ranch — the "T-4-J" — and designed its intertwining brand himself.

The "T" stands for Tracy: the four "J's" are for Jean, Jimmy (Granger's real name is James Stewart), Jamie, and Lindsay Jean.

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APC/8

Actor scorns Hollywood

● Britain's most puzzling star, Dirk Bogarde, has just turned down Hollywood for the umpteenth time. Instead, he hopped into his Rolls-Royce for a leisurely drive across the Continent to Cortina, in the Italian Dolomites.

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

THE journey was undertaken by a man who is quite content with his own company.

I call Dirk Bogarde Britain's most puzzling star because, for me, he has none of the dynamism and vitality of a powerful male actor.

Yet Hollywood continues to offer larger and larger sums to woo him away from Pinewood.

Nothing doing.

Bogarde, a quiet enigma to more than just myself, is content.

An English actress who recently returned from Hollywood told me, "Bogarde is the hottest English idol in any of the British films that show there. The women are crazy about him."

A few weeks ago he took a private trip to New York and found a flock of teenagers waiting for him. Alarmed, he dodged them.

He also avoided, as usual, the Press and TV interviewers.

"I went," he explained patiently, "to see my chums."

He lives an isolated life in a handsome mansion outside the picturesque Buckinghamshire village of Little Chalfont, and scorns the public appearances at West End restaurants or gala premieres which most others insist on as a professional necessity.

Bogarde confesses to loathing people "en masse." And he is courteously puzzled about the idolatry of the women of many ages.

"What have I got?" he asks. "I must appeal to the maternal instinct in women, because I am no great hulk of physique. As long as you can appeal to the maternal instinct it's all right. It's stronger than the other instincts—and it lasts longer.

"Anyway," he gave his faint smile which often precedes a quiet but devastating frankness, "most English women don't care about sex attraction. American women think about nothing else.

"A film star can be made out of anything—a performing horse, a comic drawing, a pretty bonehead in a swimsuit, a child, a dog.

"For myself, I only claim to be one thing. I act in films and I am glad to take the money, but I am not a film star and I never have been."

When he says he is glad to take the money, he ought to be.

It amounts these days to a solid £1000 sterling weekly, which is enough to enable him to live sumptuously down at Little Chalfont and indulge his tastes in period furniture, fine foods, rare wines, and good music.

At 35 he is unmarried and can count among his closest friends some of the most beautiful women in England. So far he has resisted the temptation to marry any of them.

Once upon a time he was supposed to have been very much in love with Jean Simmons. Then along came Stewart Granger.

"I was too late," said Bogarde wistfully.

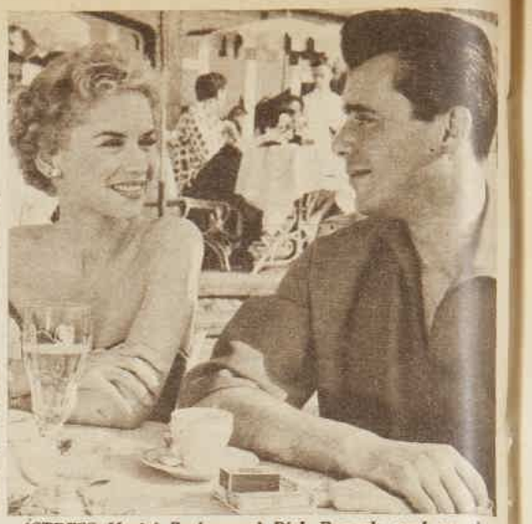
This wistful and mildly heartbroken solitary quality he conveys is another goad to the maternal instinct.

"Maybe," he said with a shrug, "one of these days I shall open the door to a girl selling brushes and—pfft—that may be the girl for me.

***"But I am in show business* and I know too much about it to want to marry inside it.**

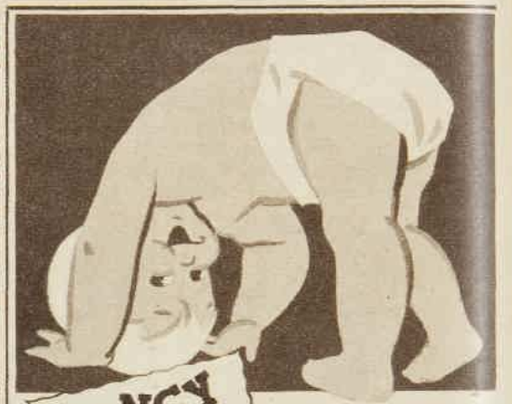
"In any case, the only reasons to get married are to have children, security, and love.

"I don't want children, and I have got enough of the other two."



ACTRESS Murial Pavlow and Dirk Bogarde soak up the sun at Knokke, in Belgium, with the location unit of the new "Doctor" comedy, "Doctor at Large." Dirk Bogarde is young Dr. Sparrow in the series.

DIRK BOGARDE in the fishing village of Tamarin, on the Costa Brava of Spain, where he spent six weeks on location during the filming of "The Spanish Gardener."



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Worth Reporting

THE ideal honeymoon is a round-the-world trip on a motor-scooter, according to Mrs. Leny Hof, who left Holland riding pillion behind her husband, Jan, three days after their marriage ten months ago.

They are travelling across Australia, to Asia, then back to Europe. They have already ridden through Canada, the U.S., and New Zealand.

Twenty-three-year-old Leny writes for a women's magazine and 28-year-old Jan for 11 newspapers.

The Hofs have a sidecar for their luggage, which includes a tent of Egyptian linen and camping gear.

"The scooter looks very small, but we have everything we need," she said.

"I have four skirts, six blouses, three sweaters, four pairs of slacks, two pairs of shorts, three cocktail dresses, and one evening dress.

"All these go in a big suitcase with my husband's clothes, which include two suits, camping clothes, and evening suit."

Most exciting experience of their trip so far has been a tornado in Texas.

"One of our oddest experiences was to be robbed by gipsies in Australia when we had not seen one gipsy in Europe," Jan said.

Wide interest in hydrangeas

MORE than 200 letters have arrived at the Roseville, N.S.W., home of Mrs. M. McIntosh since her beautiful hydrangea garden was pictured in The Australian Women's Weekly in 1954.

Mrs. McIntosh, who began growing hydrangeas about 12 years ago from a dozen slips, today has up to 300 bushes.

Many of her correspondents asked how she gets her colors — she specialises in pinks and reds. According to Mrs. McIntosh, it all depends on the planting position. And she doesn't believe in chemical fertilisers, preferring plenty of cow manure and water.

"Even my friends introduce me now as, 'You know, she grows lovely hydrangeas,'" said Mrs. McIntosh.

"Look at it this way — maybe you didn't bag a deer, but at least you weren't mistaken for one."

Red Indians are best walkers

AN Australian firm has imported from Italy a process of copper-plating stilt heels which may be the answer to girls' prayers for fine heels which can be retipped often.

"When designers get really desperate about fashion they make an even finer heel," said Mr. W. M. Scott, factory manager of an Australia-wide supplier to the shoe trade which has imported this process.

"Nowadays a fashion-conscious woman looks at the heel, and if she likes it and the shoe fits she buys the shoes," he added.

The new process covers the complete heel electronically with copper. Even the smallest heel which has a tip half the size of threepence can be safely rebeeled.

"But," warned Mr. Scott, "a girl must look after her heels, walk properly, and not expect to treat them like golf shoes. And she should have them retipped at the first signs of wear.

"Some women should not wear high heels at all until they learn to walk correctly.

"Red Indians are probably the best walkers in the world because they put their weight entirely on the ball of the foot."

★ ★ ★

A YOUNG husband doing the nightly washing-up felt his wife's hands in his pockets in search of money to put out for the milk.

"You're wife-ling my pockets!" he objected.

Star-studded hall for Elvis

FROM Memphis, U.S.A., we hear that Elvis Presley has turned interior decorator and has chosen some really strong colors for the redecoration of his new 18-room residence.

"I want the darkest blue there is for my bedroom, with a mirror that will cover one side of the room," he said. "I probably will have a black bedroom suite trimmed in white leather, with a white rug.

"The entrance-hall," the rock-'n-roll idol said, "will be decorated with a sky effect—tiny lights for stars, and clouds painted on the ceiling."

Elvis, over the mild objections of his mother, has ordered purple walls with gold trim for the living-room, dining-room, and sunroom. There will be white corduroy curtains.

First wedding in rebuilt church

THE first wedding in a church that was moved brick by brick from one site to another—St. John's Anglican Church, new Adaminaby—was celebrated recently between Ella May Crowe and Bruce David Stewart.

The church was re-erected five miles from the old town of Adaminaby, which is to be flooded as part of the Snowy River scheme.

The marriage links two of the town's best-known families. Ella is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo H. Crowe, of "Cobrabald," Adaminaby, and Bruce is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Leo H. Stewart, of Denison Street, Adaminaby.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowe were married in the church on its old site 25 years ago and celebrated their silver anniversary the week after the marriage of Ella and Bruce.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, sen., also were married in the church more than 30 years ago and all the children of both families were baptised there.

The young couple are honeymooning through central and western New South Wales and will settle in Adaminaby.

SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our "Sweet and Sour" Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for "The Nicest Compliment" and "The Best Backhander." Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

WHEN we were first married, my husband and I decided that for a month we would keep a list of the faults we found in each other, and at the end of that time we would exchange our lists and try to overcome the faults. When the month was up I handed a list to my husband, but when I opened the sheet of paper he gave me I found written:

"I love you too much to find any faults in you."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. J. Moles, 32 Oates Parade, Northgate, Qld.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

KNOWING full well that I was behind the door when looks were being handed out, I scarcely relish perfect strangers reminding me of the fact. It was in the lounge of a guesthouse that I felt another woman's scrutiny. Having arrived at a decision, she spoke her thoughts aloud:

"Yes," she said, "your hair is your redeeming feature!"

£2/2/- awarded to Miss B. Livingston, 62 Clarence Street, Bellerive, Tas.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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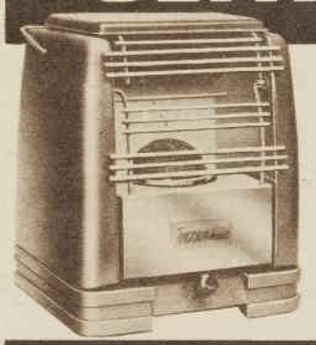
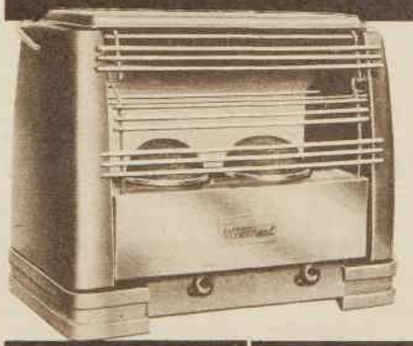


ULTRAheat STANDARD

Odourless, economical, portable (24 lbs.), safe, without priming, flare, smoke or soot. Exclusive four-shell balance flow burner produces big, reflected heat output and convected warmth as well, at 22 hours per gallon. Built-in safety, features sturdy fixed bars, protecting toddlers' fingers, billowing curtains, and flowing skirts. £16/19/6 all capital cities. Slightly higher in Tasmania.

Your choice for clean, low cost warmth



ULTRAheat TWIN

Double the heat—it's two heaters in one. Twin balance flow burners, separately controlled, for big reflected and convected warmth. Easily portable (31 lbs.), cooks as quick as Gas. Modern design and colour toned in Blue, Bronze, Burgundy and Cream, to blend with all furnishing schemes. £22/9/6 Slightly higher in W.A., Qld., Tas.

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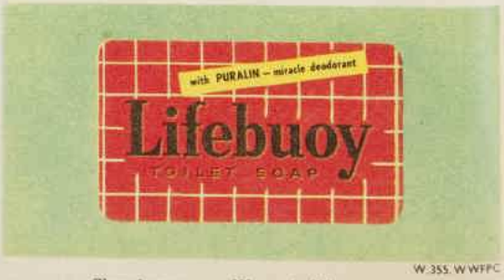
At 7 p.m.— a refreshing Lifebuoy bath

Hours later — and she still has that "just-bathed" freshness

Contains PURALIN *to remove bacteria that cause* B.O.

Now Lifebuoy stops perspiration odour before it starts

NO MATTER how active you are, you never have to worry about perspiration odour when you wash with Lifebuoy. It's the only soap that contains Puralin and there's nothing else as good at removing the skin bacteria that cause odour. Laboratory tests prove that the Puralin in Lifebuoy removes up to 95 per cent. of these active trouble-makers. Puralin is the most effective deodorant ever put in soap because it stays with your skin, keeping you safe from offending, twenty four hours a day. A bath or shower with creamy, nice-smelling Lifebuoy is one of the most refreshing things in life. No wonder all the nicest people today use Lifebuoy.



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Just like dazzling diamonds Cutex Nail Polish defies chipping and peeling . . . is unique for lasting beauty.
CUTEX exclusive formula is the reason. Tests prove that even more expensive nail polishes cannot outwear amazing Cutex Nail Polish.
For matching lips Cutex Stay Fast Lipstick. So creamy, so lasting, you'll hardly believe your own lips.
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Nothing cleans windows like KIWI GLINT
Time-saving cleaner for glass and chrome

Use Kiwi Glint straight from the bottle. No water to add . . . Glint is waiting to give you the cleanest windows ever. Just wipe on . . . wipe off. No waiting or time-wasting polishing with Kiwi Glint. Next time you're cleaning windows let Kiwi Glint do the job better—and faster.

N.B. Kiwi Glint cleans car chrome and glass cleaner—quicker!

LOG GOT UP and WALKED

● An amusing story from Mrs. E. Scrivenar, 375 Cotham Rd., Kew E.4, Vic., wins first prize of £20 in our contest this week.

HERE is Mrs. Scrivenar's winning entry:

One beautiful moonlight night while I was spending a holiday in Cairns, Q., a friend asked if I would like to walk along the beach with him.

After walking for some time we decided to have a rest and my friend said, "There's a log we can sit on," and went to spread his handkerchief out on it for me.

But as he did so the log got up and scuttled into the sea! We had been about to sit down on a crocodile!

PRIZES of £5 each were awarded to the following:

Trick £1 note

BUYING some meat at a butcher's shop, I paid for it with a £1 note from which the proprietor gave me change of only 10/-.

Telling him of his mistake and feeling horribly embarrassed, I waited until he rectified his error after considerable hesitation and dubious thought. Unfortunately, you see, he could not find any £1 notes in the till.

Next day I returned to the shop to find a very apologetic and red-faced proprietor. It seemed he had placed the £1 on a pile of paper and the following customer had found it wrapped up with her meat.

Stranger still was the fact that in telling some workmates about the incident, one of them said, "You will never believe this, but it was my mother who found the note and returned it to the butcher—with some good advice."

Apparently she was standing behind me that day in the shop and had witnessed my obvious discomfort.

Mrs. K. Wynne-Dyke, 76 Union St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

True family car

IN 1949 my married brother moved from Brisbane to Perth, and though we exchanged letters we did not meet again until 1955.

I met him and his wife then when I drove out to Brisbane aerodrome to pick them up in a sedan I had purchased that week from a second-hand-car dealer in Brisbane.

My brother remarked on how similar the car was to one he had owned, and sold in Perth in 1950, and on examining it two days later he found it was the same car. He identified it from a cut under the dashboard which he had made when a screwdriver slipped while he was installing an electric plug.

We found later that since my brother had sold it the car had had a number of owners but had been registered in Queensland for two years.

Strange that I should buy my first car the same week my brother returned and that it had been his first car and sold by him five years before and thousands of miles away.

D. Ridgley, Box 49, P.O., Broadway, Qld.

STRANGE but TRUE

"Beaut" oranges

MANY years ago, relatives of mine migrated to Australia from England, and as the years passed contact was lost between the families.

The relatives in England tried many times to trace their people in Australia, but without success. Then they even tried other countries on the off chance that they might have moved elsewhere.

It wasn't until World War II, when some of our Aussie soldiers were in camp in England, that they found each other again, and the meeting happened in the strangest way.

One day oranges were included in the rations being handed out. These oranges must have been small and miserable, as one of the boys from South Australia said: "My word, they can't come up to the beaut oranges we used to pinch from old So-and-So's garden back home."

An English officer was rather amazed to hear the name, which was uncommon, and he started asking a few questions.

Yes, sure enough, "old So-and-So" was the very relative his people had been seeking for years.

Mrs. S. J. Maidment, Bordertown, S.A.

HOW TO ENTER

Write your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not previously have been published. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

A FREE HOLIDAY IN HONOLULU FOR YOU

World Travel Headquarters will arrange for the Winner:—

PAA

You'll travel to romantic Hawaii by luxury PAA Airliner . . . spend a glorious week at the magnificent Hawaiian Village Hotel. You'll be taken on a tour of the romantic island by sleek, comfortable Grey Line buses.
To fit you out for this holiday of a lifetime, you'll be presented with twelve months' supply of lovely Holeproof Hosiery, shoes by Dents, a beautiful Palm Island model frock, a luxury twinset by Golden Fleece and jewellery by the American Novelty Co. In addition, you'll have an Elizabeth French curly cut, cold perm with a Keele Cream massage.
Overnight stay at the convenient Grand Central Hotel, Sydney, is provided, too, for your convenience.

● 2nd and 3rd lucky contestants will fly PAN AMERICAN to romantic Korolevi Beach Hotel, FIJI, for one glorious week and return.

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO
Complete this sentence in no more than 25 additional words:—
"I use world-famous Keele Cream because ....."
Forward your entry with the words "Keele Cream" (printed in red) removed from the back of your jar of Keele Cream.
You can enter as often as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by the red-lettered "Keele Cream" just above the directions on your jar.
The contest will close, with all entries post-marked not later than midnight, 9th June. The winner will be announced in the press on Sunday, 23rd June.
Send your entries to: Keele Cream, 387 George Street, Sydney.

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Here's how:
Cleanse your face by washing with Keele Cream and warm water on a face cloth. See how vibrant your skin looks after this CREAM WASH.
For Night Cream—smooth on Keele Cream to help your skin become smoother, taut and youthful.

Keele CREAM
If it's for the skin . . . it's Keele Cream

Buy your Keele Cream at your favourite store or chemist. If it is more convenient for you to order Keele Cream direct, send the coupon and we will immediately forward your jar, post pre-paid.

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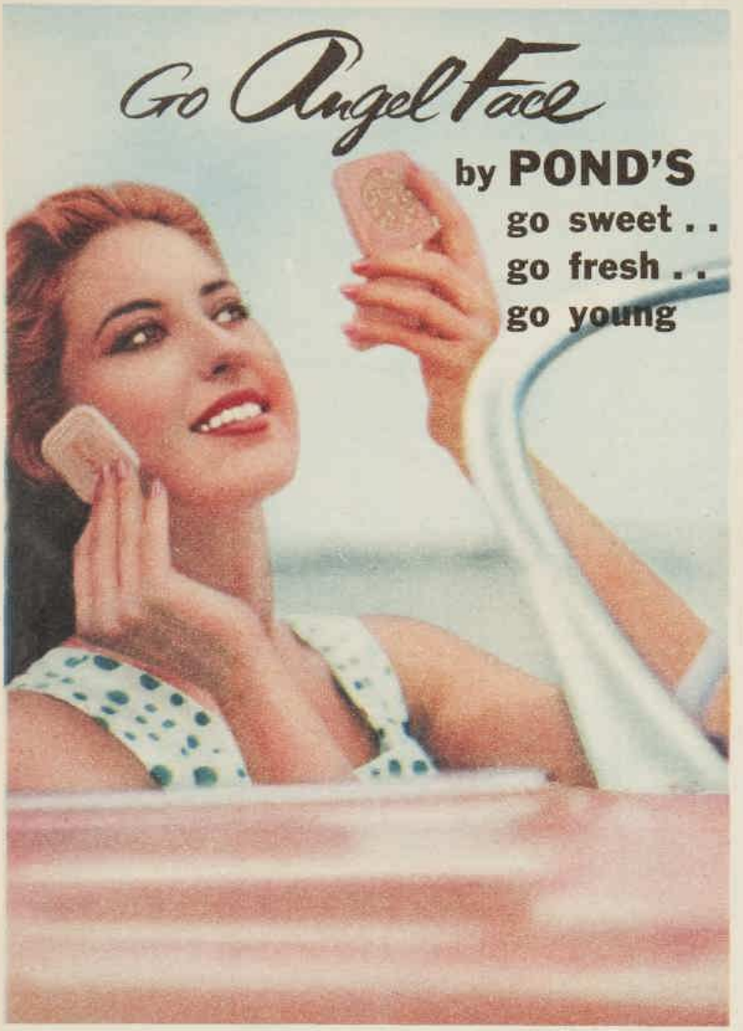

Pond's Angel Face is all new!

. . . new 'stay-fresh' colour

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Never before — a powder and foundation in one, so radiantly fresh as all-new Angel Face by Pond's!

You'll love its clean, natural colour that really clings, never turns shiny. With just a smoothing of its soft puff, Angel Face does beautiful things to **every** face it touches, and looks fresh hour after hour.

That's because Angel Face won't soak up moisture, won't discolour — Angel Face is triple creamed . . . proofed against streaking from skin moisture.

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8/6

Also available in the "Blue Angel" Case — 5/3.

Continuing . . . . The Longest Night

from page 18

dark blue, almost drowningly dark.

Needs glasses, Carmichael thought prosaically, and picked up his hat, flicked off lights, and made for the rain and the Olivers.

. . . . . .

"I have a car," said Miss Mayberry, "and it seems like Providence that when the garage man brought it back he parked on the other side of the road so that it doesn't look as if it belongs to anyone living here. If you must go back to Mrs. Gill's, I can take you."

Caroline hesitated. Miss Mayberry was large and efficient, but was she large enough or efficient enough to deal with a murderer?

"Henry could go with you," said Julie. Ever since Henry's furious announcement about their own car, she had been wandering about the room, almost as white as her trailing chiffon.

"If you insist on going——" began Mrs. Oliver.

"I do," Caroline said, forcing herself to be brisk. She thought in a desperate mental whisper, O God, make me go through with this, don't let me back out now. She looked automatically about for a bag and gloves, remembered that she had neither, and said gently: "Please, Mrs. Oliver—I know what I'm doing, honestly. I'm in a corner here, don't you see? And so are you. It's just inviting trouble on all our heads if I stay after—what's happened."

Lydia and Julie sat in opposing silences. Mrs. Oliver said forlornly: "I know it's a way out, but it seems wrong to let you go. If only there were somewhere else that you could stay. I wish I knew . . ."

Miss Mayberry crackled herself into her plastic raincoat, pulled the hood up over the turban and the outcreeping curlers so that she looked like an elderly sour elf, and said: "I'm ready when you are, Miss Emmett."

"Coming," said Caroline, but her hands with nothing to carry felt empty and peculiarly helpless. Like the rest of her. She soaked up a last impression of electric light and anxious faces, said to Mrs. Oliver: "I won't try to thank you now for all you've done, but I'll be in touch with you," and followed Miss Mayberry to the door.

Henry materialised from the dining-room, perplexed and irritable; he was clearly uneasy about staying, even more uneasy about leaving his mother and sisters alone. He said moodily: "I'll see you to the car."

And then the front door was opened on the rain-struck dark, and she was out in it. A young fir tree at the end of the porch swayed lazily, like a man taking a leisurely long-awaited step. The huge humped honeysuckle in the angle of the house seemed to swell and stir with a shadowy presence.

The wind, thought Caroline, caught tight in the grip of terror, and the rain, that's all. Follow Henry's back and Miss Mayberry's cautious plastic progress — did she have to crackle so, sending out signals to the listening night?—and don't think about the solitary hours that waited at the end of this ride . . .

Headlights cutting sharply through the dark were extinguished directly in front of the gate; a car door slammed and Carmichael was suddenly among them, talking to Henry and then to Miss Mayberry, not glancing at Caroline after one long and blazingly intent look. But he took her hand as though he were mechanically anchoring a straying child, and still had it when they reached the porch again.

Docilely, on a current of bewilderment, she found herself back in the sitting-room, listening to Carmichael's incisive and quietly excited voice.

He went into the little yellow room and looked at the smashed window, the shattered headboard, the heavy earth-stained stone that had been left where it had tumbled to rest against the far wall. Coming out again, he questioned Henry minutely about the car.

Caroline, oddly defensive under the gaze that kept searching for hers, locked cold hands in her lap and said: "You can see why it's best for me to——"

"No, it isn't," said Carmichael slowly. His eyes went from face to face and then, with frightening intentness, to one after another of the wet black windows, half-masked in yellow light. "Don't you see, it's a trap and it nearly worked."

Miss Mayberry was first to grasp the full implications of

that, her face going a shocked unprofessional grey.

"You mean he did know my car was there after all, and we were meant to——?"

"I'd swear to it," said Carmichael bluntly, and Miss Mayberry subsided into a chair with a faint "Dear Heaven."

"Look," said Carmichael into the appalled silence. "There's the chase, first of all, almost to the door of this house. Then at the one point when Miss Emmett is alone, there's the try with the stone, which doesn't come off. The chances are that she won't be left alone like that again, so he pretends to build a corner by immobilising the car. It's the surest way to flush anybody into the open, always."

Voices broke out then, Mrs. Oliver's: "Oh, Caroline. When I think——"; Miss Mayberry's still shaken: "How horribly logical . . ." Lydia's moodily triumphant: "That's what I said, but nobody listened."

Henry scowled into his empty glass. "I don't see how anybody could be absolutely sure to where Miss Emmett was going — I mean, sure enough to go to all this trouble."

Carmichael shrugged. "Laura White, the dead woman, was staying at Mrs. Gill's. Her killer almost certainly went back there tonight. Miss Emmett lost her handbag, with her identification, at some point between the quarry and this house, and Miss Emmett's name is just above Laura White's in Mrs. Gill's register. Not very difficult——"

He stopped there, simultaneously aware of two things. One was a small but definite reaction somewhere in the room, noticeable when he repeated Laura White's name; he traced it to Julie and a tiny flutter of her white chiffon negligee, an involuntary movement that stopped instantly.

Julie leaned forward and said in a trembling voice: "Cigarette, please, Henry" although there was a full packet at her elbow.

The other thing was a soft and cautious sound in the night outside, a sound that was neither wind nor rain, but indefinably human and secret. Caroline Emmett had heard it; her eyes were wide in a stilled face. Carmichael was at the door, had it quietly and quickly open on rain and darkness, and was staring down the narrow length of the lighted porch at a man who stood just within the boundary of shadow.

"I know it's late, but I saw all the lights on," said a mild, apologetic voice, and the face emerged into view, brown and seamed. "My name is Clive. I live next door," went on the man as Carmichael walked on to the porch. "I didn't want to disturb the whole household, but what with the lady calling her dog like she has been, I thought maybe I ought to let somebody know."

Dog . . . there had been a dog somewhere in Caroline Emmett's account of her flight from the quarry.

Carmichael said: "You found him?" and Clive's face nodded in and out of the fir-patterned light.

He said simply: "I don't know whether she'd want me to bury him or not. People are sometimes particular about their dogs."

"I see," said Carmichael, at a loss.

Clive said with another wag of his head: "On the other hand, I don't know that she'd like to see him. It's enough to give anybody a turn—head all battered in. Who'd do that to a harmless little dog?"

Who indeed? wondered Carmichael coldly. He stepped down off the porch, aware that Henry Oliver had come out behind him, and said to the gnomish face: "Are you sure it's Miss Mayberry's? Where did you find it?"

"Up near the quarry. It seemed as though I just couldn't settle down this evening. There's a—" the mild milk-blue eyes peered apologetically up at Carmichael—"—a restlessness about. I'd heard Miss Mayberry calling the dog off and on for a long time, and I'm fond of animals. I didn't like to think of it lying by the roadside, perhaps hurt, you know. So I took my torch and off I went and there he was, a bit of white behind a rock — poor little thing. I brought him back to my place and then I thought I'd better ask . . ."

"It's Dukie, all right," said Henry Oliver two minutes later on the other side of the thick hedge. His face on the dim edge of the torch glow looked sick. "I suppose I'd better take him, get a shovel . . ."

Rounding the end of the porch again, depositing the small tan-and-white body in shadow and making for the barn, Henry turned back. He said thoughtfully: "Funny Clive's walking up there on a night like this."

"Perhaps not," said Carmichael, arguing half with himself. "He's fond of animals, started to brood——"

"He may be fond of animals," Henry said succinctly, "but I've seen him throw things at this one when it went in his garden." He walked off to the barn, leaving Carmichael to digest that in silence and then, reluctantly, return to the house.

"I'm sorry," said Miss Mayberry steadily to the room as

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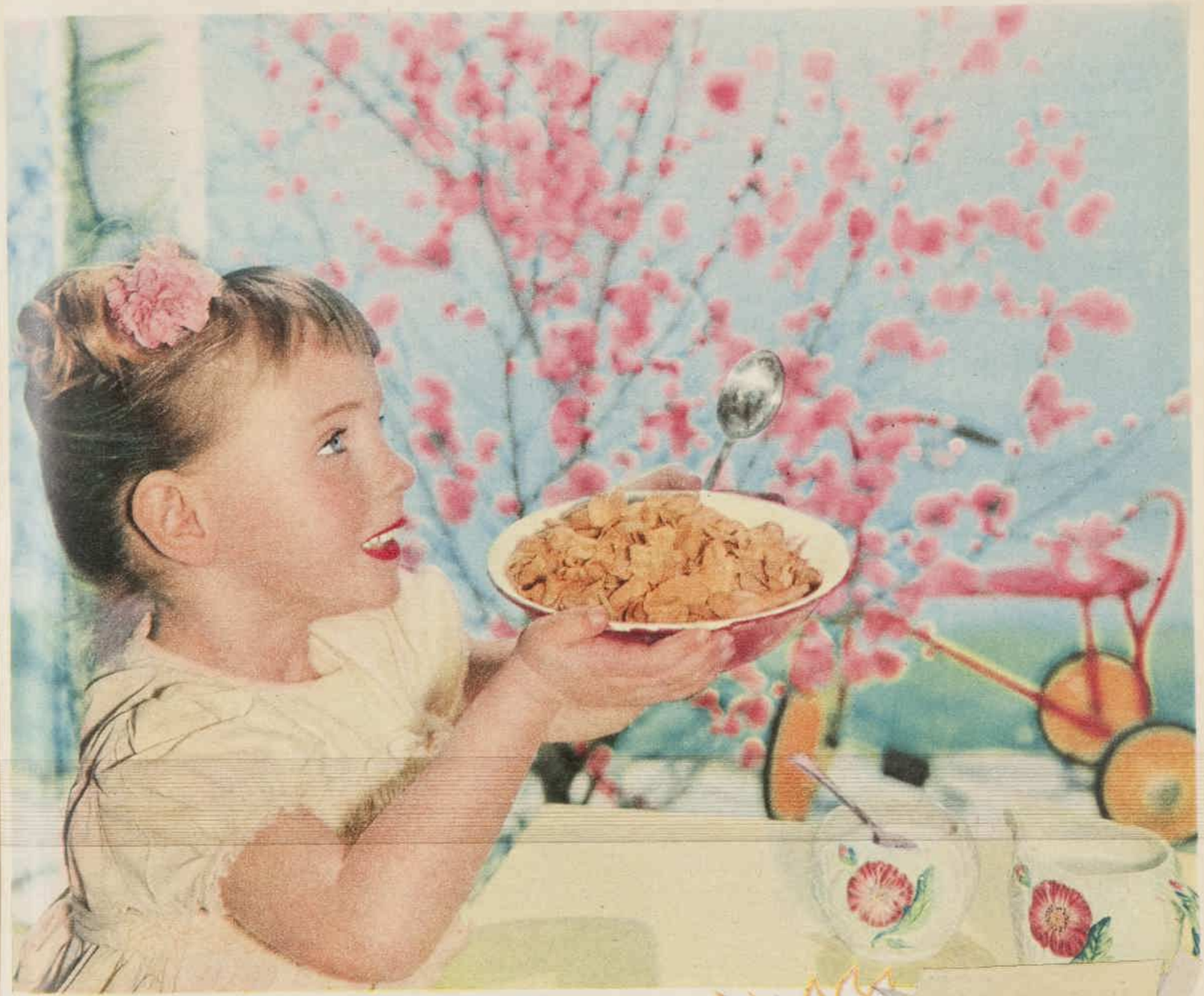
Springtime Freshness—Springtime Flavour

EVERY MORNING OF THE YEAR!



Spring comes to breakfast!

DEEP-DOWN GOODNESS FROM THE SUN

You won't find it on any calendar because it's the morning—any morning—you rustle big sunshiny Kellogg's Corn Flakes into your breakfast bowl and discover a whole new dimension in good eating.

Whether you call it deep-down goodness, or Kellogg's secret process, it's that something extra in Kellogg's Corn Flakes which gives a lift to breakfast and makes everyone feel brighter and more ready for the day.

Bringing you all the stored energy in big sun-soaked corn kernels, all the built-in flavour magic that made Kellogg's Corn Flakes famous, Spring comes to breakfast—in a packet!

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HANSEN'S
JUNKET TABLETS
Fruit flavoured & plain

Continuing . . . . The Longest Night

from page 48

large, five minutes later. Her eyes were dry but her face was still flushed with a deep, bitter anger. "Old maids and their pets are legendary, aren't they? But it seems so unnecessary. Dukie was old and his teeth were all worn down, he couldn't have bitten anybody even if he tried . . . Well. Who did you say the woman was?"

"Her name was Laura White. She was a nurse," said Carmichael, "and she lived in Hilton. I've been wondering if she had a patient here recently, or some professional connection that brought her back."

Out of the corner of his eye he watched Julie, who sat so unflickeringly still that he suspected she was holding her breath. Miss Mayberry repeated the name musingly and shook her head.

"Not anyone I know of — which doesn't mean much, I'm afraid. If she was a young woman, for instance, the chances are I wouldn't——"

"She was fifty-one," Carmichael said, and described what he knew of Laura White's appearance. He had a strong notion, from a second shake of Miss Mayberry's head, that she had temporarily dismissed the dead nurse and gone back to seeing, instead, the aged little hound that Henry was burying.

She said suddenly: "The nurses' registries would be closed now, of course, but what about East Sea Hospital, or the nursing homes near here? Mightn't one of them give you a lead?"

"They might very well," said Carmichael, and stood up. Mechanically, he checked his watch with the clock on the white bookcase. It was twenty minutes to twelve—and Caroline Emmett had looked at the clock, too, her eyes full of dread in her quiet face. For the rest of the people in the room, Carmichael thought, this tense and locked-in waiting, with the house a lighted fortress in the black, rainy night, was bad enough—but Caroline had seen Laura White killed, and been seen in turn by her murderer.

She was safe, as long as she was surrounded by people—but if it could be made to look as though she were alone . . .?

The watching faces fell away. Carmichael said softly: "Mrs. Oliver," and Mrs. Oliver gave a small spasmodic start. "This will probably get us nowhere, but it might be worth trying . . ."

. . . .

The rain had turned soft and steady, weaving now and then on a wind with a new edge to it. The shrubbery round the house nodded and glistened in the dim spilling-out of light from the windows. Carmichael got into his car, made a U-turn and drove back to the town and his darkened office.

In the bottom drawer of his desk, a battered leather box that had once held cuff-links now housed a random collection of keys. Carmichael turned the box upside down on his blotter, found the front door key that he had mislaid and therefore failed to surrender to Mrs. Gill a year ago, and scooped the rest impartially into his pocket. Then he switched off the light, relocked the office door, and drove back to the Olivers'.

The curtains had all been closely drawn as arranged, giving the long, angled house an air of distracted secrecy. Carmichael passed the main gate at the foot of the lawn, turned his car into the narrow, weed-grown lane bordered on the far side by Clive's lilac hedge, and drove to the back of the Olivers' house.

They had been waiting for the sound of the engine. The back door opened in darkness, and, after the single second it might have taken Caroline Emmett to slip through, closed again, loud in the rain-blurred night. Carmichael, who had got out to hold the rear door of his car open, slammed it shut, went rapidly round to the driver's seat and backed out of the lane again, alone.

It should have seemed like melodrama, and over-played pantomime for an audience that wasn't there. It didn't — not when somewhere in the quarry there was a dead woman, and somewhere behind the barn Henry Oliver had buried a dead dog. And anything that offered the slightest chance of shortening this night . . .

He left the car some way from Mrs. Gill's and approached the boarding-house through a narrow alley at the back, cutting diagonally across two back gardens. His body went tight and ready at a sudden flapping rush through the dark; someone's forgotten washing, whipping dankly at his face.

Swearing without sound, Carmichael reached the back of Mrs. Gill's, rounded the house, mounted the steps with care and, after a cautious moment with the key, let himself into the hall.

Behind him the street was empty except for two parked cars and the splashed shadow of trees. At five minutes to twelve Mrs. Gill's was gratifyingly somnolent.

Room Nine, on the second floor, was Caroline Emmett's. Moving as softly as he could, fingers quieting the assortment of keys in his pocket, Carmichael began to mount the stairs.

. . . .

It was infinitely worse, Caroline thought, with the curtains down. Like breaking uncontrollably into a run, or giving way to tears, this hiding from the night let down the frail barrier of pretence. The blind white windows looked somehow much more sinister than the wet black glass with its shifting reflections, as though anything at all could creep up close to the house walls, and wait and listen and plan unobserved.

In the yellow room, with masterful inefficiency, Henry was contriving a temporary windowpane out of tape and cardboard. Mrs. Oliver had shepherded Julie into her bedroom, saying firmly: "Well, even if you can't sleep you can rest. I'm going to lie down for a little while later myself."

Desperately, Caroline clung to Lydia, who with enormous calm was laying out the appurtenances of homework on the dining-room table. And even that, at shortly before midnight, carried its own air of crisis.

"Louise!"

"Can I help?" Caroline withdrew her gaze hastily from an algebra book and picked up a battered "Caesar" instead. "I used to be fair at Latin."

Anything, she thought, as Lydia, agreeably surprised, showed her the right exercise, anything at all to keep occupied, to get even a half-hour closer to daylight and safety . . .

At the other end of the table Lydia wrote, peered, and rubbed out. Caroline bent her head and devoted herself to translation from the English, wondering, as she had wondered in her own schooldays, exactly when, in later life, Lydia would be called upon to announce in Latin that, it being late on the third day of battle, Caesar pitched his tents in a field near the river.

Why, why had she been so bent on mounting that last little stretch of hill? If she hadn't, she would not have been a witness to the violent death of a total stranger whom she would never entirely forget; she would have been safely down the hill, walking back to the town, she would not have come plummeting dangerously into the lives of the Olivers . . .

That scratching, that delicately seeking sound at the masked window was nothing more than a spray of rambler roses blown loose in the rain—was it? Caroline raised her eyes, saw that Lydia was staring at the window, and bent her head rigidly again.

She wished that Mr. Clive's pale blue eyes, cloudy with benevolence, would not keep coming between her and the lined paper.

She wondered who had folded away, in some crevice of the night, that particular, long, rubbery raincoat.

. . . .

At the top of Mrs. Gill's Victorian house, Carmichael had decided arbitrarily that if he were Caroline Emmett he would manage to have his light extinguished for the night by the end of fifteen minutes.

As he had expected, the lock had given him no trouble, yielding with only a small amount of sideways pressure

To page 55

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'ASPRO' gets you there looking your loveliest, your headache gone and pain soothed away.

It isn't easy to get through a day's work and still enjoy your evenings. Parties, pictures and dances are no fun if you're not feeling your best. And neither are week-ends. You have to be well to be wanted. You won't be asked again if headache and pain make you dull company.

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'ASPRO' does so much to keep you well, and to keep you looking well—to prevent lines of pain and weariness, and the ill effects of colds and chills. 'ASPRO' soothes your nerves, brings you sweet untroubled sleep, and helps Nature keep you young and attractive.

'ASPRO'S' gentle strength

'ASPRO' is powerful enough to subdue severe aches or pain, yet 'ASPRO' can be taken frequently because it contains none of the harmful, unnecessary drugs that make foolish young girls look old before their time. It has no depressing after-effects. Although it is so powerful 'ASPRO' is so safe that it can be given to children in reduced dosage as directed on the packet, and certainly will not harm the heart.

Keep 'ASPRO' in your handbag

— handy at all times. Don't put up with pain for a single moment! Be ready with 'ASPRO'. 'ASPRO' helps you make the most of life. By removing pain and headache, it keeps tired lines from young faces and maintains a lively spring in the step.

Sleep well — on 'ASPRO' — and awake happy and clear-eyed.

Nothing can take the place of 'ASPRO'. 'ASPRO' is more important to have with you than your lipstick.

'ASPRO'

A Nicholas N Product

MANUFACTURED IN TWELVE COUNTRIES AND SOLD IN OVER ONE HUNDRED.

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Eggs KEEP YOU GOING

Busy people . . . active lives . . . appointments to keep . . . deadlines to meet . . . to KEEP GOING, you need food which is satisfying—energy-giving—sustaining. EGGS ARE THE ANSWER . . . quick to prepare, easy to digest, yet a rich source of Vitamins A and B, and of Riboflavin—essential to keep you healthy and active. Eggs offer balanced protein content and are slowly absorbed by the system. Eggs give you and your family a feeling of lasting well-being. TRY THESE SIX LOCALLY TESTED AMERICAN RECIPES.

EGG CASSEROLE

Six Servings

4 tablespoons mild-flavoured fat, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, 3 cups cooked potatoes (cubed), 4 hard-cooked eggs (sliced), salt, pepper and paprika (if liked).

Melt fat, blend in flour. Add milk gradually and stir until sauce thickens. Season to taste. Put alternate layers of potatoes, eggs and sauce in buttered baking dish. Sprinkle top with buttered cracker crumbs or grated cheese. Bake in hot oven about 15 minutes. If desired, 3 cups mixed cooked vegetables, or cooked macaroni or noodles may be used instead of the potatoes.

SOUFFLES

Six Servings

¼ cup mild-flavoured fat, ½ cup flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 egg yolks, 2 cups cooked vegetables, meat, fish or cheese, 4 egg whites, few grains pepper.

Melt fat. Blend in flour. Gradually add milk. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens. Add seasonings. Add slowly to beaten egg yolks. Cool. Fold in the vegetable, meat, fish, finely chopped or minced or grated cheese. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into one greased baking dish and oven-poach in moderate oven (325°F) about 50 minutes.

SPANISH EGGS

Six Servings

6 eggs, 2 strips bacon, 1 small onion (chopped), 1 tablespoon flour, 5 medium-sized tomatoes, 1 green pepper (chopped) or 2 tablespoons parsley, 1 cup chopped celery, salt and pepper.

Cook eggs until hard. Remove shells and cut in half. Cut bacon into small pieces and fry until crisp. Remove bacon from fat. Cook onion in fat for a few minutes. Blend in flour. Add tomatoes, green pepper and celery. Simmer for 20 minutes. Add bacon and salt and pepper to taste. Pour sauce over eggs.

BUDGET OMELET

Five to Six Servings

1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1½ cups milk, 6 eggs (separated), salt and pepper.

Mix crumbs and milk, let soak, then beat smooth. Beat egg yolks, add salt and pepper and combine with bread mixture. Beat whites stiff and fold into mixture. Pour into hot greased pan and cook slowly until firm, 25 to 30 minutes. Cook in a slow oven for the last 10 minutes if desired, to brown the top. The same mixture may be cooked as scrambled eggs.

Variations:—

1. Add chopped parsley, green onions and diced celery to mixture before cooking.
2. When cooked, spread omelet with jam or jelly, fold over and serve at once.
3. Add finely chopped cooked vegetables or grated raw carrots to mixture before cooking.

CHEESE PUFFIT

Six to Eight Servings

12 half-inch slices stale bread, ½ pound cheese (sliced), 2½ cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 eggs, pepper and paprika (if liked).

Trim crusts from bread and arrange slices in alternate layers with cheese in greased baking dish. Beat eggs slightly, add milk and seasoning and pour over the bread. Cover and keep in the ice box until ready to bake. Oven-poach in a moderate oven (350°F) until set—about 45 minutes. (If thoroughly chilled before baking, the puffit will puff up like a souffle.)

EGGS IN TOMATO ASPIC

1½ tablespoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 2 cups tomato juice, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 6 devilled eggs.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Combine tomato juice, onion, sugar and salt. Heat to boiling point. Dissolve gelatine in juice. Half fill individual moulds with jelly mixture. When partially set, place half a devilled egg, yolk down, in jelly. When jelly sets, add remaining tomato gelatine mixture. Allow to set. Unmould on crisp lettuce. Garnish with watercress or asparagus tips. To devil eggs, remove shells from hard-cooked eggs, cut eggs in half, remove yolks. Mash yolks, season and mix with a little salad dressing. Pack yolk mixture into whites.

FOR A FURTHER SET OF DELICIOUS, ECONOMICAL EGG RECIPES, SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO P.O. BOX 43, LIDCOMBE, AND THEY WILL BE FORWARDED FREE OF CHARGE.

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IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW

MOST ELECTRICAL FATALITIES ARE CAUSED BY:

- AMATEUR ELECTRICAL REPAIRS
- MEDDLING WITH APPLIANCES
- WRONGLY WIRED OR LOOSELY CONNECTED PLUGS
- MAKESHIFT EXTENSION LEADS

BE WISE — PLAY SAFE

Get a competent tradesman to do the job.

ISSUED BY

THE ELECTRICITY AUTHORITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Snappy Weskit for a boy

● So easy to slip on over a shirt for bodily warmth — yet action free.

KNITTED in a three-color check design, this playtime weskit will fit boys whose chest measurements range from 23in. to 27in.

Materials: 4 1oz. skeins Lincoln Mills "Daphne" crochet wool; the original was worked in grey (MC) 2 skeins, red (A) 1 skein, navy (B) 1 skein; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 5 buttons; ½yd. petersham ribbon 1in. wide.

Measurements: To fit 23 (25-27) in. chest; length from top of shoulder at back 11 (12-13) in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1in. measured over st-st., 8 sts. and 13 rows to 1in. measured over patt.

Pattern: Worked on multiple of 4 sts. plus. 3.

1st Row: (B) Knit.
2nd Row: (B) Knit.
3rd Row: (A) Knit.
4th Row: (MC) P 3 (sl. 1, p 3) to end of row.
5th Row: (MC) K 3 (sl. 1, k 3) to end of row.
6th Row: (MC) as 4th row.
7th Row: (MC) as 5th row.
8th Row: (A) Purl.
These 8 rows complete patt.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 86 (92-98) sts. in MC.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1in.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st. until back measures 5½ (6-6½) in.

Armhole Shaping—Cast off 3 (4-5) sts. at beg of next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row 3 times. 74 (78-82) sts. Cont. without further shaping until armhole measures 5½ (5¾-6¼) in.

Shoulder Shaping—Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows and 8 (9-10) at beg. of following 2 rows. Cast off rem. 26 (28-30) sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and B wool, cast on 5 sts.

1st Row: Inc. 1, k to end, cast on 4 sts. (side seam).
2nd Row: Knit.
3rd Row: (A) Inc. 1, k to end, cast on 4 sts.
4th Row: (MC). As 4th row of patt.

Now working patt. as set, inc. 1 st. at front edge of every alt. row 8 times more, at same time casting on 4 sts. at side seam of every alt. row 7 (8-9) times more.

51 (55-59) sts.

Cont. without further shaping until side seam measures 5½ (6-6½) in.

Armhole Shaping—Cast off 6 (7-8) sts. at beg. of next row. Then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of every alt. row 3 times.

Neck Shaping—Without further shaping at armhole edge, cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at front edge of next and every 3rd row following until 24 (25-26) sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until armhole measures 5½ (5¾-6¼) in., ending armhole edge.

Shoulder Shaping—Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next and following alt. row and remainder on next alt. row.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 5 sts. in B wool and purl 1 row.

1st Row: Cast on 4 sts. (side seam), knit to last st., inc. 1.
2nd Row: Knit.
3rd Row: (A) Cast on 4 sts., knit to last st., inc. 1.
4th Row: (MC) As 4th row of patt.

Now working patt. as set, inc. 1 st. at front edge of every alt. row 8 times more, at same time casting on 4 sts. at side seam of every alt. row 7 (8-9) times more.

51 (55-59) sts.

Complete to correspond with side already worked, reversing all shapings.

ARM BANDS

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 5 sts. in MC.

1st Row: Knit into front and back of 1st st., k 4.
2nd Row: P 2 tog., p 4.

Rep. rows 1 and 2 until piece is long enough to fit around armhole. Cast off.

FRONT BANDS

Work as for arm bands until long enough to fit from one side seam along bottom, up front, around neck, down other front, along bottom to other side seam. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Mark places for 5 buttonholes equidistant apart. Join side and shoulder seams. Pin band into position around fronts, making a mitre at points at bottom. Stitch into position, leaving a small opening for buttonholes in positions marked. Join armbands and sew around armholes. Face fronts with ribbon. Press carefully and sew buttons into position.

THE DESIGN for this snug weskit comes from America. Based on the Western cowboy style of the story books, it's one that any young hopeful will be proud to wear.

Sanpic Disinfectant kills germs quicker!

You'll be amazed that a disinfectant could be so effective and have such a delightful floral fragrance.

Other disinfectants you may have used in the past cannot equal the germ-killing efficiency of Sanpic.

One bottle of this concentrated Disinfectant does the work of five similar sized bottles of other brands.

No other disinfectant does such a thorough germ-killing job! What better protection could you give your family? Ask for Sanpic — the proven, safe, fragrant disinfectant that is at least 5 times stronger and more effective than other well-known brands.

ONE bottle of Sanpic Disinfectant does the work of FIVE similar sized bottles of other brands.

FLORAL FRAGRANT — As it quickly kills dangerous germs, Sanpic removes the unpleasant odours they produce, leaving the air pleasantly fragrant.

IT'S SAFE — Sanpic is non-poisonous . . . perfectly safe to use anywhere . . . to disinfect and deodorise sinks, baths, drains, garbage tins and for general household purposes.

ECONOMICAL, TOO — With Sanpic Concentrated Disinfectant you need only use a little at a time—in fact, a teaspoonful or so is all that is necessary in most instances.

Floral Fragrant **SANPIC** REGD.

Kills germs quicker—leaves air fragrant

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DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● The pinafore-dress is a versatile and long-established fashion. It can be paired with a blouse or worn with a bare top and I suggest one (illustrated at right) in answer to a reader's query in this week's mail.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"WILL you help me with a style and paper pattern for a basic pinafore I can team with various tops? I also want the style to be suitable for wear without a blouse, making it formal enough for a party. Would velveteen be a good material choice, and will I have a pastel shade?"

Velveteen is an excellent material choice for a pinafore-dress. I suggest a dark color rather than a pastel. Mink-brown, olive-green, or deep sapphire-blue would be suitable. The design I have chosen is illustrated at right. See how the pinafore, without the blouse, becomes a smart party dress. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"THIS season I want to have a very smart suit and wondered if you would please suggest the material, color, and style. I am 19, tall, slim, and love anything new and smart. I have olive skin and honey-blond hair."

I suggest a suit with a cape-jacket; for the material, silver-grey flannel. Have the jacket hip-bone length and buttoned in self-material buttons; the cape elbow-length and detachable. Have the skirt narrow with a kick-pleat placed at centre-back.

"I HAVE a ballerina made in red silk chiffon. The top is perfectly plain, sleeveless, and finished with a high round neck. Could you suggest an easy way to trim the top?"

Tiny red bows made in narrow velvet ribbon and scattered over the bodice would be a simple and easy-to-make trimming for a chiffon dress.

"MY neck is scraggy, so when I wear a dress or jacket with a V neckline I like to fill it in with a scarf. My problem is that I can't get the scarf to stay neat."

Perhaps your scarf is too skimpy. Try a larger size and pull the scarf ends down out of sight through the middle of your bra and tie a knot to keep them anchored.

"PLEASE advise me on the correct dressing for a public daytime function."

The time, place, and the importance of the occasion all have a bearing on the clothes you choose for a public daytime function. For midday, mid or late afternoon, the correct fashion is a street-length dress worn with a hat and gloves.

"I AM puzzled about the skirt length of an evening frock I am making. Should it be ballerina or full-length?"

Why not follow the very intriguing new skirt length that clears the ankles by six inches?

"DO you think I could wear a black silk costume to a dinner in a hotel? It will be an informal gathering."

A black silk suit would be quite correct. A really pretty hat and a piece of costume jewellery fastened on the jacket lapel would add a touch of glamor.

"IS the long-sleeved classic shirt-blouse still in fashion?"

The classic shirt-blouse is still being worn. A shirt-blouse now looks newest when the collar is left open and the neckline filled in with ropes of small pearls twisted with gold chains or with ropes of colored beads.

"WOULD you please help me to choose a pretty design for a trousseau nightgown?"

One of the newest designs in lingerie fashions is the Empire-line, and I don't think you could have a prettier choice for a trousseau nightgown. Have it full-length, with a ribbon sash beaded through self loops below the bosom. Have the design finished with an oval neckline (low back and front) and little puffed-up sleeves, outlined with 3in.-wide lace. The lace will form a pretty bertha collar at the neckline. By the way, nightgowns look very new made in flower-printed sheer.

DS243.—Pinafore and separate blouse in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. velveteen for pinafore and 2¾yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price 4/9. Patterns are obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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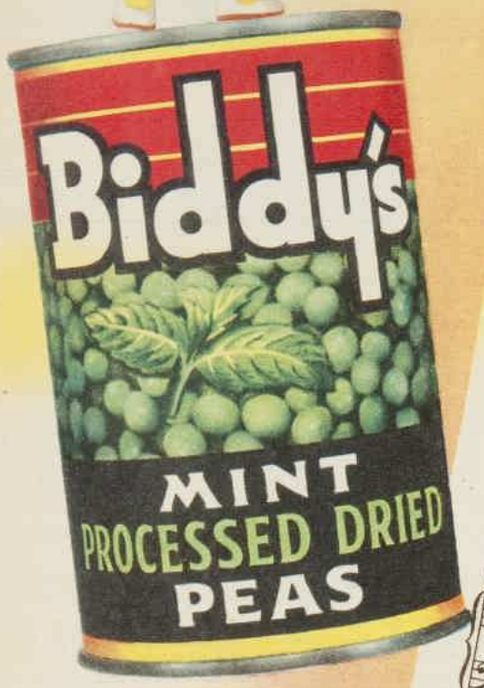
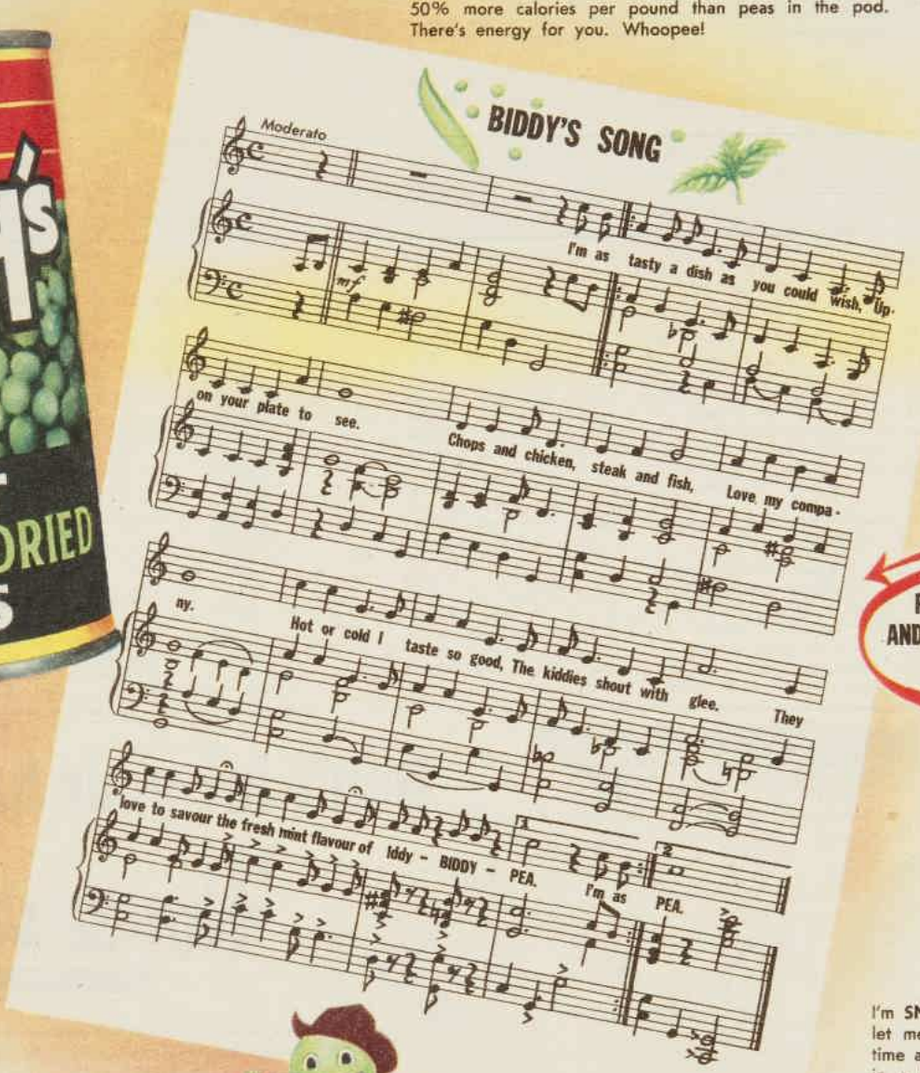
Something to make a song about...

Singing and dancing—laughing and living—
I'm **WOOP-PEA**—the 'energy' boy.

Energy—we could all use a little more—especially those growing youngsters—they use it so fast. Now that's where the Biddy Boys come in handy. Apart from some of our cousins in the Bean family—no other vegetable has such a high protein value and on the average we have 50% more calories per pound than peas in the pod. There's energy for you. Whoopee!



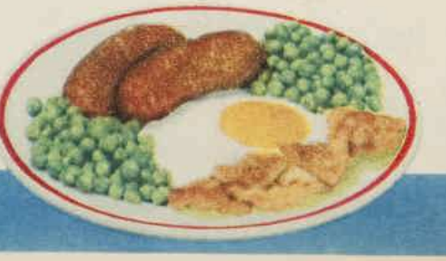


POP ON THE PIANO AND PLAY MY SONG
... Biddy

HAPP-PEA—that's me.
And I **am** happy. So will you be Mum, when you see how **low** the price and how **high** the value of Biddy's Peas. You know—16 ounces of Biddy's gives you nearly three times as many peas as you get in a pound of peas in the pod. High food value and MORE FOR YOUR MONEY—there's no waste with Biddy's. That's economy for you.

Hi-Ya Podners—I'm **HOP-PEA**—
just ridin' by to say hop right into those Biddy's Peas kids! That MINT FLAVOUR is mighty fine—and Biddy's make you strong, too. Yes sir—you'll build bone and muscle with all the Protein, Minerals and Vitamins that are packed in those tasty Biddy's Peas. Take it from me—Biddy's taste good—and they're good for you.

I'm **SNAP-PEA**—
let me tell you how to save time and money. When Dad's in a hungry hurry—it's only 10 minutes from can to man—with Biddy's Peas. No shelling or preparing—just heat in the can—you save time all round—and that delicious MINT flavour!! MMM . . . For a hot snack try Sausages, Egg and Peas—Biddy's Peas of course. There's a Snappy Snack for you.



Packed by
RALEIGH PRESERVING CO. LTD.

Say "Biddy's Peas—Please"

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Continuing . . . . The Longest Night

from page 50

to an old straight key from some forgotten door. Room Nine's window looked out at the side of the house; it was too far at the back for more than a slanting view of the street in front, but the lighted square in the surrounding dark would be satisfactorily visible to a watcher.

Fifteen minutes—presumably time enough for a tired and frightened young woman to brush her teeth, wash her face, lock her door, undress, and get herself into bed. Certainly time enough for anyone who had been watching the Olivers' house to cross the fields, and the warren of back gardens, and see the one light at the top of the boarding-house.

Carmichael settled himself with difficulty in a low and stingy armchair evidently designed for a truncated elf, and waited.

Single bed and bedside table, oblong of rug, dressing-table rakishly adorned with a rose-red scarf Caroline Emmett had evidently tried and not liked the looks of before she went out. Gloves on the dressing-table, too, short white pigskin; a gold bracelet . . .

Carmichael was alarmed to find himself yawning. He squeezed himself straighter in the tiny, rigid chair, glanced at his watch, and turned off the light. The room became a square of pure black that stayed just as dark even after moments of familiarity; the sky was shrouded with rain and the street lamp did not penetrate here. Without the intriguing reminders of Caroline Emmett, Laura White came to occupy the dark with him.

Laura White, who had been a nurse. Nurses could discover strange things in the intimate heart of a household; relatives who did not really want their dear one to recover and indeed were helping him not to, professional invalids who battened on their unsuspecting families

In short, grounds for blackmail. But it seemed an odd kind of blackmail that mushroomed up so suddenly, coinciding with Laura White's release from the hospital, and blackmail in itself seemed at odds with the character of a woman who cheerfully admitted that a nearly fatal accident was the result of her own carelessness. What, then? To whom, in this little town, had Laura White been bound by ties that had had to be snapped by murder?

In some indefinable way, the whole affair seemed to Carmichael to have had its start in the accident. But that was a dead end, it had all been innocent and above board—except, he thought suddenly in the silent dark of Caroline Emmett's room, for its important corollary: Laura White had not died as expected. Anyone learning of the accident at the time could have banked confidently on her death, but she had lived to make that smiling departure from the hospital three months later . . .

Carmichael wasn't sure at what point he became certain that his trap had failed; he was preoccupied with Laura White's uncounted-on recovery and what it might conceivably have meant to her killer. But he was aware that to his own senses the strung-tight quality of the night had gone limp, as though no one were coming, and he could sit here indefinitely in the faint fragrance of Caroline Emmett's face powder.

Had no one been watching the Olivers' house at all? Or, more likely, had his going and his abrupt return seemed too obviously staged? Carmichael, rising, opening and then closing the door of Room Nine soundlessly behind him, found himself face to face with an idea that had not occurred to him before.

The first-floor landing was more ornately furnished than the second, with a carved chair, a table holding an ash-tray and a vase of evergreen; a curtained window and, unfathomably, an enormous drum. Carmichael reached it in what he thought was silence until a door opened and an elderly female voice with a quaver in it said: "Is that you, Mrs. Gill?"

Carmichael stayed flat in the shadows, resisting a temptation to give the drum a resounding kick by way of answer, and a moment later the door closed without conviction. This was bad luck; she was almost certainly standing there on the other side of the wooden panels, listening vigilantly. He would have to wait . . .

He did, and was rewarded shortly by footsteps and the distant sound of water running into one of the ancient wash-basins with which most of Mrs. Gill's rooms were equipped.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Happily, the next occupant was the half-deaf Mr. Simms, who was probably long since wrapped in slumber.

Carmichael walked quietly up the passage to Room Four and went to work on the lock as delicately as he could. But metal scraped unavailingly on metal, and he was expecting every second to bring a shriek of alarm from up the landing when the sixth straight key turned like satin and let him into Laura White's room.

He switched on the light and, although he knew the room had been entered after the woman's death, began to look about him with mounting expectancy.

At first glance it was disappointingly like Caroline Emmett's, except that Laura White, trained to neatness, had left no fragrant trail of powder, no tossed-off scarf. But there was the same white-covered bed, strip of carpeting, dressing-table, chair—and on the chair, with folds and edges of clothing emerging disorderedly from under its lid, a small suitcase.

The look of dishevelment about the suitcase struck him as instantly wrong; quite apart from the comb and brush and folded handkerchief laid with soldierly precision on the dressing-table, most people leaving personal belongings behind them in a strange room automatically bundled them out of sight.

Her killer had been in a hurry, then, not stopping to tuck those trailing garments in again. Carmichael lifted the lid and looked at a modest blue nightdress, a white petticoat with its shoulder-straps neatly but obviously mended, a scattering of metal curlers, a white blouse with a procession of crumpled frills down the front, these mended too. Not the clothes of a woman living merrily on blackmail, not a wardrobe planned for more than a single extra day. The day she hadn't been allowed.

There was something infinitely unpleasant about standing in this room, peering into a last slice of life, staring so hard and impersonally at things owned and handled, washed and ironed and worn next to her skin by a woman so recently dead.

He had listened to Caroline Emmett's story, not able to doubt her steady horror as she told it; he had seen the traces of footprints at the quarry, and the single shoe. Common sense had told him that a woman who had been struck repeatedly on the head with a stone—because that was what her companion must have stooped for—and who returned neither to her room nor to the police

To page 56

Fashion FROCKS

"ANTIONETTE." — Smart front-buttoned coat-dress made in marle frocking. The color choice includes muted tones of scarlet, emerald-green, ming-blue, dark blue, with an overtone of charcoal-grey; and plain charcoal-grey.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/19/3. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 89/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 92/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

When you see curves ahead make

RYVITA

your bread

makes you fit—keeps you slim

ALWAYS SOLD IN PACKETS, SO ALWAYS FRESH

The modern way to lose weight and gain energy.

If a tight zipper or too-snug waistband is warning you that the pounds have been creeping up on you, now — this very day — is the time to act! Make Ryvita your daily crispbread and in no time you'll be looking your best in today's trim fashions. There's no need to go on a tiresome, weakening diet, no need to buy expensive slimming preparations. Just enjoy crunchy Ryvita — and lose weight the healthy way.

It takes rye to satisfy.

No other crispbread can help you *control your appetite — and your weight* — like Ryvita, because no other Australian crispbread is made from rye. Ryvita makes it easy to say no to fattening extras, and its whole-rye minerals, vitamins and proteins step up your energy at the same time. Excess pounds are burnt up in exercise.

The *whole-family* crispbread.

Ryvita is all nourishment, good for everyone, from growing youngsters to waist-line-watching adults. And Ryvita is delicious with everything you serve. Make it your daily crispbread!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4825787

Continuing . . . . The Longest Night

from page 55

nor to a doctor had to be dead.

But somehow, here in this room, her modest, carefully tended clothes and the neat, smooth bed she had expected to sleep in tonight made her death much surer and much uglier. Carmichael had to force himself over to the cupboard door.

He had expected, from Laura White's brief tenancy of this room and the single bag she had carried, only a skeletal array of wire hangers. But at some point, perhaps because she had treasured it, she had found time to unpack and carefully arrange the folds of her dressing-gown. Because there it hung in the shaft of entering light, shell-pink, alarmingly sheer, as random as a butterfly in a filing cabinet.

Was it even a dressing-gown? Carmichael suspected that it had borne some far prouder name in the shop where it had been bought. And yet—here again a painstaking little web of mending stitches on the lacy edge of a flounce; a faint but definite line of grey at the very edge of the hem—Laura White hadn't saved it for state occasions. She had worn it, travelled with it, as though in her off hours she shed her neat, beaming cheerfulness and fluttered private wings.

Whatever it was, it had a pocket. Not a utilitarian square with a slitted mouth, but a coy little cup of pale pink, capped with lace. Because it was the only pocket he had so far encountered in this room, and therefore the only place conceivably unsearched, Carmichael slid two fingers automatically inside.

The garment itself had been surprising, hanging there like the wistful other self of a murdered middle-aged nurse. The folded piece of newspaper in the pocket and the information it contained were infinitely more so.

It had been torn jaggedly out of its surrounding newsprint, but Carmichael recognised the format. The cutting had come from another East Anglian newspaper—one that to some extent rivalled the "Star" but which covered an area north of Wicklow. It was from yesterday's issue, and Carmichael remembered glancing carelessly at the item when he made his usual survey of the rival newspaper. Now he read it carefully, a second and third time.

It was short enough; just a brief report of the inquest on the death of Mrs. Mary Trent, 28, wife of James Trent, of East Sea, Norfolk. The verdict was suicide while the balance of the mind was disturbed. Mrs. Trent had shot herself with an old army revolver fifteen minutes after sending Mr. Trent and their daughter, three, on a visit to her married sister.

A straightforward little tragedy. It had clearly been suicide and nothing else. Just as clearly as it had had some importance for Laura White; so much so that she had torn out the report, crushed it into the pocket of the dressing-gown she was wearing, and then packed and left for Wicklow.

It would follow, thought Carmichael, trying to be reasonable and objective in spite of his prickling urgency, it would certainly follow that she had had a personal interest in the Trents. And as she had been a nurse, chances were nine out of ten that one or the other of them had once been her patient . . .

The hospitals might give him a lead—but for that, at this hour of the night, he would need the police.

Carmichael pocketed the cutting, switched off the light, closed and relocked Laura White's door behind him, and made his way cautiously down through the sleeping house and out of it. The rain had thinned, the street was hushed, occupied only by the tree shadows and the parked car.

There had been two cars there when he entered Mrs. Gill's.

So somebody got into one and drove away, Carmichael informed himself, irritated at his own strained nerves. Nevertheless, he thought about that as he set off reluctantly for the police station.

Taines greeted him cheerfully enough. "What's the matter—couldn't you find a corpse?"

"No. But I can give you the name and age and address of the one who's wearing the mate of that shoe. Whether you like it or not, you've got a murder on your hands."

Carmichael described in a flat repertorial voice what he had learnt about Laura White. He omitted his second visit to Mrs. Gill's and his search of the dead woman's room; breaking and entering would not go down too well with Taines, he felt, but he was prepared to tell Superintendent Meadows if the need arose. The important thing now was to convince Taines . . .

And this time Taines was convinced. He pulled the telephone directory towards him and began to telephone the hospitals.

Yellow light growing gradually blue with cigarette smoke, an occasional flicker of rain in the waiting silences; checking hospital files for the name of a nurse not on the current records was, at 1.35 a.m., a slow process. Carmichael, pacing and listening, developed an unwilling admiration for Taines.

"Yes, Madam. I know it's late, but it's police business . . . Laura White . . . No, W-h-i-t-e . . . Sorry to bother you, matron, but I want to find out if your nursing home ever employed a nurse named . . ."

Fortunately the nursing homes were small and local, for the most part, and the rosters of nurses accordingly brief. At nearly two o'clock Taines sharpened, made a brusque waving motion at Carmichael and jotted down notes.

"Oh, dear—I had a feeling a cup of chili powder was a misprint."

What he got was not official but from a former colleague of the dead woman. Laura White had been employed at Traverton House, a small private nursing home midway between Norwich and Wicklow, until the late spring of 1950, when she had retired to take on private cases. As far as the matron knew, she had never married, although they had lost touch . . .

Carmichael, peering over Taines' shoulder and listening to the petering-out of the conversation, went to the other phone and rang Traverton House. He didn't know quite what he had expected to turn up there, but it was certainly not the operator's brisk: "That number is no longer in use."

The end of this particular path along Laura White's chopped-off life? Having come so far, Carmichael felt balked and weary; he dropped his head in his hands and tried briefly to stop thinking about anything at all. Then he got up and went out into the night.

Two a.m.: possibly the deadest hour of all. Not a single echoing footstep, not a bird-twitter, not a solitary lighted window. In the High Street as Carmichael drove up it there were only shop windows, blank and glassy, thriftily spaced street lights, empty pavements glimmering beneath them, the inordinately loud sound of his own engine.

Morton, his plump young assistant, lived in a very small, very old house on the outskirts of the town—and Morton had an almost womanishly keen memory for the idle detail, floating rumor, scraps of gossip. It was really a kindness to wake him, Carmichael reflected virtuously, and laid a ruthless hand on Morton's doorbell.

His kindness wasn't called into question. There was a light burning on the first floor; more came flicking on at once and the door opened on Morton, book in hand, flannelled legs emerging from under a silk dressing-gown. He said earnestly in answer to Carmichael's token apology: "Oh, not at all, I was reading, anyway. James Joyce. Come in."

The living-room behind him was full of low windows and white panelling and red-and-white wallpaper. Morton was evidently a loving homemaker.

Carmichael, who had sent a rapid glance round the room, thought that Morton's salary on the 'Star' certainly didn't pay for all this. But wasn't there a pair of doting maiden aunts somewhere? He felt curiously uneasy in this domain; at the office Morton was bubbling, capable, and something of a nuisance because of his very zeal; here in his own setting he gained a kind of pale rubbery strength.

He was saying now, busily: "Can I get you something? Tea, or a drink?"

Carmichael said that he would have a drink if it was handy, and realised all at once that he was enormously tired. The drink when it came was strong and welcome, and by the time he had finished it he had given Morton a precis of his evening, beginning with what Caroline Emmett said she had seen in the mist, concluding with the results of Taines' telephoned inquiries.

After his first wide incredulous stare and a few preliminary twitters of excitement, Morton began to dredge out of his voluminous memory what he knew about Traverton House. An old Georgian mansion about eight miles north of Wicklow, it had been converted into a private nursing home after the war, caring for a handful of wealthy patients with real or fancied neuroses and an occasional nervous breakdown case.

It sounded harmless enough, Carmichael reflected, watching the ivy on one broad window-sill stir lazily in a draught of rainy air; unless the neuroses and the breakdowns concealed something else . . .

Morton said: "It closed about three years ago. Too expensive for this part of the world, I suppose," and Carmichael said out of his own random speculations:

"Were there ever rumors about anything fishy?"

"Not that I ever heard of." Morton sounded regretful, but his alert greenish eyes began to narrow at once. Carmichael gave him a moment or two to play with that idea before he produced the cutting he had found in the pocket of Laura White's dressing-gown.

Here he drew a complete blank; except for the fact that James Trent was on the board

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GARDENING

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ALTHOUGH usually grown in glasshouses, gloxinias do well in a sunny room with curtains to shade them from afternoon heat.

Few plants are more particular in their water requirements. While they demand abundant moisture during their active growing season, which usually lasts from December to mid April, or longer in a glasshouse or warm conservatory, water must be kept off the leaves.

If moisture falls on the big foliage and is dried by the sun, leaf-spotting can defoliate the plants; thus watering should be left until evening.

In humid weather gloxinias like good ventilation. Otherwise botrytis, a greyish fungous disease, can cause damping - off in top growth, leaves, buds, or flowers.

In its early stages botrytis can be checked by spraying with Bordeaux mixture or thiram. Before spraying, remove any badly blighted leaves and buds.

Sowing time for gloxinia seeds is autumn or spring. Sow the seed in pots of good fibrous loam and soak the pots in a small bath or a similar container, allowing the water to percolate through the drainage holes.

This way the moisture reaches the seed or small seedlings from below, reducing the risk of damping-off.

Equal parts of vermiculite and coarse sand also can be used until the seedlings are big enough to move to single pots. Before sowing the seed in this mixture add some weak liquid manure to give enough nutriment until the plants are ready to transplant.

Seedlings can be transplanted first into 2in. or 3in. pots, then moved to 4in., finally to 6in., taking care not to break the brittle foliage.

At this time of year, when mature gloxinias are either at their best or beginning to ease off from their flower peak, leaves with good strong stems can be snapped off at the base and raised in sandy loam, moist sand, or equal parts of sand and vermiculite.

Gloxinias produce small corms and leafy growths from the ends of the stems, from which many additional plants of choice colors can be raised.

As winter approaches, gloxinias shed their leaves and become dormant. The corms then can be removed from the pots, or the pots stored on their sides along dry shelves in a frost-free shed.

Unless the soil is very rich and fibrous, it is better to repot the plants when small, soft shoots appear in late spring or early summer.

Put plenty of well-washed cinders over a crock at the bottom of the pot, and mix equal quantities of loamy soil and rotted manure, and a teaspoonful of bone meal for each six-inch pot.

To water, immerse the pots in a container holding a few gallons of water, and leave until bubbling ceases. If you use a watering-can, be careful not to put too much water on the small leaves.

If re-potting is too big a job, scrape about an inch of the topsoil from each pot and fill in with plenty of sandy loam and leafmould and a little bone meal.

When growing several plants in a glasshouse or frame, give them plenty of space, as the foliage often grows to more than eight inches. Do not let the leaves on different plants overlap.

GLOXINIAS on this page were photographed by Derek Brook at Green Fingers Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

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Continuing . . . . The Longest Night

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of governors of one of the local schools, which hardly seemed of thrilling significance, Morton knew nothing at all about the family.

Carmichael stood up, the sense of urgency back in him again because the night was shortening and time was running out. Daylight would mean safety for Caroline Emmett, because with the discovery of Laura White's body the full mechanics of the law would be set in motion, and the girl would be protected accordingly. But daylight was still nearly three hours away.

Forget it? Bank on the security of the locks and bolts of the Olivers' house, convince himself that there would be no trick telephone call, no cunning pretext to suck Caroline Emmett out into the waiting dark? Strictly speaking, it was no affair of his, and he had gone as far as he could—or had he? It was as though a bomb lay ticking somewhere in the quiet rainy night, hidden and deadly, startlingly close if he could only approach it by way of the proper tangent.

If he abandoned it now and it went off, killing Caroline Emmett, his own responsibility would look a good deal more clear-cut. Carmichael called it responsibility for purposes of logic; he knew without troubling to analyse it that it was already something deeper than that.

He picked up his hat and Morton stood. His greenish eyes looked shallow and busy. He said with an air of relief, as though his mind had scurried through to its goal: "I knew there was something . . . Why don't you ask your friends the Olivers about Traverton House?"

Carmichael put his hat down and waited, not liking the deferential malice of that, not in a position to snub it. Morton said: "One of the daughters was there not so long ago, I understand. I never can remember her name . . . the married one."

. . . .

Rain tapped lightly round the Olivers' house, splashing on the stone path, sending the honeysuckle in a nodding dance against the masked sitting-room windows. Inside, Caroline Emmett sat in a corner of the couch, the magazine on her lap open at an article exhorting her to build her own pigeon loft. Opposite her in a deep chair, Miss Mayberry was sewing fiercely, her head bent intently over the work in her lap.

Caroline had stopped looking at the clock because it stretched every minute into ten. But in the hour or so following Carmichael's departure the danger seemed to ebb away from the house—as though, she thought, it were a measurable phenomenon, like a drowningly high tide.

Was that because she wanted so desperately to believe it, or had the deadly intentness been deceived into centring on a new target—Carmichael, in her room at Mrs. Gill's?

At any rate, she was not the only one who felt the growing release. Lydia had gone mutinously off to bed in her small room that opened off Julie's, and the line of light under Julie's door had been extinguished. Mrs. Oliver, after planting the magazine persuasively in Caroline's lap, had summoned Henry out to the kitchen to join her in a search of the top shelves for tea.

Caroline was painfully aware of the cuts and scratches and stiffness which had been swallowed up in terror before; she felt as though she had been whipped.

Almost to herself, Miss Mayberry suddenly murmured: "Laura White . . ." and gazed narrowly at the rug. "I keep feeling that the name ought to mean something, and yet I can't pin it down." Her voice trailed thoughtfully away.

Caroline abandoned her magazine and said boldly: "Miss Mayberry, what happened to Mr. Clive's wife and their son?"

"Clive?" repeated the nurse, clearly startled at the sudden departure. "You mean Mr. Clive next door? As far as I know the boy—I don't think he was even twenty—was killed when he smashed up his car. He was at Cambridge, and was on his way back to college after a party. A few weeks after that his mother committed suicide."

Caroline thought back to the widower's gentle brown face, the mild, attentive eyes that, ridiculously enough, had frightened her. She said: "How terrible. How did she——"

"Rat poison," said Miss Mayberry succinctly, and began to sew again with energy. "What the average citizen doesn't know about poisons——! It was a frightful thing all round.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in the Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

I didn't live here then and I didn't know them, but they say poor Mr. Clive nearly went out of his mind." She added reluctantly after a pause: "The boy was hers by a previous marriage, but I understand that Mr. Clive doted on him. Worshipped the ground he walked on."

Rat poison, a young boy dead in a mass of wreckage; the pleasant, blue-painted room seemed suddenly stifling and too small for the ugly shadows that had filtered into it.

Caroline said abruptly: "I should think by now we could have a window open."

"It is getting close," Miss Mayberry agreed, and glanced with mild distaste at the ash-tray beside Caroline. "And rather smoky. But——" her gaze lifted nervously to the windows, flickered to the door—"the dining-room, don't you think, would be better?"

By common consent they went into the dining-room. A single light burned on top of the sideboard, reaching out softly to the dim scenes on the wallpaper, the dark gloss of the table. The huge fireplace yawned dark and cool, and the brass of the firedogs gleamed heavily, dully.

The lamplight didn't touch the windows in the wall opposite the sideboard looking out over the front lawn and, startlingly because the dining-room began the house's long ell, the porch. Caroline pulled the curtain aside, preparatory to opening the window, and stopped, remembering that it was not her house and that the Olivers ought to be consulted.

Rambler roses in a wet black twinkle just under the sill, Mrs. Oliver's triumphant voice from the kitchen: "There! I knew I had some somewhere." Caroline, staring out the window, took in the rough, trembling gasp of someone touched unexpectedly in the dark.

Behind her, Miss Mayberry said: "Stuck? Wait a minute. I'll give you a hand. It is a bit stiff."

"No," said Caroline, and would not have known her own harsh and violent voice. Even panicky instinct urged her to snap the curtains to again, but she went on staring in a hopeless fascination at the front door that was slantingly within her view. And slung from its knob mockingly like a calling-card was the handbag she had left somewhere in the terror of her headlong flight from the quarry.

. . . .

The police car arrived, this time without Taines, at twenty minutes to two. Caroline had retrieved her handbag instantly, not to examine its contents—it was as nakedly empty as she had known it would be—but because she could not bear to have it hanging there, beckoning into the night, a symbol of triumph, an open jeer . . . Gone away, have you? Oh, but I know better, I know you're still there . . .

And so was he, of course; unaware that she hadn't seen the face behind that sudden rush

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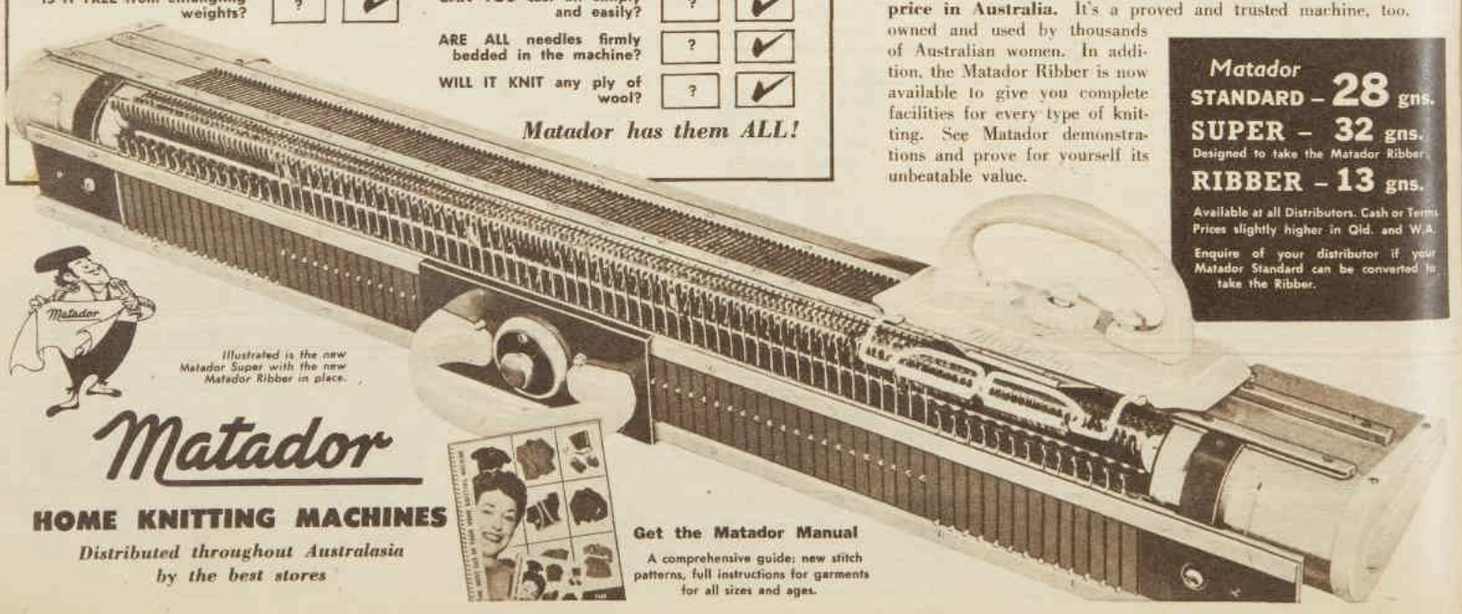

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Curried Egg Savoury — *Cook* 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup in 1½ cups boiling water for 7 minutes. *Mix* in ½-pint thick white sauce flavoured with curry. *Add* sliced hard-boiled eggs (4 to 6) and chopped parsley. Serve on toast or with boiled rice.

Tasty Meat Loaf — *Cook* 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup in 1½ cups boiling water for 7 minutes. Cool. *Combine* 1½ lb. minced steak, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, ½ teaspoon dried herbs, ½ level teaspoon salt, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 beaten egg and the cooled soup. *Place* into a greased loaf tin (9" x 4" x 2½"). *Bake* in moderate oven 1½ hours. Serve hot or cold, as required.

Chicken and Ham Croquettes — *Cook* Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup using 1½ cups water. *Melt* 1 oz. shortening in saucepan and blend in 4 level tablespoons flour. *Stir* in 1 cup milk and prepared soup and stir till it boils and thickens. *Add* ½ cup chopped ham, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Stand until cold. *Shape* into croquettes on floured board and cover with egg and breadcrumbs. *Deep fry* until golden brown. Serve with vegetables.

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BETTY KING RECIPE

VEAL STEAK

Cut veal steak into pieces of the size required for serving. Cover with flour, egg glaze (or milk) and breadcrumbs. Press crumbs on firmly. Place about 3 oz. Copha in frying pan and heat gently till melted. Increase heat and commence frying when Copha is hot. Brown veal quickly on each side, then reduce heat and fry slowly, turning occasionally till cooked (about 15 to 20 minutes, according to thickness). Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot with Spanish Sauce.

SPANISH SAUCE

Melt 1 oz. Copha in saucepan. Add ½ lb. sliced tomatoes, 1 chopped onion and 1 diced bacon rasher. Cover with lid and simmer 5 minutes. Add ½ cup water, cover and simmer further 5 minutes. Thicken with 1 level dessertspoon cornflour blended with 1 tablespoon water; season with salt and cayenne.

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Continuing . . . .

The Longest Night

from page 58

light, intent only upon stilling the finger that might lift, the voice that might say: "That's who I saw, that's the one . . ."

The two policemen, raincoated and reassuring, listened to Henry's quiet account of the evening while one of them made notes and said at last: "Let's see, your full address is?" and wrote it down, meticulously, maddeningly. "Prowler."

Prowler. What a horrible, primitive word, thought Caroline, in the same instant that Mrs. Oliver, wan and angry, snapped: "It was not an ordinary prowler. We've told you——"

"Officer," said Miss Mayberry peremptorily. "My dog——"

In her bedroom, Julie's light came on.

"Wait a minute," said Henry, placatingly. "Let's keep——"

" . . . and now this handbag," said Mrs. Oliver, beside herself in a small ruffled rage, "turning up in the middle of the——"

" . . . deliberately killed," said Miss Mayberry, equally firm.

Caroline felt childishly like screaming, and suddenly they all stopped at once. The policeman who had taken the notes said calmly: "I see, ma'am. We'll have a look round, and if there's anybody there we'll find him, don't you worry. Perhaps if Mr. Oliver would show us . . ."

> **Power is always gradually stealing away from the many to the few, because the few are more vigilant and consistent.**
>
> *—Samuel Johnson.*

From the dining-room window looking out over the back lawn, they stood in a waiting silence and watched the patient torch-lit advance from the opposite side of the house. The night came alive in slow separate cones, each with painted drama of a stage set until it became, under the probing light, a slice of tree trunk and dripping branches, drenched grass and reaching shrubs.

Caroline felt her heart pounding as the far torch light came fingering round the end of the stables, working its way into the angle banked with blackberry bushes, wiping out the shadow of an old pear tree. There would be no one there now, of course, but the faint rubbery glisten of the police raincoats reminded her——

She moved sharply, breaking off the rest of that comparison. At her side Mrs. Oliver said: "Look—they're going into the chicken house."

A white wooden shed and a vivid turquoise door came bouncing suddenly up out of the dark, and then the door was blotted away again by the entering men. They didn't stay long. The torches danced briefly and then steadied, after a small, suspended interval Henry and the two policemen emerged and walked towards the back door, heads bent, stiffly yet eagerly.

They had found something, it was as clear as though they had shouted it. Mrs. Oliver had the back door open before they reached it, saying anxiously: "What is it, Henry? What did you find out there?"

But it was the taller of the two policemen who extended his hand, while Caroline and Miss Mayberry came to stare at the half-emptied packet of cigarettes, oddly notched and torn, and the used book of matches. The cigarettes were a widely advertised brand that appeared on hoardings and the backs of magazines; everywhere except, as far as Caroline was concerned, in the hands of anyone she knew.

It wasn't a spectacular find until you built up ecstasy around it. "I my lonely vigil keeping . . ." there in the dark of the chicken house. A hand cupping a match, carefully for a cigarette to while away a little of the watch. And between cigarettes, while a face pressed against one of the small high windows, the fingers teasing and twisting the packet.

All of which explained, of course, why the watcher had never been deceived by Carmichael's careful pantomime with his car at the back of the house. Because of the blackness of the night, no one had remembered that simple, obvious vantage point . . .

Was Carmichael all right?

"——So it looks as if you had a visitor all right, unless," the policeman was saying wittily, "this is the brand your chickens smoke."

"But we don't keep chickens," explained Mrs. Oliver seriously, and at Caroline's shoulder Miss Mayberry gave a small, nervous snort of amusement. "Besides, wasn't it this morning that you cleaned out the chicken house, Henry?"

Henry nodded, still frowning at the cigarette packet. This morning, thought Caroline, really yesterday morning. I slept so late that Mrs. Gill's maid was in a fury, and Henry cleaned out the chicken house, and Laura White was doing something or other, too, and none of us knew she'd be dead before the day was over, and I would see her die and her murderer would hide in Henry Oliver's nice neat chicken house . . .

It was a peculiarly remote train of thought, and when she emerged from it the policemen were nodding sympathetically at Mrs. Oliver and saying goodbye. The front door closed behind them, and as though it had been manipulated by a pulley the door of Julie's bedroom came violently open.

She still wore the trailing white chiffon whose softness was so at odds with the rigid hostility inside it. Her dark hair was in a kind of deliberate disorder round her small, bitter face, as though she wanted them all to see the state to which she had been reduced. She said, looking at every face except Caroline's: "Police tramping in and out, the house turned into a gaol—why do we have to put up with all this and how long is it going on? Is it honestly necessary?"

No one answered her. No one had to, because there was a knock at the door and it was Carmichael.

He looked different, Caroline thought, tired and stubborn and in a small way elated, as though he had caught a glimpse of something he was determined not to lose. His gaze found her face instantly, as pointedly as Julie's had not, and Caroline, caught in a confusion she hadn't felt since school, felt as though he had taken her hand. She thought, shaken: Careful, this is what is known as rebound . . . isn't it?

Carmichael said, transferring his glance to Mrs. Oliver: "As the whole neighborhood will be saying tomorrow—I saw your lights. I've been finding out what I can about Laura White and she seems to have been a nurse at a place called Traverton House. It's closed now, but

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Continuing . . . . The Longest Night

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as older inhabitants than I, would you know anything about it?"

Henry looked blank. Miss Mayberry murmured: "Traverton House! Well, well, she was a cut above the rest of us workhorses," and her black eyebrows flew alertly up.

Mrs. Oliver repeated the name with an air of surprise. Julie Muir said calmly: "Yes, I would know something about it, because I was there once."

"Were you?" said Carmichael, and to Caroline his surprise seemed of much the same grain as Mrs. Oliver's.

Julie nodded and let her head drop back against her chair. The languid relaxation of that was denied by the nervous flicking dance of her fingertips on the chair arm, and Miss Mayberry gave her a disturbed glance and said to Carmichael: "I hope you don't want to make this long, she ought to be in bed. I'm the one that'll get the hauling over the coals tomorrow when the doctor comes."

"Nonsense," said Julie shortly. "I'm all right. But I don't see how I can help you. Traverton House is—was—very swish. I only got in there at all because a friend of ours knew one of the directors. I wasn't there very long and I can only tell you that the food was marvellous, the care about what you'd get at any good hospital, and the charges — unless you were lucky enough to get them cut like I did — ruinous."

"You didn't happen," said Carmichael, "to be there at the same time as a Mrs. Trent from Weymouth—Mrs. James Trent?"

"No," said Julie, and Caroline, watching because of the casual intensity of Carmichael's voice, could have sworn that the answer was genuine. "But I've heard her name lately, haven't I? She lived somewhere near Wicklow, and shot herself or something?"

Carmichael nodded. "And Nurse White—was she there at the time, Julie?"

"I don't know," said Julie, her voice suddenly tight with strain. "At times like that one nurse is very like another, as you know or perhaps you don't——"

Miss Mayberry, watching her, said sharply: "Mr. Carmichael, I don't think this is——" and Mrs. Oliver said in the first peremptory tone Caroline had ever heard her use to her elder daughter: "Julie, I will not have you sitting up."

Surprisingly, Julie rose. But at the door of her bedroom she turned and said containedly: "You know, Mother's still ashamed of it after all this time, because the Olivers don't have nervous breakdowns, and this one did. Goodnight all, until the next influx of policemen."

> **And 'tis remarkable that they talk most who have the least to say.**
>
> *—Matthew Prior.*

Miss Mayberry shot Carmichael an irritated glance and followed her. Henry gave his head an embarrassed shake; Caroline, aware that she had heard something Julie would have hated a stranger to know, sat so quietly and effacingly on the couch that she might have been part of it.

After a tiny pause Mrs. Oliver up and said tiredly: "Mr Carmichael . . ."

Silently, Carmichael followed her out to the kitchen.

. . . .

". . . So you see, she's very bitter," said Mrs. Oliver ten minutes later. Her own face looked a little bitter under its defensiveness; she came of a more reticent generation, Carmichael reflected, that had dealt with its own burdens in solitude and had no use for emotional catharsis. She had only spoken at all because of the night and the strain and the interpretation that might be placed on Julie's last wry statement.

A husband killed in a plane crash on his way to her, with plans to bring her back to the home he had bought for them in Devonshire; the shock of his death bringing on the premature birth of a baby that didn't live; that was what had sent Julie Muir to Traverton House.

But tragic though it was, Julie had had three years in which to pick up the interrupted pattern of her life and begin remaking it into something else. Instead of which she had retreated into a world of imaginary ailments that fostered real ones.

"It's her sense of — failure. She always had to be first in everything; she had to have the gold medal, the first prize, the blue ribbon . . . did I do that to her?" asked Mrs. Oliver bleakly, not of Carmichael. "And then when Gilbert, her husband, was killed she went into a complete state of shock. It was all the worse because although they'd quarrelled they made it up on his last leave. The baby would have made such a difference to them both——"

Carmichael, remembering Julie's drained white face and quick, bitter tongue, moved uncomfortably in his chair.

Mrs. Oliver said steadily: "The child was born in the nursing home — thank God for that—but she had a ridiculous feeling that she could have saved it if she hadn't let herself go so completely. Something like that. She refused to go back to London or see any of their friends, and she's gone steadily downhill ever since. I don't know quite what to do. Dr. Thornhill says there's nothing organically wrong, except that she doesn't seem to want to get better."

The silence seemed engulfing. Carmichael said awkwardly: "Time—an outside interest . . ." and was uneasily aware that for a short while he himself had been the outside interest.

Mrs. Oliver drew absent patterns on the tabletop with her finger.

He said at random: "Did you visit her at Traverton House?" and for all her abstractedness her head came up quickly.

"Yes, of course . . . But don't let my troubles worry you, Mr. Carmichael. Will you have a cup of tea before you go?"

Almost certainly, thought Carmichael, driving away ten minutes later, there had been something odd about the small private hospital where Laura White had worked as a nurse. Morton had known very little about it, which meant that it had been very exclusive indeed. Miss Mayberry's eyebrows had gone up steeply in ironic respect, and while Julie and Mrs. Oliver had spoken of it with apparent candor, they had both skated nimbly over the surface.

So that Traverton House, if it had harbored any secrets, had kept them well. On the other hand, it would have been imperative to keep them if those extravagant rates had been protection. Nervous breakdowns were fashionable enough, but acute alcoholism was not, nor drug addiction, nor insanity.

Speculation, all of that, but Laura White was dead. She had left Traverton House with a patient, according to her friend, drifting eventually into private nursing in Hilton, until some few years later a clipping about the unexpected suicide of a young woman in East Sea, Norfolk, had brought her hurrying back.

Why? Hopes of financial

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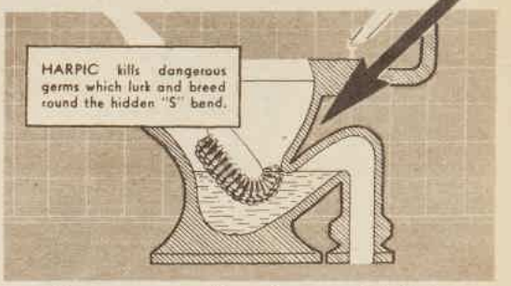

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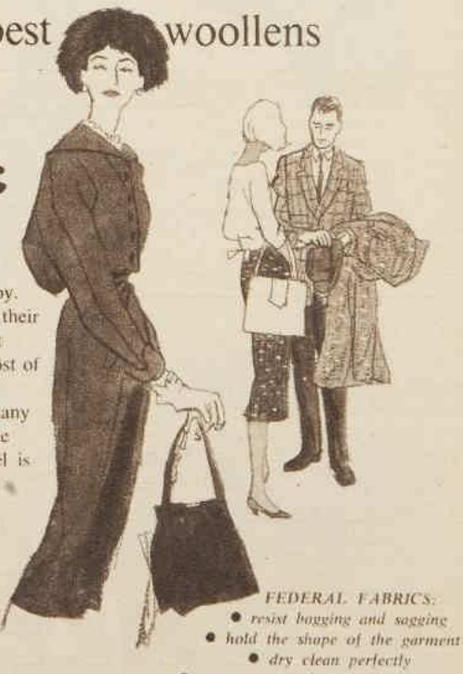

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning May 13

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in increasing assets.	★ Beware of an ambitious person who plans to use you as a stepping stone to the gratification of private plans, which may include the desire to take over your job.	★ If a parent, you may wish to give the family what it wants, and hang the expense! Your decision may be influenced by the importance of the issue.	★ Those who are all set for a gamble with romance are likely to lose out through being too eager. Your best bet is a steady, pleasant cultivation of friendship.	★ This week you may associate with people who are in a position to influence your career, or that of a member of your family. Try to make a good impression.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, light blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in triumph.	★ You'll be outwitted if you imagine yourself cleverer than the other fellow. Don't try to pull wool over someone's eyes. You may lose.	★ Your schedule may be interrupted by delays, misunderstood requests, the arrival of the wrong goods, the breakdown of domestic equipment, or unexpected visitors.	★ Display your talents or social accomplishments freely. You can now appear to best advantage among friends who form a setting for your personality.	★ Sudden shifts from one camp to another may astonish friends, but you have been considering the move, and have just begun to carry out a mature decision.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday. Luck in imagination.	★ Well thought out ideas may be rejected this week. You may be obliged to wait until associates are more receptive to novelty. Their minds work more slowly than yours.	★ Postpone decisions regarding property or home. If not entirely satisfied with the prospective acquisition, a more attractive bargain may be available.	★ What looked to be a very simple matter can become horribly complicated if you and the one-and-only disagree. If the idea is impractical, better drop it.	★ Your social horizon may be clouded over by the departure of an old friend for another district, although there will be pleasure in organising farewell parties.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a crowded place.	★ Control your entertainment budget. A friend may propose a scheme which could make serious inroads on your important savings. If you decline, do so at once, not later.	★ Perform essential duties in record time. Look ahead and plan for pleasure, which will probably be devoted to children, marriage partner, or sweetheart.	★ Don't issue ultimatums; they may backfire. Leave a few loopholes for revising or retreating from your opinion, and preserve your dignity.	★ Should you be criticised, a loyal supporter may defend your actions, giving chapter and verse. You may find that your prestige has been enhanced by the incident.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck through an announcement.	★ When striving for success and recognition it's dangerous to sacrifice affection for ambition. Refuse to let business or any other interest occupy all your time.	★ Your private and public interests may clash and the family may protest at your taking on some extra job. Sidestep family arguments. Consider loved ones' wishes.	★ Should your boy, or girl, friend be neglecting you for another, do not show obvious jealousy. Seek advice from a sympathetic older person who may help you.	★ Give your social interests a joyous whirl, accept invitations, fit in arrangements as best you can in a crowded schedule, for next week gaiety slackens.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck among new friends.	★ Be direct. It is often possible to accomplish as much in a few hours of forthright action as in weeks of dithering. See your objective clearly.	★ Annoyances from neighbors, landlords, co-tenants, tradesmen may need to be ironed out with tact. Be firm, but do not lose your temper or dignity.	★ Why not revisit a few old familiar haunts with the one you love? This should strengthen partnership ties, reviving memories of your first date and romance.	★ Are you tired of doing other people's thinking for them, or covering up their mistakes? Being a leaning post has many a drawback, and this week you may speak out.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a large building.	★ Handle financial and other people's affairs calmly, for errors and delays will follow if you are hurried. Attend to things properly in the first instance.	★ Should you be asked to look after an elderly person, this may mean some changes in the family's living habits. Budget your time so that no one feels neglected.	★ Don't make the mistake of being off with the old before you are on with the new, or you may be left partnerless at dances and parties.	★ Don't imagine that someone is trying to undermine your work with a club because gossip is reported to you. The cause may not be connected with you.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in personal relationships.	★ Finish up the odds and ends of your job in order to be free for bigger tasks which you may be called upon to perform. Do not shirk them.	★ You may be cornered, and unwilling to refuse a request outright. Take refuge by saying that you must discuss it with the marriage partner, who is against the idea.	★ If you require constant assurances of affection from a person who is neither sentimental nor demonstrative, you may discover that love lessens.	★ Since the marriage partner may insist you attend a social affair where you know nobody, do not worry over what to wear, do, or say. Others are just like you.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a schedule.	★ If you hesitate to tackle an obstacle, postponement will only make it appear more formidable. Courage is a better weapon than dodging the issue.	★ With a strong accent on health and physical fitness, you may begin an autumn slimming campaign. Home exercises are fine, but don't overdo the diet or starve.	★ You might be deeply touched by an unexpected gift, a treat, or possibly an outing. This should give both of you hours of happiness.	★ Sagittarians really need outdoor life. With winter coming along you must plan for it. A new scheme, worked out with friends, could provide it at minimum cost.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck from Dame Fortune.	★ Attract attention to your abilities rather than your personality. While the stars are kindly, high pressure tactics are not needed and they may spoil your chances.	★ In some instances the arrival of an addition to the family with consequent excitement all round. For others, a new chum appears in the vicinity.	★ That dawning love affair is likely to be serene. Plans may be made for the future. If older, you and the marriage partner may be lucky this week.	★ Those entering for competitions of any kind could win prizes, though careful practice may be required. Otherwise a brand new activity.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a parcel.	★ If you feel unable to advance under your own steam, and you are failing to make progress in a matter close to your heart, join forces with an associate.	★ Become an artistic homemaker by joining classes or buying books on flower arrangement, indoor plants, or weaving. The main thing is that the hobby appeals.	★ Either you and your beloved patch up your differences and are happy in renewing romance, or an emotional outburst may shatter it forever.	★ You refuse to make plans in advance because you want to do things on the spur of the moment, and at present there is an inclination to limit outside interests.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck through a relative.	★ Centre your desires on ambitions that can be fulfilled within a reasonable time. Clutching at a mirage keeps you from perceiving what is within your grasp.	★ By searching earnestly and patiently for the article you want, you can attain true economy. This helps to prevent family wrangling and emotional storms over finances.	★ Punctuality is the politeness of kings and queens. When arranging to meet the beloved, be definite about time and place, since mistakes can occur.	★ The grape-vine telegraph may keep you better informed than associates, but beware of spilling a secret which is not yours to reveal. Remember, silence is golden.

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W4/57

Continuing . . . . The Longest Night

from page 61

gain, or a feeling of moral responsibility over the death of what might have been a former patient? The latter seemed improbable because, barring collusion all the way round, Mary Trent's suicide was exactly what it seemed to be.

On the off-chance that there might be something about Mrs. Trent in his predecessor's files, Carmichael drove to his office, and began to pull out crammed and dusty drawers in the metal cabinets against one wall.

Fortunately there were not a great many T's. In August of 1949 three-year-old Colin Todd had caused no little confusion by falling into a neighbor's fishpond (emerging unharmed). In February of 1951, what appeared to be an infuriated goat turned out to be the face of Miss Lily Trask, announcing her resignation as public librarian.

"We will all," the 'Star' said stoutly, "miss her cheerful presence and willing assistance." Carmichael sighed, lit a cigarette and went patiently on.

Five minutes later he was rewarded—or, rather, he thought blankly as he held the cutting under the light, robbed.

This time the photograph was clear enough, a trio of smiling girls seated on a couch at some point during an engagement party. The girl in the middle, the caption said, was Miss Mary Elizabeth Coates, of Belgrave Square and Eastland, whose marriage to James H. Trent would take place the following month.

Carmichael stopped examining the smiling and faintly haughty face and read the story below.

"Bronze and white chrysanthemums," intoned the "Star," "were the floral theme at . . ." Mumble mumble; here he was, Miss Coates had just returned from a six months' stay in Italy . . . the cutting was dated May, 1950.

So that although Laura White had left Traverton House in the late spring of the year to take care of a private patient, it had not been this girl. Carmichael hadn't realised how much he was relying on a firm connection between them. There had to be one, buried, obscured . . . His telephone rang three times before it penetrated his absorption.

It was Alec Littler. He said he had been ringing back intermittently ever since Carmichael's inquiry about Laura White, because immediately after that, out of his own curiosity, he had telephoned the nurse's address. It turned out to be a boarding-house, and the landlady had volunteered something he thought Carmichael might like to know.

Alec was leisurely. He had the newspaper man's disregard for late hours and he was enjoying playing detective. Carmichael, on the other hand, was conscious of what every passing moment meant in these rainy hours of darkness.

He got it at last: the landlady's insistence that she had known there was something in the wind, what with Laura White's room being entered and searched the very day after she was nearly killed by the bus. She hadn't liked it then and she didn't like it now: she ran a respectable house, didn't want any trouble—and so on and so forth.

ALEC said: "Looks as though with her tenant all but dead and buried the landlady began to think about possible relatives, and went into the room to see that everything was tidy. Probably wanted to have a look at the old girl's underwear. Anyway, she missed a side comb the next day, whatever that is, and thought she might have dropped it in the White woman's room. When she went back to look for it she found the door unlocked even though she had locked it herself the evening before. And the room not like she left it. She thinks one of the cleaners was probably bribed to open it for somebody."

Carmichael felt abruptly let down. He said: "One of the cleaners——"

"Not what you're thinking. There was money on the dressing-table and a good wristwatch on the shelf above the washbasin, both untouched. What somebody seemed to be after was in the bookcase. Mind you," Alec added, "I'm only telling you what the old fish told me."

"Did she tell Laura White when she got back?"

"Yes. And Miss White wasn't very worried. Said she had nothing of real value to steal."

Carmichael thanked Alec thoughtfully and hung up.

What would you keep in a bookcase besides books — provided you lived in one room? Papers seemed the most obvious answer. Letters, bills, budget accounts; documents you wanted access to but didn't like to leave about for possible perusal by strangers.

Yet, oddly, Laura White hadn't seemed perturbed that her room had been entered in her absence—because that fact was significant only in the light of Mary Trent's suicide? Because it was not until the next the cutting that she looked for something and found it gone?

Carmichael felt as though he had been pressing unavailingly on a starter for hours, and had heard the engine turn over at last. He warned himself about wishful thinking and the pitfalls of mistaking theory for fact, but even so his mind went leaping furiously on ahead.

His hypothesis would explain a number of things. The fact that Laura White had taken instant action over what seemed a straightforward case of suicide. Her lack of preparation for a prolonged stay in Willow; she had had a tangible object to retrieve from a known person, and she had thought it her simplicity that it would merely be a matter of demanding it.

The words Caroline Emmett had heard at the quarry's edge: "So you can see that I must—Must have it back?

Pure theory, yes—in spite of his queer feeling of having touched solidity. Pursued, it might dissolve and blow away to nothing, but at least it was something to pursue. The trouble was, how, at three o'clock in the morning?

Three o'clock . . . his mind came circling back to Caroline Emmett and that house under slow, secret siege. Logic told him that she was safe as long as she was surrounded by people, but he didn't like that infinitely threatening gesture of the handbag slung from the front-door knob.

Carmichael shook his head to clear it. His tired and random glance stopped on Morton's neat desk, and he found himself back in Morton's office, atmosphere of horse brasses and contrived lamps and trickles of ivy everywhere. And Morton himself, eyes narrowing bank as he produced the very little he knew about Traverton House.

But hadn't there been one small particular in among the generalities? A name? The heart of the matter, so to speak?

Three o'clock — and Carmichael grimly reached for the phone book.

To be concluded

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Continuing . When We Get the Car

from page 21

gate, praying there were no children on bikes about, change into forward, go off slowly up the street, braking at the intersection, watching his chance to dodge into the string of cars. Will I go now? No, not yet. The next one. No, better be sure—the next one. Wait a bit — he's turning — the one after!

He said he didn't feel like anything for tea, and twice in the night he got up to take aspirin and a stomach powder.

Towards early morning he said to himself: This is ridiculous! I'm simply squibbing it! The only way to master that car is to drive it every day! And in the morning he informed Mrs. Bowman that he had decided to take the car to work each day.

Mrs. Bowman obviously didn't agree. "Oh, Dad," she said, not troubling to hide her apprehension, "do you think you should just yet? The traffic—"

"Look," said Mr. Bowman firmly but reasonably, "I must get used to the traffic. I'll never get around to it by degrees. It must be now!"

On Monday morning he backed the car out smoothly and even managed to wave to Mrs. Bowman with one hand as he changed gears and drove away, leaving her standing on the porch twitching her apron.

The way into the city was through the industrial suburbs, shopping centre after shopping centre, fraught with greengrocers' trucks full of cabbages continually backing into the centre of the road, and trams that halted for no calculable reason, and pedestrian crossings where infants ran merrily across the road far too trustfully.

A motor-bike dogged Mr. Bowman half the way, sitting on his wheel, just out of eyerange and making terrible noises every now and then.

Every time he came to a light it went red before he was half-way across. At the junction a policeman whistled at him and made him go back. When he was waved on again Mr. Bowman stalled.

Everything within five miles tooted, until at last the car ground forward again and carried him out of it, with the hostile cars swooping around arrogantly to pass him and Mr. Bowman trying to force a worldly "how's-a-man's-form?" grin to his unsteady lips as he crawled past the policeman, who was doing very fancy exercises with his cape flapping back and not ever looking at him.

Mr. Bowman crept along, hugging the left until he came to the next side street, where he turned the car up and pulled up. He leaned back against the seat and caught sight of himself in the rear-vision mirror.

Of late years he had become proud of his middle-aged appearance, his silvering hair, and distinguished, lined face, the firm, grey, clipped moustache, his hat worn rather debonairly.

He saw now a pale old man with a blue look around his nervous lips, the skin around the eyes had some unhealthy dark patches he did not remember. His hands, as he detached them stiffly from the wheel, felt curiously "gone" in the wrists, and his forehead as he removed his hat was damp once again.

He put his hat on the seat and wiped his face with his clean, white handkerchief.

As he sat there, taking the deep breaths that were supposed to be steadying, he gradually noticed that the street was familiar.

Of course! It was what they were already calling "Mary's street!" From where he sat he could see the garage that jutted out in front of the nice little house they had, after all, been able to get. "Big enough for a cabinet model," Mother had said regretfully.

In three days Mary and Bill would be back from their brief honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Bowman were going over the next night to have the place in readiness.

Mary's first little married home! His daughter! How happy the three of them had been all their lives—until they got this wretched car! We didn't need it, he told himself miserably. We could have spent the money on Mary. That sewing-machine——! But there was no going back. He must drive it. It'll end up killing me, he said to himself, and the dreadful certainty settled about his heart like an icy hand.

At least he had seen her happily married! He shook his head to clear the mist before his eyes, and put his hands, feeble with fear, back on the wheel.

Ahead of him lay the city, with all its traffic horrors. There was no escape.

With the recklessness born of hopeless resignation, Mr. Bowman switched on the ignition, let in the clutch, and, with a ghastly clashing of gears, the car leaped away from the kerb, and with sudden, lethal speed, rocketed away up the street.

Mrs. Bowman, out of sheer force of habit, had put everything on too early, although Dad had warned her he would be late. He was going to wait back until the first heavy traffic from the city was over. She was not to expect him before six-thirty.

She lifted a saucepan lid. The potatoes were nearly done. Oh, dear! For the last twenty years, when the five-forty-seven passed the house, she had drained the potatoes. After that she knew it would only be a bare six minutes before she heard the gate click and his key in the front door, and everything would be ready for him to sit down to after he had hung up his coat and hat, kissed her, and washed his hands.

The five-forty-seven went past on the tracks below the kitchen window, and automatically she lifted the potatoes. They would boil to mush, anyway. She would just have to keep them hot. Dried-up tea! "I always prided myself I never served Dad anything dried up!" she reminded herself sadly.

Subconsciously she was waiting for the gate to click, although she knew it was no use. Never again! She must train herself now to listen for the sound of the car on the drive. He would put it away and come in the back. Never again would she go smilingly to the front door to greet him! Never again!

The front gate clicked!

Who could it be? It was only—it was too early—— And then a dreadful thought struck her. It was someone coming to tell her he—! Oh, no! She stood quite still in the kitchen, her whole attitude a frantic prayer.

The key turned in the front door!

In the tiny moment it took her to get to the hallway she prepared herself to see him at least bandaged . . . perhaps . . . blood . . .

He was turning slowly from the door, and her frightened eyes searched his face. Pale . . . something peculiar . . . shock? Had he just walked away from the wreckage?

"Dad!" she gasped, running to him. "Are you all right? The car? Was it an accident? Where's the car? Oh, Dad!"

"It's all right, dear . . . all right . . . No, of course I'm not hurt!" He patted the hand that clasped him. "I've got something to tell you—I must tell you what I've done. I——"

"You haven't hurt someone else? Oh, Dad!"

"No, no. It's only the car. I hope you won't mind."

"Mind?" she cried gaily. "I don't care if the horrid thing is in atoms as long as you're not hurt. I don't care if—it didn't catch on fire? I didn't like the way the smoke came all out the back this morning. I said to Mrs. Harris——"

"No, No! Look——" He steered her gently back to the kitchen, and she went automatically to the stove, turning, saucepan in hand, to hear him.

"This morning," he began painstakingly, "after I left here it went very badly with me." He shook his head. "That car—it finally beat me. I—I found myself in Mary's street, so I ran it into their garage. I had the key, you remember. There was a big white piece of cardboard in the garage, so I—I——"

Astonishingly he began to grin, a shamefaced, boyish grin, at his wife's perplexed face. He coughed. "Er—I wrote on it. 'To Mary—her wedding present—from Dad'!"

Mrs. Bowman's mouth opened.

He said quickly: "Mary's not far away. She can come and take you shopping. Down the market. Drive you places. H'mmm?"

A smile wavered a moment, then broke out rosily on Mrs. Bowman's face. "Of course she can! Oh, Dad, I'm so glad! You've no idea what a relief—of course Mary can drive me. She can come over often! And, of course, later on—later on, Dad!" she clasped the saucepan to her bosom and whispered joyously:

"Baby baskets—on the back seat!"

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Continuing . . . . The Perfect Gentleman

from page 25

chauffeur, nor Constantine's arrival some 10 or 15 minutes later, until he was right at the table.

Kate tried to look casually into Constantine's scowling face, but she had a silly feeling that her own was covered with jam. And John jumped to his feet with a look that was plain guilty. Once more Constantine thrust himself between them. "Please allow the driver to take you to your hotel," he said to Kate in a voice both soft and murderous. "Wait for me there. I will come at seven o'clock."

Kate rose. Rebellion flickered and died. By the time she reached the car she felt as if John Anastassion had been a real threat, and Constantine had been a gentleman, possibly a hero.

Constantine went right on protecting her, and deciding what she would like for dinner. And finally, four days before she was to fly to Naples and board the boat for home, Constantine took her into his arms.

"I will love you forever," he whispered, taking the words right out of her mouth. Then he kissed her with a tenderneses, not to mention thoroughness, quite outside her previous experience. Kate gasped, "Me, too," before she sank back into his arms.

They agreed they would marry. That was settled without arbitration within thirty minutes of that first kiss. And the day before Kate was to have left for Naples they remembered to let her parents in on it.

That night Mr. Mowry, who thought his daughter was peering at ancient ruins with a Baedeker in one hand and a bottle of boiled water in the other, received this cablegram:

"Daddy mother darlings the most wonderful news I'm going to be married tomorrow His name is Costantine Dimitropolis Excellent family Fine education" (these were Constantine's additions), "and he's blond Exclamation point I'm so happy Letter follows Kate."

It's amazing how debilitating love can be. Kate was actually surprised by her father's reply. "I just can't understand," she wept against Constantine's shoulder. "How can he be so blind? So narrow? I'm twenty-one. I'll stay right here and get married." But she caught the plane for Naples and she got on the boat for New York, because Constantine accepted the command from her father with old-fashioned filial piety.

"Our marriage should have the blessing of your parents," he said. "You must do as your father asks and I will write to him, and that way we will show him that our marriage will be good and he will approve."

So Kate returned to Columbus with beautiful memories and a sneaking suspicion of what her father would say. He said it. He couldn't wait to get her home from the railroad station before he said it. "What's this about you getting married?" he exploded. "To a foreigner?"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Mowry said a lot more during the next week or two, but that was always at the bottom of it. Marry a foreigner, live in Greece? The situation didn't seem to fit any of the categories in which parents have trouble with their children.

For several days they assumed their daughter had gone soft in the head and would soon recover. But time passed. The love letters were still coming in and Kate was still sending them out. Then came Constantine's letter to Mr. Mowry — a formal request for his daughter's hand. This was serious. So Kate's mother devised a plan.

"In my day, when a man wanted to marry a girl it was up to him to come and meet her parents. Mr. . . . er . . . Dimitropolis should come here."

"But, Mother, that's asking him to travel 8000 miles!"

"This is your country," Mrs. Mowry said ambiguously.

Kate wept bitterly as she wrote Constantine about her parents' ultimatum. They had asked the impossible because they knew it was impossible. To help forget her grief she looked for a job — just any job — and it turned out to be teaching dancing at The Studios. When she wasn't pushing someone through the box step or the English waltz she wrote Constantine heartbroken letters. And then — his cablegram.

He was coming!

It had never occurred to Kate that he could. EMBARKING TODAY . . . If he meant he was flying, he'd be here in time for the Wisconsin game and the first autumn dance. Football games, hot dogs, college dances — and Constantine? He was a perfect gentleman, of course. But as Kate read and reread the cable, the dreadful suspicion swept over her that the way to be a thorough 100 per cent. screwball in the Younger Set was to be a perfect gentleman.

Kate felt uneasy and her parents didn't help. After a thoughtful silence her mother said, "Mm . . ." Mr. Mowry's reaction was longer and louder. "Coming, eh? Well, well, well!"

Kate had been experiencing some uncomfortable tremors, but when she met Constantine at the airport she enjoyed one glorious doubt-free moment. He was as handsome as she remembered and as blond. He took her hand and said softly, "Kate, my darling forever . . ."

She would have told him right then and there that she would love him forever, no matter what her parents said, but her larynx simply wouldn't co-operate. Her voice had circled the field a dozen times and was about to come in for a landing when another voice, so loud and wholesome it could only belong to Dickie Bellows, boomed, "Well, Katie, old girl, what are you doing at the airport?"

It was Dickie Bellows, all six feet two of him. "Coming?" Dickie asked, glancing at Constantine. "Or going?"

The moment crumbled. Suddenly Kate saw that his suit and the suitcase at his side were just what her father would call "foreign-looking." She mumbled through the introduction, her diction at its worst when she came to Constantine's last name. "My friend from . . . Europe," she concluded, feeling both silly and ashamed of herself.

"Never been across myself," Dickie said heartily, extending a big, friendly hand. "Swedish, aren't you? Or is that a bum guess. Norwegian?"

Kate heard herself rushing in with "Constantine, we had better go . . ."

But Constantine could not be stampeded. There was pride all over his face. "I am a Greek," he said very distinctly.

Dickie's face took on a disconnected look as if the various features hadn't had time to agree on an expression. "You don't say," he said. "You don't say. Well, I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. . . . uh . . ."

"Dimitropolis," Constantine supplied, and then Dickie eased away. That name! Kate thought

To page 68

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Continuing . . . . The Perfect Gentleman

despairingly. Why does it have to be so — different?

"Different" was the word that haunted Kate from then on. That was the way her mother described him after their first meeting. Then there was Constantine's meeting with her father. "Daddy, this is Constantine Dimitropolis."

"I'll never get the hang of that one," Mr. Mowry said by way of greeting. "Any way we can shorten it?"

"I wouldn't want to," Constantine replied matter-of-factly. "But my American friends in Athens call me Connie."

"Well, thank heaven for that," Mr. Mowry blurted out in a cordial sort of way.

Kate began to worry in earnest. What would her parents think of Constantine—and with the first autumn dance and the Wisconsin game coming up, what would the Younger Set think of him?

At times it seemed all too clear. The bad moment at church on the following Sunday was hardly noticeable. Mrs. Mowry was spearheading the group down the aisle when Constantine stopped cold. Suddenly Kate knew why. In his church there was a stall where you buy your candle, an altar where you light it and place it with other candles, and then, after your prayer, you lean down to kiss the floor . . .

The picture of Constantine kissing the floor in the First Presbyterian Church flashed across Kate's mind. She clutched his arm, whispered, "It's different here . . ." They got through church. But there were other moments. And even more baffling was the change in her parents.

Once the Mowrys had been voluble in their objections. Now they were maintaining strict silence and somehow Kate found this change of tactics almost unbearable. The flood of flowers and gifts from Constantine had never receded. She could imagine her father grumbling, "I won't have a daughter of mine marry a man who doesn't know the value of money."

Constantine even — oh, if she'd only known and tried to stop him — had presented the family with a bottle of rare Greek wine. "What's this supposed to be?" Mr. Mowry guffawed. Five minutes later Kate found him and Constantine clinking glasses in the kitchen. "No use pouring it down the drain now that you've thrown away good money for it," was her father's comment.

Some premonition kept Kate from revealing too much about her job at the dance studio. But Constantine's questions became more pointed and her answers grew more vague, and finally — well, she should have foreseen it, of course.

She was teaching Mr. Westmore, a bond salesman and one of The Studios' best customers, how to do the rhumba when Constantine burst in. The receptionist had tried to stop him, the owner had tried to stop him, but when Constantine heard Kate's voice mingling with the deeper sound of a man's voice behind a closed door, nothing had even slowed him down.

"Katherine!"

Kate and pupil were frozen in perfect rhumba position. Constantine took a good, long look and went into action. He was remarkably quiet about it. He simply knocked Mr. Westmore to the floor, grasped Kate by the wrist, and led her out of the studio, tendering her resignation, so to speak, on their way past the reception desk.

"See here — you can't . . ." Kate's employer gasped.

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"Can't?" Constantine braised him with a look.

"Miss Mowry is a teacher here!"

Constantine retorted, "The man touched her."

"Of course he did! You can't teach dancing without . . ."

"Find some other way," Constantine instructed.

By the day of the Wisconsin game and the big country-club dance Kate's nerves were in sorry condition. She was sick with worry about what everyone else might think of Constantine, but worse yet, she was beginning to wonder what she thought of him herself. The football game and the dance — there was no way to get out of them.

She would have to introduce Constantine Alexander Dimitropolis four dozen times — to Ginnie and Mina, to Liza Fontain, the cat, to Tommy Martin and Joe Patrick . . . Oh, if he had only stayed in Athens! There — she thought it; she even repeated it out loud (in a whisper). Her mother had been right. She should never have planned to marry him until she had seen him in her own country.

Kate went to the football game with a heavy heart and then, just to confuse her completely, Constantine acted as if he knew all the players by their numbers. The first play, which ended in a pile of seven bodies, seemed to astonish him.

By the end of the first quarter he was yelling his head off. By the half he was telling the Ohio coach what to do. Of course, Kate was the only girl in the stadium wearing four giant chrysanthemums with "O"s on them.

So it was a good afternoon, and for a while it looked as if it might be a good evening, too. Introducing him was easier than Kate had expected. Most of the girls thought his name was cute, and all of them obviously thought he was handsome. The men liked him. Even Dickie Bellows was friendly.

"Say — your name kind of threw me that first day," he apologised. "Sorry I acted so stupid. How would 'Bellows' sound in Greece, eh? Pretty funny, I bet." Kate told herself there was no need to be jittery . . .

It happened about midnight. Protagonists, so to speak, were Johnny Nicholson and, of course, Constantine. Johnny was a former basketball star and built accordingly. Johnny tried to cut in.

Constantine ignored the tap on his shoulder, wheeling Kate away from Johnny, and went right on dancing.

Johnny grinned in a puzzled way, pursued him, tapped again. "Hey, there — don't be selfish."

Constantine stopped. With a sinking heart, Kate saw his face freeze into its death-to-the - transgressor expression. "This is Johnny . . ."

"I am dancing with Miss Mowry," Constantine said in deadly quiet.

"Not any more, you aren't," Johnny Nicholson said good-naturedly. "'S my turn."

"Constantine, you see, in this country it's the custom . . ." Kate's voice seemed to be pitched an octave too high.

"Please allow me to handle this affair," Constantine said between clenched teeth. He wasn't looking at Kate. He was looking at Johnny Nicholson, who appeared to Kate to stand somewhere between eight and nine feet tall.

The music hadn't stopped,

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Continuing . . . . The Perfect Gentleman

from page 68

but half the dancing couples had. Johnny Nicholson was still grinning beerily. He began to reach out towards Kate.

"Don't touch her!" Constantine's voice was low, but it carried. A dozen more couples began to circle.

But Johnny Nicholson's brain didn't get its message through to Johnny Nicholson's big hand, which came to rest on Kate's arm. "Come on, honey," he said. "We're wasting good music . . ." And that's all he said.

Before a most attentive audience, Constantine took Johnny Nicholson by both elbows, steered him across the dance floor and out through the open french windows, and gently knocked his block off.

As if this were not enough, he came back to Kate, expecting to finish their dance.

"Don't touch me!" Kate hissed. "I won't stay here with you another minute! Let me tell you, Constantine . . ."

"You may tell me on the way home," Constantine said quietly.

And she did. She told him he was dictatorial, narrow-minded, and stubborn. That she had lost a good job because of him. That she was in danger of losing all her friends because of him. That it was a good thing he had come to Columbus so that she could see him in his true light.

She told him all the ways he had been wrong, all the ways he was "different." Her parents had been right. And she ended up sobbing, "You're just too . . . foreign!" Then she ran into the house to the lonely sanctuary of her bedroom.

Constantine didn't say a word, and she thought of that when she awoke next morning and wondered how, after all she had said, she could face him across the breakfast table. Well, it was all over, but he was still a house guest. She would be cold but polite—a perfect hostess in a freezing sort of way. Thus fortified, Kate went downstairs. The only trouble was Constantine wasn't there.

Nor did Mr. or Mrs. Mowry know where he was. His room was neat and empty. His suitcase stood in the hallway. Kate found her parents' reaction to this very disconcerting indeed.

"You two quarrel?" her father demanded. "No reason for Connie to leave so soon. He just got here." And her mother added, "My goodness—I hope we didn't do or say something wrong . . ."

For two weeks Kate had been thinking of nothing but the things Constantine had done or would do "wrong," and so her mother's point of view jolted her considerably. In fact, the day was full of jolts.

First was a telephone call from the owner of The Studios. "Perhaps I shouldn't talk business on Sunday," he apologised, "but I do have to work out our schedule for tomorrow, and I wondered if you would like to come back to work. You—uh—resigned, of course, but I understand you are anxious to come back, and we are equally anxious to have you, and so if . . ."

Kate hadn't dared show her face at The Studios. "You understand I am anxious to come back?" she repeated slowly. "Excuse me, but who told you—that is, where did you—I mean, what gave you the idea . . ."

The owner's voice was bright as a child's smile. "Oh, Connie told me. He dropped into my apartment this morning. Had coffee with me, explained the whole thing, apologised for knocking Mr. Westmore down, and all that. Things are different in Greece, aren't they? Well, he's quite a fellow. Oh, yes—will you be in tomorrow?"

"I'll call you back a little later . . ." Kate replied weakly.

The day dragged along uncomfortably, with Mr. and Mrs. Mowry marking the half and quarter hours with rhetorical questions like "I wonder where Connie could have gone?" They clearly felt his disappearance was all Kate's doing. And then a convertible pulled up in front of the house, and Johnny Nicholson loped up to the front door. He was wearing a wide grin and a pronounced black-and-blue mark around the right eye.

"Hi, everybody," he said. "Pardon the bad eye. I got it—uh—decorated last night. Connie back yet?"

The elder Mowrys burst out, "No, do you know where he is, we're so worried!"

"Worried?" Johnny Nicholson laughed. "About him? Gee whiz—I wouldn't worry about Connie if I knew he was going to ride a lion."

"Then you've seen him?"

"Sure. He was over at the house. Apologised for socking me, and all that. You know, they don't do things quite the same in his country. No cutting in. He thought I was a wolf. I can see his point, too. He's all right. Don't know when he'll be back?"

"He didn't say . . ." Kate managed to get that much out.

"My sister June met him while he was at the house. She's pretty mad at me because I didn't think to invite him to dinner. That's what I came over to do. Unless—well . . ." He turned to Kate. "Connie kind of indicated that you had—well, turned him down. But if that's not so, of course, June wouldn't want . . ."

"O.K., if you must know why I want five shillings . . . I'm running off to South America with Rock Hudson."

Kate's emotions had a half-nelson on her vocal cords, and her brain seemed to have gone numb. Her parents helped a lot by exclaiming heartily and together, "Oh, Kate—no! What did you do?"

Kate murmured, "Constantine's plans are his own affair . . ."

"They are, eh? Well, I'll go back home and listen to June tell me what a perfect gentleman he is for another hour or so, and then I'll give Connie a buzz. He might be back by then. S'long . . ." and Johnny with the decorated eye loped back to the convertible and was off. That left Kate to stare down her parents.

"Well," Mrs. Mowry said.

"Well," said Mr. Mowry.

Kate fled to her room.

From her bedroom window she saw the taxi turn into the Mowry driveway. The back door opened, and something that looked like a State Fair flower exhibit with feet got out and made its way towards the front door. Constantine . . .

Kate ran out of her room, down the corridor, slowed down in the turn to make the stairs, and was just into the last furlong and the lower hallway in time to see Constantine present the entire flower garden to her mother.

Mrs. Mowry was blushing and murmuring, "Why, Connie—how nice of you," and Mr. Mowry was repeating needlessly, "Glad you're back, boy," in a kind of husky voice.

"In gratitude for your hospitality," Constantine was saying. "You have been thoughtful and you have been kind. That is your hospitality. But you have given me more than that. You have been friendly. That is what I will never forget; that is the memory I will take back home with me."

"Leaving!" Mr. Mowry said gruffly. "No sense to that. Too soon . . ."

Constantine said, "On the aeroplane, tonight . . ." And then he turned away from the Mowrys and looked at Kate. He didn't say anything, and Kate didn't say anything, and for a long, long time they just stood there, ten feet apart, and looked at each other. No matter who made the first move. Suddenly something happened, and Kate was in Constantine's arms.

"A marriage between us would never work out," Kate objected to his shoulder.

Constantine said against her cheek, "You told me all the bad things you could think of about me but you didn't say you don't love me."

Kate said, "Marriage is full of adjustments. In Greece I'll have to make all the adjustments."

"A wife has to make all of them, anyway," Constantine replied.

"You'll never change!" Kate cried, clinging to him for dear life.

Constantine said calmly, "In Greece I won't have to."

"But I'm an American, and always will be."

"You're a beautiful woman. That's the same every place."

"There are so many differences between Columbus and Athens!"

Constantine replied softly, "Love is the same," and he kissed her to prove it, and after a pause she agreed.

Neither of them noticed the elder Mowrys, or heard Mr. Mowry mutter, "Damn nuisance going 8000 miles for a vacation. But I was getting tired of Palm Springs," and Mrs. Mowry murmuring, "Oh, dear—an autumn wedding. I'd always planned on June. But the flowers should be nice . . ." And that's all anyone said, for a while.

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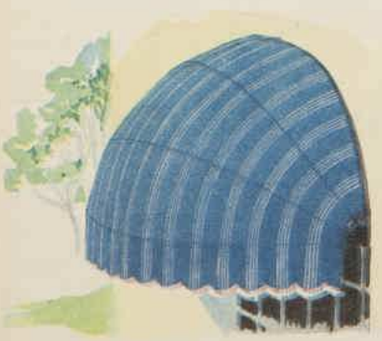
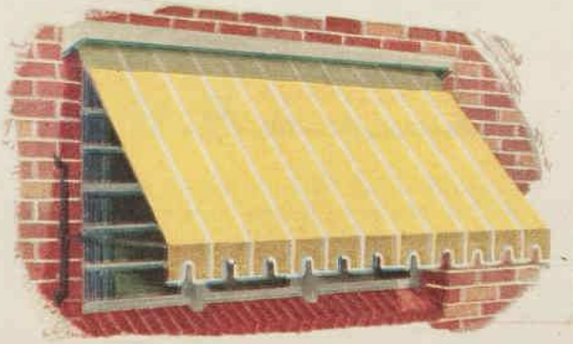
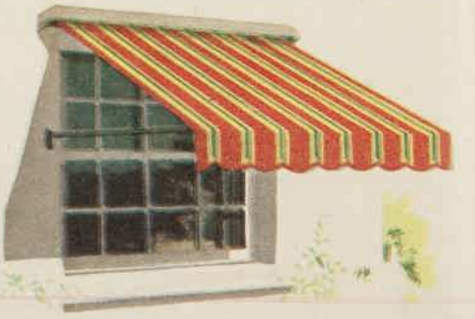


Hoop awnings look well over doors or with rounded balconies. They fold back like an umbrella to let in the sun.



Awnings are good in winter, too—they keep rain off picture windows, give welcome shelter over doorways.



All awnings are made to your individual requirements. You have complete freedom of choice in style and colour.

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A FEW WORDS from a star. When she attended a recent premiere with her husband, Victor Rothschild (centre), dancer Vera-Ellen was asked to say a few words into the microphone. Rothschild seems happy to take a back seat.

Talking of Films

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★★ *Baby Doll*

WARNERS' much-discussed black-and-white film "Baby Doll" is in some ways less of a shocker than expected, though its hysterical violence and brutality make it unattractive for other reasons.

This story of a sulky, scheming teenage bride (newcomer Carroll Baker), who repulses her older husband while encouraging his business rival, is indisputedly sordid in theme.

To be weighed against this is its generally high standard as a piece of film-making, the uniformly excellent performances of its actors, the interest of Tennessee Williams' script, and Elia Kazan's direction.

Neither Williams nor Kazan has come up with his best work. Too often they allow a quality of unleashed hysteria to take over the screen.

The film is set in a poverty-stricken area of America's deep South, where Karl Malden, as Archie Lee Meigham, is the owner of a run-down business and buys a decrepit former plantation house to impress his bride, Baby Doll.

Their unconsummated marriage is spent in quarrelling over money and love. When Baby Doll signs a paper putting Archie in the hands of another cotton-mill owner, Silva Vacarro (Eli Wallach from Broadway), Archie runs beserk.

The film closes on the note that Baby Doll will go to Vacarro. In its way it is an interesting piece of work, but it has little general appeal.

In Sydney—Regent.

★ *The Conqueror*

In producing and directing "The Conqueror," ex-singer, ex-actor Dick Powell has catered exclusively for film-goers who like action and plenty of it.

In this R.K.O. tale of the desert fighting days of the great 12th-century Mongol chieftain Genghis Khan, there are enough rearing horses, plunging charges down wide-screen ravines, and toppling horsemen to satisfy the most action-hungry fan.

John Wayne, no lightweight these days, rampages across the screen expressing barbaric passion, felling his enemies with a blow, keeping his old mother, Agnes Moorehead, in her place, and throwing drinking cups to tent floors.

As the proud Tartar maiden captured by Wayne (against the understandable advice of Agnes Moorehead and his tribesman), Susan Hayward falls back on an expression of calculating slyness. This gets her through a series of adventures that could be survived only by the true daughter of a desert chieftain.

Mexican actor Pedro Armendariz makes a convincing appearance as the blood-brother whose loyalty Wayne unjustly doubts.

In a film not notable for its artistic standards, a word must be said for the work of directors and color-cameramen in the scenes at the Mongol and Tartar encampments.

In Sydney—Plaza.

ANTHONY QUAYLE, for many years star personality of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, is now frankly dedicated to a new career—screen stardom. Now in his early forties, it is, Quayle declared, his aim to clock in as many big film roles in the next few years as possible. Since his leading part in "The Battle Of The River Plate" Tony has had three leads in a row. His ultimate aim—to be able to pick and choose his own stellar roles. And if he gets his own way the first of these will be an Australian subject, a screen version of the Australian explorer novel "Dig."

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Muffin Time

Nothing enhances a salad luncheon or simple supper more than muffins, fresh and fragrant.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

SWEET or savory muffins, served piping hot, are ideal also for breakfast or brunch at weekends when there is extra time to spare.

Recipes to suit the tastes of all members of the family are given on this page.

Juniors' hearty appetites will thrill to the bite of orange sauce running through the yeast spiral rolls. Vary the flavors of the tomato and bacon tasties with corn, onion, gherkins, or a touch of curry.

Spoon measurements are level.

DATE MUFFINS

One and three-quarter cups plain flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, ¾ teaspoon salt, 2-3rd cup coarsely cut stoned dates, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk, 1-3rd cup salad oil or melted shortening.

Sift dry ingredients into mixing-bowl and stir in dates. Make well in centre. Combine egg, milk, and salad oil; add all at once to dry ingredients. Stir quickly only until dry ingredients are moistened. Fill greased muffin-tins two-thirds full. Bake in hot oven approximately 25 minutes.

BACON AND TOMATO TASTIES

Two or three slices bacon, 1 tomato, 2 cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ¾ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, ¼ cup salad oil or soft shortening.

Cook bacon until crisp; drain. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt; add eggs, milk, and salad oil. With rotary or electric beater beat until just smooth, about 1 minute (do not over-beat). Stir in diced bacon and tomato. Fill greased muffin-pans two-thirds full. If desired, top with a few bits of uncooked bacon. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

ORANGE AND LEMON SPIRALS

One ounce compressed yeast, ¼ cup water, 1 cup milk (scalded), ½ cup shortening, 1-3rd cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 5 to 5½ cups sifted flour, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons grated orange rind, ¼ cup orange juice.

Orange Filling: Combine ½ cup sugar, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind and ¼ cup melted butter or margarine.

Soften compressed yeast in luke-warm water. Combine milk, shortening, sugar, and salt. Cool to luke-warm; stir in about 2 cups of the flour and beat well. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each. Stir in softened yeast, orange rind and juice. Add remaining flour to make a soft dough. Cover; let stand 10 minutes. On lightly floured surface knead dough 5 to 10 minutes or until smooth and elastic. Place in lightly greased bowl, turning once to grease surface. Cover; let rise in warm place until dough doubles in size (about 2 hours). Punch down. Divide dough in halves; cover and let rest 10 minutes. Roll each half in a 12 x 9in. rectangle, ¼in. thick, and spread with orange filling. Roll up, seal edges, cut in 1in. slices. Place cut side down in greased muffin-pans. Cover and let rise in warm place until nearly double (45 to 60 minutes). Bake in hot oven about 12 minutes until golden brown. Remove from pans and serve warm. To obtain pretty spirals, push up the bottom of each roll with the finger before placing in pan.

QUICK CHEESE MUFFINS

One and a half cups packaged scone mix, 1 cup grated cheese, ½ cup chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon poppy seeds, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted.

Mix together scone mix and half the cheese. Cook onion in fat until tender but not brown. Combine egg, milk, and onion; add all at once to scone cheese mixture and stir until only just moistened. Fill greased muffin-tins two-thirds full. Sprinkle tops with remaining cheese and the poppy seeds; drizzle melted butter over. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

POPOVERS

Two eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon salad oil or melted shortening.

Place eggs in bowl; add milk, flour, and salt, and beat until smooth. Add salad oil; beat again. Fill 6 to 8 well-greased custard-cups half full. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate; continue baking about 25 to 30 minutes, until browned and firm. A few minutes before removing from oven prick each popover with a fork to let steam escape. If you like popovers dry inside, turn off oven and then leave in 30 minutes, door ajar. Serve hot with plenty of butter.

RHUBARB BRAN MUFFINS

One and a half cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ¾ cup bran, pinch bicarbonate soda, ¾ cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, ¾ cup diced rhubarb, 1 egg.

Soak bran and soda in milk. Cream butter or substitute with sugar and honey. Stir in beaten egg, then bran and milk. Fold in rhubarb, sifted flour, and baking powder. Fill into greased muffin or patty tins, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve hot with butter and honey.

BE VERY LAVISH WITH THE BUTTER when serving these delicious date muffins, bacon and tomato tasties, orange spirals, quick cheese muffins, and feather-light popovers. The instructions for making the gaily checked muffin cosies shown in the photograph above are given on page 76.

BABY BROWNIES

Six ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2oz. brown sugar or golden syrup, 2oz. dripping, ¼ teaspoon lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, pinch of bicarbonate soda.

Sift the flour and cinnamon. Rub in the fat and add the sugar or syrup, lemon rind and juice. Mix in the beaten egg lightly, and then the milk, to which the soda has been added. Spoon into greased muffin-tins and bake in moderately hot oven 15 minutes.

CHOCOLATE DELIGHTS

Half cup sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, ½ cup melted butter, ½ cup milk, ¼ cup boiling water, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 1 egg.

Mix sugar and sifted flour with the melted butter, milk, and cocoa, which has been blended in the boiling water. Stir thoroughly and beat in lightly the well-whisked egg. Cook in greased muffin-tins in a moderate oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.

BANANA AND GINGER GEMS

Two ounces butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, 3 dessertspoons golden syrup, 1-3rd cup milk, 1 ripe banana, 1 egg.

Cream butter and sugar, gradually add beaten egg and well-mashed banana. Sift flour and ginger, fold into creamed mixture. Lastly add golden syrup and soda dissolved in the milk. Fold in lightly, making a smooth mixture. Three parts fill muffin-tins. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes.

APPLE POPOVERS

One cup wholemeal flour, 1 cup plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 3oz. margarine, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 1 cup apple (diced small), 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1-3rd cup milk.

Sift the flours and baking powder, tipping back the roughage. Rub in the margarine, add the sugar, lemon rind, and apple. Mix to a soft batter with the beaten egg and milk, in which the soda has been dissolved. Lastly add the lemon juice. Cook in deep greased muffin-tins in a moderate oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

Change the flavor of these popovers by using diced rhubarb or banana instead of the apple. They are specially nice when served with lemon cheese or caramel sauce.

CARAMEL BANANA CAKES

Three ounces sugar (preferably brown), 3oz. butter or margarine, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon lemon rind, 2 mashed bananas, 4oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1-8th teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream butter and sugar well. Beat in the egg, lemon rind and juice, and then the banana. Add the sifted flour and baking powder, and lastly the soda in the milk. Cook in deep patty-tins in a moderate to hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes. These little brown cakes are even nicer after a day or two.

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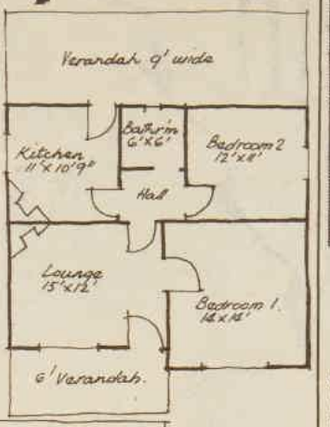
Architect's Diary

Old home replanned

By Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

● A prefabricated timber-framed house that is to be dismantled and re-erected to provide an additional bedroom and a new entrance is discussed this week.



RIGHT: Plan of Mr. C. G. Semmens' prefabricated house at Quorn, South Australia, that is to be dismantled and rebuilt to include an extra room.

THE house is owned by Mr. C. G. Semmens, of Quorn, South Australia, who has asked my advice on its replanning.

In the present layout of the house, the main entrance opens directly into the living-room, which is not satisfactory.

The replanned house is to have a new bedroom (No. 3 in the lower sketch on this page), adjacent to bedroom No. 2, and a new passage to link the living areas.

This new passage reduces the area of bedroom No. 2, which means moving the rear wall back about three feet to compensate for this loss of space.

The relocation of the rear wall and verandah increases the areas of the kitchen and bathroom — another improvement specified by the owner.

The front verandah is now freed from its function as an entrance porch.

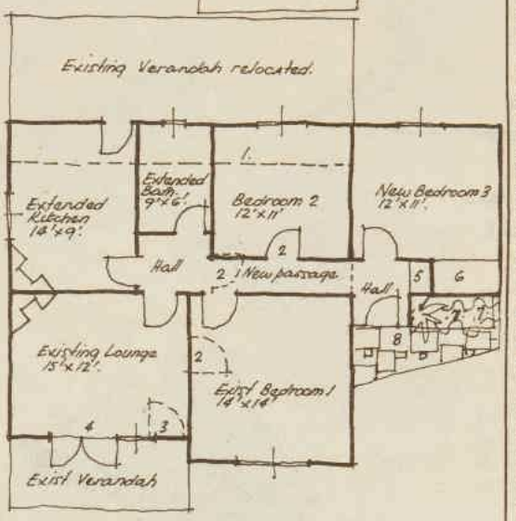
The living-room could be opened up by a pair of double doors and glazed sidelight. This would increase the apparent size of the room and allow the verandah to be used more effectively with the lounge for entertaining and outdoor living.

The relocation of the door to bedroom No. 1 is a better arrangement for privacy, and makes the room more convenient to the bathroom.

I would suggest the pitch of the roof be considerably reduced to about 15 degrees and, if possible, altered from a hipped roof to gables at the side.

This would allow the main slope of the roof to be carried down over the front verandah and new projecting entrance hall.

The lower line of the new roof, in conjunction with the increased width of the house, would improve considerably the general proportions and add greatly to the appearance of the house.



SUGGESTED PLAN for the enlargement of the Semmens' house shows: 1, rear wall moved back; 2, existing doors relocated; 3, existing door removed; 4, new doors; 5, new coat cupboard; 6, wardrobe; 7, shrub bed; 8, stone patio.

STATISTICS THAT SHOCK

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

ACCIDENTS, not disease, are the No. 1 child killer.

Recent statistics show an improvement in health, and a reduction in deaths from disease, among children in the under-12-years age group.

But the death-rate from accidents in this group shows no sign of lessening.

There are more deaths among young children from accidents, the majority of which occur in the home, than from the following diseases combined: Pneumonia, infantile paralysis, whooping cough, scarlet fever, meningitis, measles, and gastro-enteritis.

If parents became as safety-conscious as they are germ-conscious, the death-rate among young children would soon be noticeably lower.

Playing with matches and watching things burn have a fatal fascination for small children. These dangerous playthings can result in horrifying accidents and the deaths of the children from burns.

Children's deaths from poisoning, swallowing tablets, or drinking cleansing solvents left within their reach are frequently being reported.

It would be difficult to eliminate all possible sources of danger for the young child, but those responsible for their care could do much more to observe safety rules.

A leaflet giving advice about safeguarding toddlers, and simple first-aid hints for emergencies, can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Hints to save time and money

KEEP two clothes-hampers in the bathroom—one for colored clothes, the other for white. When washday comes round the sorting is almost done.

★ ★ ★

SEW two loops inside the waistline of an evening dress with a lace or strapless top, turn the dress inside-out and secure to a coat-hanger by loops. This will save any strain on delicate tops.

★ ★ ★

TO remove perspiration stains from a shirt, sponge the affected area with a solution of ammonia and water, or vinegar and water. This will assist in reviving the color, but it is wise to test first by applying the solution to a corner of the garment. The odor can be removed by soaking the affected part in a solution of 1 tablespoon of borax to a pint of water, then rinsing well in clear water.

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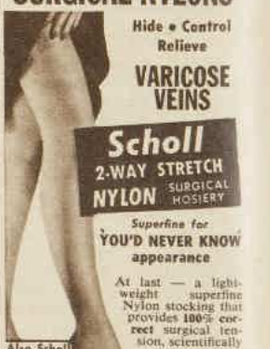

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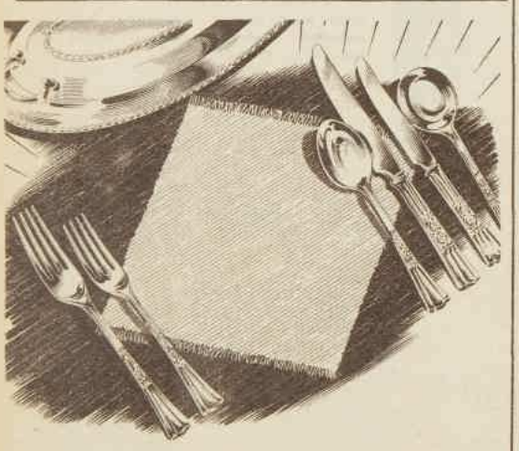
it's knit... it's nice... it's BOND'S

COTTONTAILS available at all good stores 23a



Sonata Tableware
—an exclusive pattern by Silcraft

Here is a truly lovely table setting from the skilled hands of Australian craftsmen. Silcraft, like other famous makers, recommend Silvo—the Liquid Silver Polish—to beautify and preserve your precious silver.

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Restores natural lustre to all silver

ABOVE: The finished muffin cosy. Picture shows how tape ends are gathered together before tying at centre.

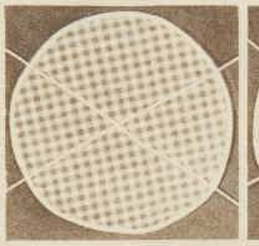


DIAGRAM 1 shows how the tape is placed on the circle and then sewn down.

DIAGRAM 2: Next step. Follow the directions below for professional finish.

How to make a muffin cosy

Your guests or family will be delighted if you serve piping-hot scones, muffins, patty cakes, or popovers in one of these attractive checked-gingham cosies.

MAKE them from scraps of material in checks, spots, stripes, or plain colors, with plain or fancy binding (as featured in color on our cookery page this week).

They would be something novel as a kitchen-tea, birthday, or thank-you gift, and very simple to make for fetes or stalls. The stand for the material cosy could be a slightly curved china dish or a shallow cane basket.

Materials:

One-third yard material; 3yds. bias binding; 1½yds. narrow tape; sewing cotton.

From the length of material cut three 11in. circles. Machine-stitch bias or fancy binding around all three edges; separate each circle, calling one A, others B and C. Cut the narrow tape in two equal pieces and place in a cross pattern on circle C (see diagram 1), stitch to within one inch of the edge.

Join together A and B and stitch straight across the diameter three times so that there are six equal divisions. Place C against A and B and join together B and C by machining a straight line from the edge 3½ inches towards the centre, halfway between the six divisions. Tie off threads after reinforcing ends. (See diagram 2.)

To use as a cosy, gather each of the four tape ends and tie in the centre. This will form small pockets in the material for the hot muffins. To protect the material from grease-spots each of the muffins can be placed in a paper patty-container before inserting in pockets.

£5 PRIZE RECIPE

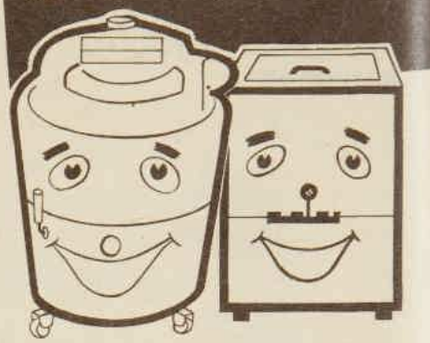
A SUBSTANTIAL luncheon dish of stuffed green peppers flavored with tomato and cheese wins £5 in this week's recipe contest for Mrs. S. Blaschka, 53 West Ave., Northfield, S.A.

GREEN PEPPER SURPRISE

Six medium-sized green peppers, 6 eggs, 1 cup rice, salt, pepper, 1 pint tomato puree, grated cheese.

Wash peppers, cut a slice from the top of each and remove the seeds. Cook rice in a large quantity of boiling salted water until tender (approximately 15 minutes), drain and rinse. Place a dessertspoonful into each pepper-case, then break a whole egg into each; dust with a little salt and pepper. Stand upright in a large saucepan with 1 cup water, cover with tightly fitting lid, and simmer 8 to 10 minutes, or until peppers are soft but not broken. Fill balance of rice into a greased ovenware dish, arrange cooked peppers on top, pour tomato puree over, sprinkle with cheese. Place in moderate oven until thoroughly reheated and cheese has melted. Serve garnished with parsley.

Washing clothes clean is our business . .



. . . but it takes

Reckitt's Blue

to get them really white

"It's so easy to be misled, but take it from me, you never will see a sheet or a shirt fit to be called white from washing alone. You must give whites that last rinse in Reckitt's Blue for a white you'll be proud of.

To keep whites truly white—WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds, then into RECKITT'S BLUE for true white,"

says Mary Rawlins.

Reckitt's Blue

KEEPS WHITE CLOTHES REALLY WHITE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4825808

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4068, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4530.—Softly styled afternoon dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 54in. material or 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F4052.—Smartly styled front-buttoned coat-dress can be made with short or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Sketch "A," 3¼yds. 54in. material; sketch "B," 4¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F4529.—Empire - line sheath dress can be made with short or three - quarter - length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Sketch "A," 4yds. 36in. material; sketch "B," 3¼yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F4527. — American-styled shirt blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¼yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F4528 — Tailored skirt; the pattern includes alternative designs. Sizes 24½ to 34in. waist. Requires: Sketch "A," 2⅝ to 3yds. 36in. material; sketch "B," 1⅝ to 2yds. 54in. material. Price 3/-.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4531.—Beginners' pattern for a child's winter dressing-gown. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2 to 3⅝yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/6.

F4532.—Two-way pyjama pattern. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Sketch "A," 5½yds. 36in. material and 3yds. ⅜in. lace edging; sketch "B," 3¾yds. 36in. material and 2¾yds. ⅜in. lace edging. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

NO. 471—SLENDER-LINE SKIRT

Smart slender-line skirt featuring inverted pleats is obtainable cut out ready to make in whirlaway angora wool. The color choice includes midnight-blue, ivy-leaf-green, mocha-brown, and pale blue. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 63/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

NO. 472—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS

The dress, with full instructions for making, is obtainable cut out ready to make. The white collar is detachable. The material is fleecy-backed cotton tartan. The clan choice includes McDuff, Victoria, McIntosh, Royal Stewart, and Dress Stewart. Sizes: 4 years 25/6, 5 to 6 years 26/9, 7 to 8 years 27/3, 9 to 10 years 28/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

NO. 473—THROW-OVER

The throw-over, featuring a pretty wild-rose motif, is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include Swiss organdie in white, pastel blue, lemon, pink, and green. Lace edging is not supplied. Size 36 by 36in., price 5/11. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

NO. 474—SHEATH DRESS

Slim sheath dress obtainable cut out ready to make in whirlaway wool angora. The color choice includes pale blue, lipstick, ivy-leaf-green, midnight-blue, and mocha-brown. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 89/6, 36 and 38in. bust, 93/9. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

• *Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks after date of publication.*

RELIEVES COUGHS TWICE AS FAST!

Cut Coughs Short, Mother! When your child or anyone else in your family has a bad cough, clear it out extra fast with modern, pleasant-tasting Vicks Cough Syrup!

Works where ordinary remedies fail! Thanks to the new penetrating ingredient, Cetamium, Vicks Cough Syrup relieves in seconds! It penetrates *deep* into sore, cough-torn throat membranes to relieve irritations *ordinary* remedies miss!

Warming, stimulating chest action! Your child feels a glowing warmth spread in his chest as Vicks Cough Syrup breaks up congestion!

Coughs end sooner! Recent clinical tests showed that this "deep-action" in throat *and* chest clears coughs *twice as fast* as ordinary remedies. Try Vicks Cough Syrup! It's *"Best for all the family!"*

Cetamium is the secret - Only Vicks has it!

AMERICAN DOCTORS REPORT:

New Vicks Cough Syrup relieves coughs up to 2 times faster than five leading remedies tested!

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the curry that's wonderful so many ways!

Here's a curry with a fresh appeal! A new Indian type curry, subtly and precisely blended to delight the most critical palate, but versatile enough to suit the individual tastes of the whole family. Smooth yet piquant, Keen's Curry adds a spicy flavour to most foods. Try it with all meats, seafoods, eggs or in a sweet fruit curry . . . the delicious result will prove to you that new Keen's Curry makes a delightful difference to any dish.

Recipe

1 lb. beefsteak	*½ oz. Keen's Curry Powder*
½ pt. seasoned stock	*1 oz. flour*
1 onion, sliced	*1 oz. sultanas*
1 apple, chopped	*Cup boiled rice*
Juice ½ lemon	*2 oz. fat*

Fry meat cubes in fat with apple and onion. Stir in flour and Keen's Curry. Cook for 3 minutes, add stock and simmer 1½ hours. Stir in lemon juice and sultanas 5 minutes before serving. Serve meat surrounded by border of rice and green peas, and garnish with strips of red chili and lemon slices.

Keen's

FINEST QUALITY

Curry

N089

MADE BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF KEEN'S MUSTARD

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with

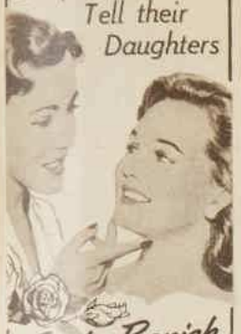
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, rescues Mandrake's sister Lenore from the witchmen who held her captive. Disguised as the Grand Witchman, Mandrake hypnotises the rest of the natives and orders them back to their villages, there to expose the magic of the witchmen as fakery. Leaving the village, Mandrake and Lothar set it on fire to make sure the evil Witch cult will not be revived. Then, setting out in a river launch, they return to civilisation, where a new and strange adventure awaits them. NOW READ ON:

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4825810

Lovely Mothers Tell their Daughters



Easily Banish
acne — pimples — blackheads

WITH Innoxa

SOLUTION 41

All lovely mothers have a *protective* compassion born of their own memories of adolescent problems. That's why they tell their daughters of Innoxa's miraculous Solution 41!

This colourless, unscented preparation banishes those destroyers of youthful confidence and happiness . . . pimples . . . blackheads . . . acne . . . open pores . . . overoily skin.

Solution 41 ensures serenity of spirit to turbulent adolescent years, and forms a basis of beauty for all the years to come.

Solution 41 .. 13/6

INNOXA Complexion Milk
makes all types of skin
Oh . . . so fragrantly CLEAN

Not mere cleanliness . . . but *complete* cleanliness that glows deep from within. Every speck of the day's grime dissolved in a second! . . . along with expended, natural oils . . . and impurities! *Nothing* in the world cleans skin so swiftly, so safely, so gently . . . so deeply. 9/9, 18/9, 34/11

15 hairsets for 4/10

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated **Curlypet**—squeeze **Curlypet** into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrated **Curlypet** for **4/10** from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

CN6

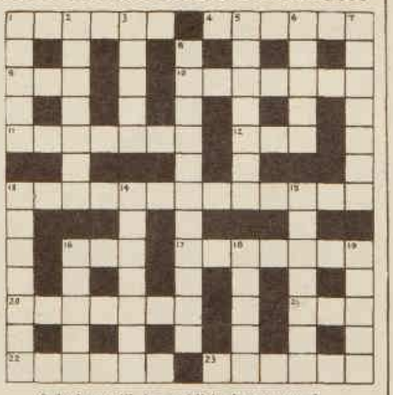
REMOVE ACHING CORNS!

★ Painlessly!
★ Quickly!
★ Safely!

CARNATION CORN CAPS

AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Such things can be painful, but they have their good points (6).
4. A fellow is a famous, good-looking youngster (6).
9. It can be scraped solo or in an orchestra (3).
10. If you put venom in ale you will find the content is not real (7).
11. Apparatus for gymnasts the first half of which is good for catching game (7).
12. A pub in England (3).
13. You just listen, best ham you can find in this business (13).
16. What is proper in an anabaptist (3).
17. Caustic criticism with sulphuric acid (7).
20. Edward I erected such crosses (7).
21. Once it was 28lb. wool (3).
22. Cite no warning (6).
23. Blush (6).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Fitting closely and drunk (5).
2. Surpass in duration and happens to 10th man (7).
3. Not yet, but she may become your sister (5).
5. Somewhat moist causeway expressing contempt (7).
6. Semi-transparent light silk material which is mostly in and on (5).
7. Enlist a projecting angle (7).
8. Nurse, be evil (Anagr. 11).
13. Sculptor who made "Day and Night" on the Underground Railway Head Office in London (7).
14. Pertaining to a science which you can put into cab (7).
15. When a reflex is tedious you have lived in it (7).
16. A short gentleman who acts for others (5).
18. Furniture to let a sailor inside (5).
19. Burdened mostly by a stripling (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Better buy clothes with snappy, reliable

Grippers

the "bother-free, laundry-proof, fabric-flat fasteners that hold fast, stay snug — and outlast the life of the garment.

Albion RAINCOATS

Komfi-Pantee PILCHERS

HOLEPROOF DENIMS

LOOK FOR THESE BRANDS on modern garments which close with "Grippers," not bothersome buttons.

"Grippers" are manufactured by CARR FASTENER COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED, specialists in the manufacture of fasteners and fittings for all trades, including the well-known "Dot" line of fasteners.

G.82.1

Fight Tooth Decay and Bad Breath with Ipana TOOTH PASTE

...the toothpaste Recommended by 8 out of 10 dentists

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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Only Arnott's *make* Sao (Regd.) Biscuits

At home on cold nights butter the "SAOS."
Grate a little cheese over them, and then sprinkle with pepper.
One minute in a hot oven and serve hot.

★ The name "SAO," registered by William Arnott Pty. Ltd., in 1906, is now a household word for these biscuits throughout Australia and beyond

There is no Substitute for Quality.

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